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TOPICS OF THE DAY

WAGES AND SIN

THE WAGES OF SIN and the sin of wages are being connected as effect and cause just now, as unfortunate after unfortunate comes before a commission in Chicago and ascribes her descent to the bitter necessity of choosing between vice and starvation. Employers and managers assure the commission that a higher wage-rate would merely result in the displacement of the girls by men, so that the former would be in a worse case than now, but the women workers seem willing to take their chances, and press opinion largely endorses them in favoring legislation for their relief. "Low wages are to blame for most of the immorality among young girls," declares Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara of Illinois, chairman of the Senatorial Commission now investigating the causes and effects of "white slavery" in that State; and he indicates a minimum-wage law for women and girls as a remedy. Altho the commission has not yet made its official report, the facts it has already brought to light and the statements made by its individual members have so aroused the interest and sympathy of the public that a dozen other States, including New York and California, have arranged for similar investigations with a view to cooperation in remedial legislation. Among the witnesses heard by the investigators in Chicago were officers of the big department stores which employ thousands of women and girls, ex-employees of these stores, and women of the underworld. The employers, in the main, could see no connection between low wages and vice, whereas the fallen women almost invariably ascribed their degradation to that cause. "But whatever the conflict in the evidence," remarks the New York *Tribune*, "the public will hold to the common-sense view that insufficient wages are one important factor driving women to the streets." With this point of view the press, with a few exceptions, seem to be in complete accord.

LIEUT.-GOV. BARRATT O'HARA,

Chairman of the Illinois Senatorial Commission investigating "white slavery." He blames low wages for "most of the immorality among young girls," and thinks "there is absolutely no doubt that the solution of the problem is the establishment of a minimum wage for women."

In an advance summary of the findings of the commission, as quoted in a Chicago dispatch to the New York *Times*, Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara says:

"We have found that there is a combination engaged in wholesale traffic in women, and extending over the entire country. In a large proportion of the cases we have investigated we have found that the girls have been procured from large department stores and similar institutions where women are employed. Low wages are to blame for most of the immorality among young girls.

"In most instances State Street merchants have been ready to cooperate with the commission in abolishing the present conditions. While we have found that in most of the stores wages for the younger girls vary from $3 to $5 a week, this is not confined to the large department stores alone, but is even more noticeable in smaller establishments.

"There is absolutely no doubt that the solution of the problem is the establishment of a minimum wage for women. Many merchants have attempted to shield themselves by declaring that the low wage has no bearing upon morality, since many of the girls live at home and are not dependent upon their own earning powers for a living. This is untrue in far too many cases. . . . . . .

"The most significant thing so far discovered is the fact that many girls go astray purely through environment. In entering the business world the seclusion of the home is lost, and girls become more masculine in their ideas and modes of life. By the establishment of the minimum wage the salaries of men ultimately will be increased. This will make it possible for them to provide better for the home, enable young men to marry, and thus, to a great degree, at least, make it unnecessary for women

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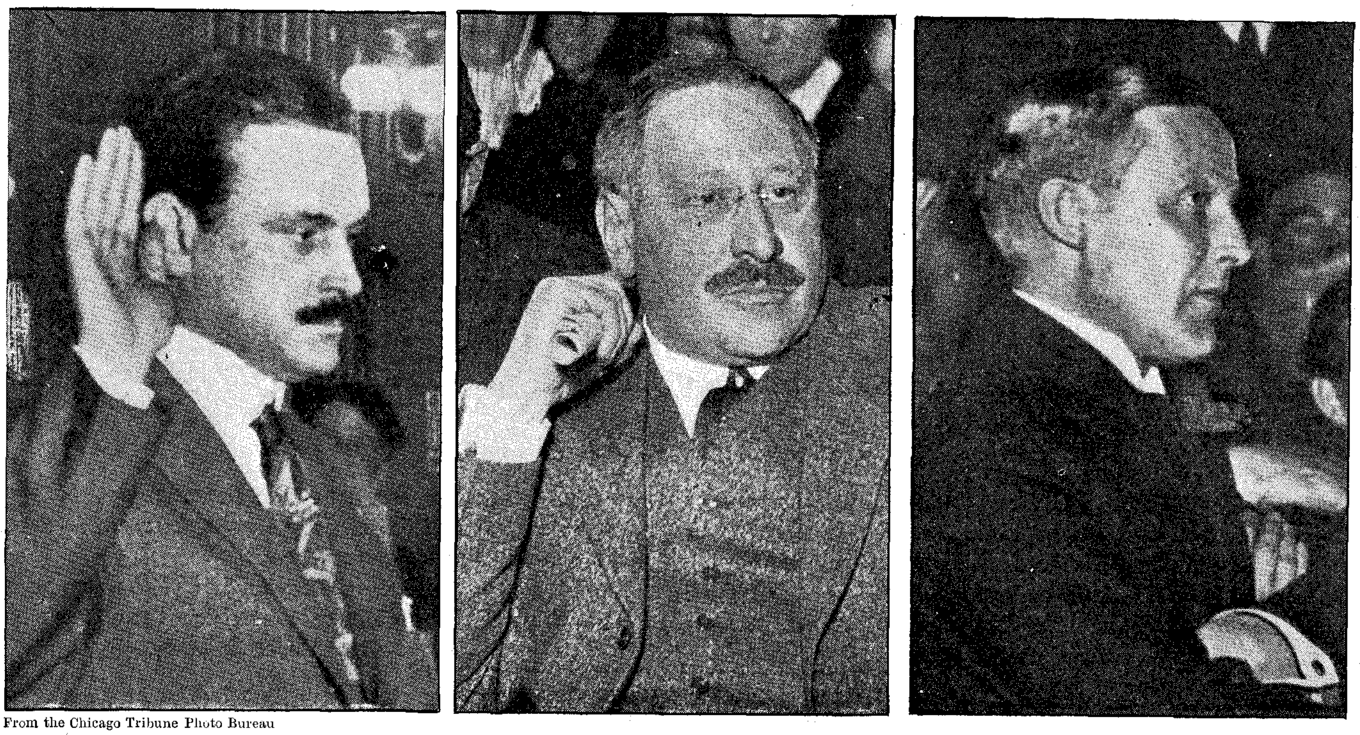


From the Chicago Tribune Photo Bureau

ROY M. SHAYNE

A furrier who employs only a few women, at wages varying from $8 to $25. He was the only employer questioned who thought low wages had any effect on women's morals.

JULIUS ROSENWALD

His firm employs 4,732 women, whose wages range from $5 to $35, with an average of $9.12. He sees "practically no connection between low wages and prostitution."

JAMES SIMPSON

Employs 4,222 girls and women, of whom about a quarter receive less than $8 a week. He thinks 'an infinitesimal percentage of women go wrong for monetary reasons."

CHICAGO EMPLOYERS TESTIFYING BEFORE THE VICE COMMISSION.

to seek employment. This, to my mind, is the solution of the entire problem."

According to the estimates submitted to the commission there are more than 50,000 wage-earning women in Chicago whose wages are $5 or less per week—"starvation wages," according to the investigators. The Chicago *Evening Post* quotes Mr. O'Hara as saying:

> "These women we find living in furnished rooms and absolutely underfed. It is said that the great majority of them since they have become wage-earners do not know what a full meal means. Half of them are living on two meals a day, and these meals of the 10- or 15-cent variety, according to our reports."

The commission is said to contemplate a law making $12 a week the minimum wage for girls over eighteen years. As we read in a Chicago dispatch to the New York *Sun:* "A minimum-wage law which will specify $2 a day for women and girl-workers in Illinois probably will be the net result of the State Senatorial vice-commission investigation of white slavery and its relation to small wages paid in big department stores and in factories." While the same dispatch states that all the employers examined by the commission promised cooperation, and said that they would not contest such a law in the courts, it goes on to quote the warning of William C. Thorne, vice-president of a mail-order house, that "too stringent a law would have the ultimate result of driving out of employment half of the women workers of the State." Men would be substituted for women, he said, because men could do more work. Mr. Thorne gave the commission the following itemized statement to show how a girl "adrift" in Chicago can keep her expenditures down to $8 a week: Room rent, $3; breakfasts, 40 cents; luncheons, 90 cents; dinners, $1.40; carfare, 60 cents; clothing and incidentals, $1.70. Similar statements prepared by settlement workers bring the figure up to $12.

James Simpson, vice-president of Marshall Field & Co., whose house employs 4,222 girls and women in the retail department for eight hours a day and 440 others for shorter hours, told the commission that in his opinion only "an infinitesimal percentage of women go wrong the first time for monetary reasons." He also named $8 or $9 "as the minimum on which a young woman can live in Chicago without help from her family." "But if a minimum-wage law is enacted it will increase the cost of living," he added; for "it will be passed on to the public." He favored a national rather than a State wage law. Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., a mail-order firm which employs 4,732 women and girls at an average wage of $9.12 weekly, agreed with Mr. Simpson that there is "practically no connection between low wages and prostitution." The same opinion was exprest by Edwin F. Mandel, whose store employs 1,866 women at an average wage of $9.86. Joseph Basch, second vice-president of Siegel Cooper & Co., added his testimony that wages and immorality have no relation. "I believe," he said, "that immorality is a state of mind." The following dialog is recorded between Senator Juul, one of the commissioners, and George Lytton, vice-president of another big department store:

> "It has been estimated that it costs eight or nine dollars to maintain a young woman. Where does the difference come from?"
>
> "They live at home, and it comes from the parents."
>
> "Then you take all of a girl's time and skill and expect her parents to help pay her wages?"
>
> "We have been considering raising the minimum wage to $8."

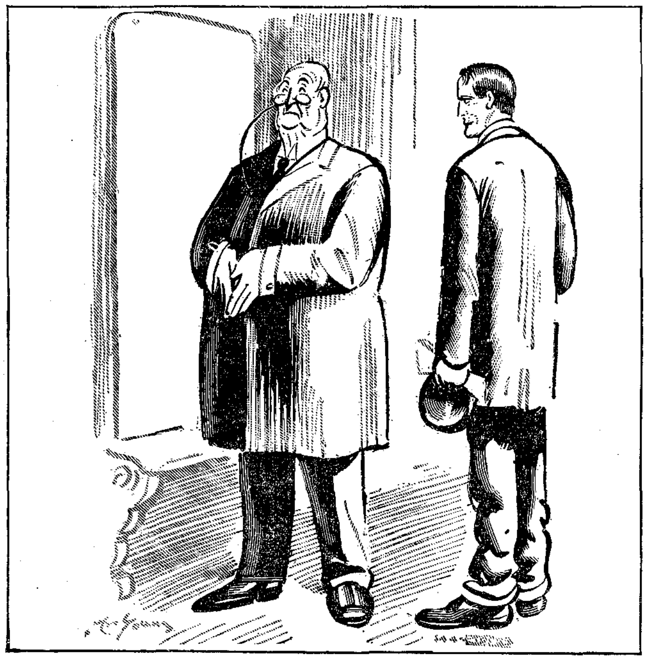
Mr. Lytton said that his concern could well afford a minimum wage of $2 a day. But he added that an increase in the mimimum wage meant an increase all along the line. That is, "the girls already getting $12 must be advanced to $15; the $15 girls to $20, and so on. Employees must be paid according to their comparative abilities." Mr. Henry Siegel, of Siegel Cooper & Co., New York, told a representative of the New York *Evening Mail* that, instead of lessening prostitution, a law putting the minimum pay of women as high even as $9 a week would result in women being displaced by men in the stores and thereby driven to the streets. He says in part:

> "I think from $7 to $9 is the least girls without families can live on. Within this range it depends upon the woman. Some know how to get along; some do not. There are many ways of saving, and those who can not earn more must practise that strict economy. . . . . . .
>
> "If the proposed $9 wage is by law made the minimum, women will be driven out of business. Then it may be said truly that industry has forced them to the streets. A man at $12 is more valuable than a woman at $7 or $9. Such a minimum-wage law would be terrible in its effect upon the condition of women. Women can perform only certain services. Men would take their places at slight increases."

To the Socialist New York *Call* the chief importance of this investigation lies in its revelation of "the real nature of the wage system." We read:

> "Police graft on prostitutes is but a secondary symptom, but the graft that sends girls into that shameful death in life is the original graft of all grafts—the wage system. For the first time an investigation has, tho not deliberately, but rather unconsciously, brought us face to face with first principles, for this is the primeval graft from which all others spring.
>
> "It is not wonderful, therefore, that we hear the employers unanimously declaring that the investigation has already 'gone too far' and should be dropt, and the president of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association denouncing it editorially with a collection of choice business invective. The investigation has already brought out certain fundamental truths, apparently as side issues, but which none the less, when understood, expose the nature of the wage system in a manner that has never before been performed. It is not surprizing that its beneficiaries display a feeling of uneasiness over the entire outlook. That delusive wage system, which for generations has appeared, on the whole, fair and just to the working class, is now being stript of its swindling disguise and a considerable portion at least of its nakedness exposed."

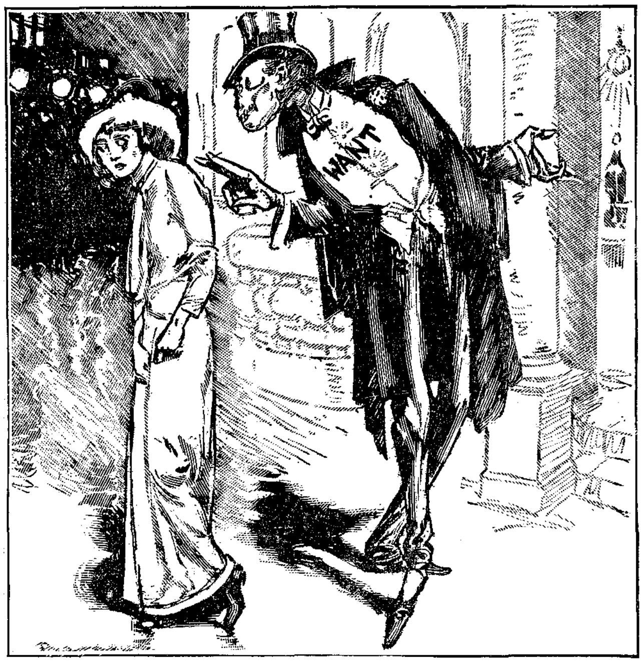
The contention of the employers that low wages have little to do with vice finds support in the testimony of Miss Heard, superintendent of the Temporary Shelter for Women, and of Magistrate Henry W. Herbert, of New York. Magistrate Herbert, speaking from his experience on the bench of the women's night-court, claims to "know absolutely that the vast majority of girls who become members of this unfortunate class never knew real poverty." He estimates that about 50 per cent. of the fallen women brought to the night-court come from country homes. Says Miss Heard, as quoted in the Philadelphia *Record:*



CAPITALISM—"We must abolish the social evil."
SOCIALISM—"If you will look in the mirror, you'll find where to begin."
—Young in the New York *Call.*

> "In my experience in Philadelphia I have found that almost all the girls who have come to us have drifted into the underworld from positions which paid them enough to live decently."

Among the papers which question the value of a minimum-wage law as a remedial measure are the New York *Sun, Commercial*, and *Journal of Commerce*. "Moral character is not to be formed or safeguarded by any such means," thinks *The Journal of Commerce*, and *The Commercial* remarks that "while the demand for domestic help is so great and wages in that field are so high no fairly intelligent girl is compelled to take 'the easiest way' to keep from starving."



THE REAL PROCURER!
—Dyson in the Cincinnati *Post.*

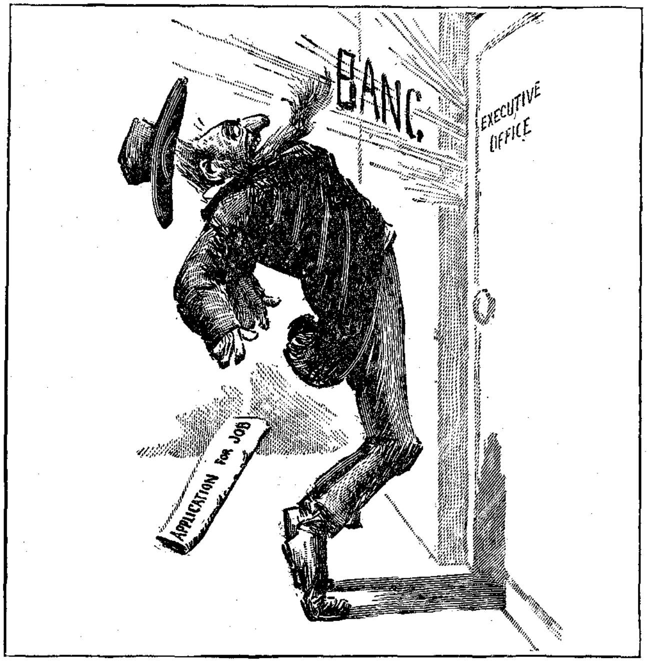
The New York *Evening Post*, approaching the question in an idealistic spirit, "resents the implication that women would not starve sooner than give up what is dearer to them than life." And hundreds of letters written to the investigators by women of the underworld declare that not economic conditions, but the attentions and treacheries of men, were responsible for their downfall. But whatever is the main cause of this social evil, says a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "poverty is undoubtedly a contributing cause," therefore, "by all means let us raise the standard of life to as high a plane as possible."

Among the many advocates of a minimum-wage law for women as a means of lessening vice we find the Chicago *News*, Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Indianapolis *Star*, Boston *Journal*, New York *Press*, and New York *Evening Mail*. Says the Boston *Journal*, a Progressive organ:

> "If there are 50,000 women in Chicago earning $5 or less a week, there are 40,000 in Boston. Miss Mabel Gillespie, secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League, declares that there are over 400,000 workmen of this State who get under $6 a week, against a living week wage of $10.60.
>
> "The relation of the killing wage to the 'white-slave' trade is one of the black and tragic sides of life to-day. The investigation in Chicago is developing things to rouse the nation. It is bringing home the tremendous problem which Miss Jane Addams has presented so nobly in her book, 'A New Conscience and an Old Evil.' It is a state of things worse in the great cities, but not confined to them. Its correction is the aim of the campaign for the minimum wage for women, the realization of which should prove one of the great strokes for economic betterment of recent time.
>
> "The situation is one to be met. The minimum-wage commission that examined into the conditions of three industries

which would not be prejudiced in competition with the goods of other States in case Massachusetts adopted the minimum-wage law, found in the department stores 39.8 per cent. of the women employees receiving less than $6 a week; in the laundry business 47 per cent., and in the candy trade 57 per cent. receive less than $6 a week. . . . . . .

"The minimum wage for women, which is one of the great constructive measures of the Progressives, offers the greatest factor toward solution. The revelations in Chicago, reaching in every direction, will newly center interest in it everywhere and convince the country how great is the responsibility."



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WHITE HOUSE REPORT NUMBER ONE.

—Kemble in the New York *Evening Sun*.

The tendency developed in the last few years to investigate the economic sources and aspects of the social evil "marks a gratifying broadening of the social consciousness," observes the Chicago *Tribune*, which says that an inquiry into this dark problem a decade ago "would have dealt primarily if not entirely with the religious, moral, and legal phases," and continues:

"Thus far the hearings, tho colored here and there with inevitable rhetoric and loose talk, have developed interesting data, and this line of research should be followed fairly and fearlessly until a solid body of significant facts is laid down for a basis of intelligent action—legislative and administrative. The minimum-wage idea is one of the most insistent at this time, and while it is directed at more evils than the so-called social evil, its bearing upon the latter is likely to provide its chief support with public opinion.

"The powerful moral impulse aroused by this tragic subject should not be allowed to precipitate hasty conclusions. That poverty with its drain upon the moral and physical being is an important contributory cause of social delinquency is not to be denied. But the most accurate data should be procured to ascertain approximately what the weight of low wage is relatively to other factors. The social factors should be considered as well as the economic, or we shall fall as far short of dealing practically with the question as the previous generation, which ignored the latter."

Whatever the relation between low wages and vice, says the New York *Press*, "there is no possible defense for a wage too small to feed a woman's body properly, to clothe it fittingly, and to house it decently." The Indianapolis *Star* reminds us that no less an authority than Miss Jane Addams, after twenty-five years' experience as a social worker, is convinced that a close relation exists between insufficient wages for women and immorality. And the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is convinced that starvation wages are "the greatest single factor in the purely white-slave aspect of immorality."

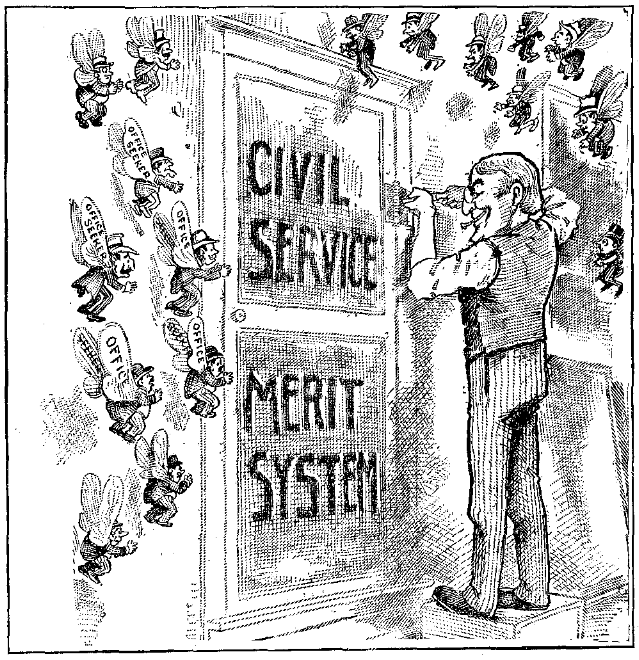
THE NEW WAY WITH OFFICE-SEEKERS

ALTHO A SAD BLOW to the army of office-hunters and their friends, President Wilson's announcement that he will not see applicants for office, except upon his own invitation, is welcomed by the press generally as being not merely a blow to the spoils system, but a promise of greater efficiency in the conduct of the Government. It smashes a precedent, declares the Boston *Journal*, "one that might have been broken long ago, in the way of freeing the hands of the Executive, to the advantage of everybody." And we find the President's position made a matter for congratulation not only by this Progressive daily and by Republican papers like the Baltimore *American*, San Francisco *Chronicle*, and Boston *Advertiser*, but also by nearly all the supposedly expectant editors of the influential journals which supported Mr. Wilson last fall. On the other hand, the office-seekers' point of view is kept in mind by the New York *American* (Dem.), which agrees with them that "turn about is fair play," and "that they are strictly within their rights and also within their precedents" in flocking to the White House and the department offices at Washington. And the attitude that "to the victor belong the spoils, and the Democrats must have the loaves and fishes" is frankly taken by the New York *Morning Telegraph* (Dem.), generally considered a Tammany organ, which says:

"A President may make a hit with certain groundlings and mugwumps and so-called reformers by talking in a lofty way about not being bothered by office-seekers, but the Democrats of America will not like it. And by Democrats we mean the people; for it is the people, speaking through their ballots, who have said the Democrats shall rule this country.

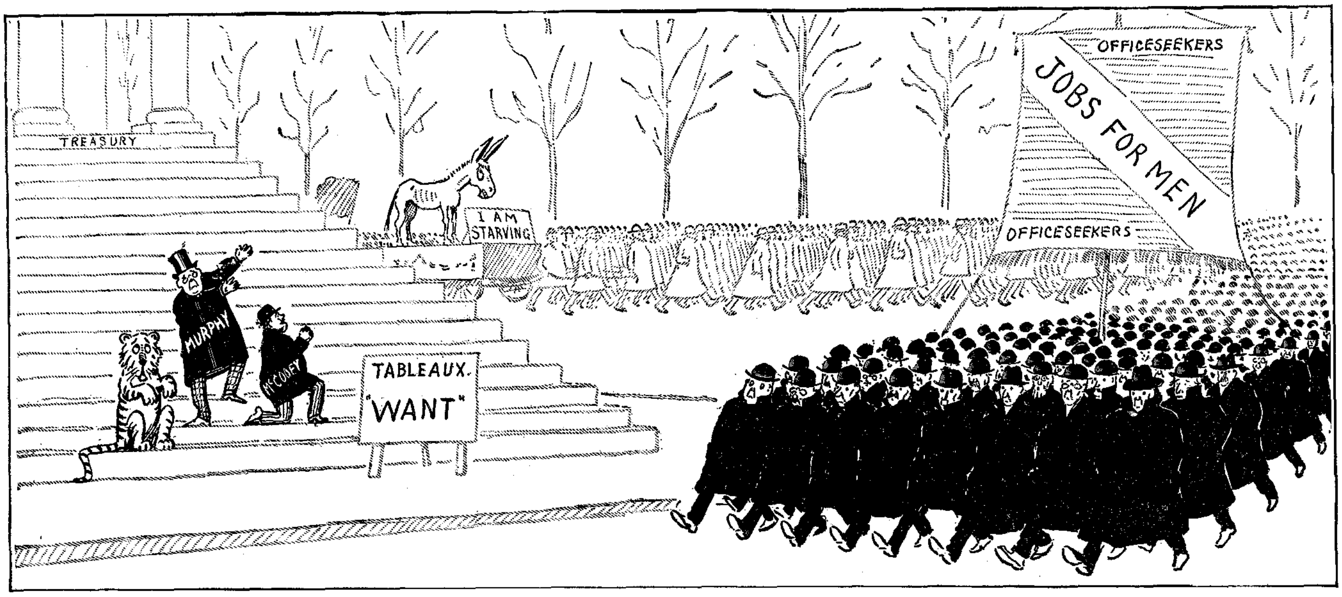
"It is the wish of American voters that Democrats shall hold the offices—all of the offices, not merely that of President, but every place in the President's gift and all the Federal offices that are not protected by the Civil Service. President Wilson is where he is to carry out the wishes of the people, not only with regard to tariff-legislation recommendations, but with regard to the offices that are to be filled."

While President Wilson's position is thought to be "revolutionary" by many, the New York *Tribune* points out that "President McKinley, and before him President Cleveland, more particularly in his second term, followed substantially the same policy." His plan is set forth briefly in the following official statement from the White House:



PUTTING ON THE SCREENS.

—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Journal*.



ANOTHER WASHINGTON PAGEANT. —Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"The President regrets that he is obliged to announce that he deems it his duty to decline to see applicants for office in person, except when he himself invites the interview. It is his purpose and desire to devote his attention very earnestly and very constantly to the business of the Government and the large questions of policy affecting the whole nation, and he knows from his experience as Governor of New Jersey (where it fell to him to make innumerable appointments) that the greater part both of his time and of his energy will be spent in personal interviews with candidates unless he sets an invariable rule in the matter. It is his intention to deal with appointments through the heads of the several executive departments."

Such a policy, observes the Charlotte *Chronicle* (Dem.) "is the basis of organization in all corporate interests, and the Government should be manipulated as a business enterprise. In this light the new President seems to regard it." If it is successfully carried out, it will, in the Springfield *Republican's* (Ind.) opinion,

"in itself effect a reform of great importance and increase wonderfully the working power of all the Presidents in the years to come. Mr. Taft valiantly championed economy, reorganization, and efficiency in the Government. Mr. Wilson begins by seeking to apply the idea in the use of the President's time. The country should support him in this departure, since it must increase the efficiency of the Government as a whole."

"The Revolution of 1913" is what the New York *Globe* (Ind.) calls this reversal of the policy of that other great Democrat, Andrew Jackson, who is considered the founder of the "spoils system." Says *The Globe:*

"It has taken continuous effort for eighty years to cut out the cancer whose germs Jackson introduced. Our Government, in its first period pure and economical, became corrupt and extravagant. At times it has seemed as if this system and its natural allies would strangle the great democratic experiment. It is a fitting thing that as one great Democratic leader brought this pest on the country, another should have the honor of driving it out. It is a fine thing that the first act of the new President should be the posting of a notice to the hungry that this Administration has higher ideals than the satisfaction of their appetites. If the new President has the courage to stand by the convictions he entertains and refuses to turn out the competent and experienced to make places for the incompetent and inexperienced, his Administration will be a success."

The new policy, if persisted in, continues *The Globe*, "will revolutionize the relations between Congress and the executive departments," for—

"Congress is a creeping thief of power. It has seldom ventured to domineer over the President himself, but it has made the Secretaries largely its humble servants. It sends mandates to them and summons them for cross-examination before its committees. The Secretaries have not been equipped to strike back. With the patronage power concentrated at the White House and the members of Congress able to deal directly therewith the Secretaries were not feared.

"A different relation is established when a member of Congress knows that a Secretary is practically the dispenser of patronage —that his favor must be secured. It may be suspected that the new President has established this new policy not merely to save his own time, but in the hope of restoring independence to the heads of the executive departments.

"How the new system will work it will take time to show. Its first effect will doubtless be to weaken the President's direct influence over Congress."

The fact that former Presidents have made use of Federal patronage to build up a personal machine and sometimes thus to insure their reelection might naturally bring forth some newspaper questioning as to the possible effect that the rejection of such assistance will have upon President Wilson's political fortunes. But this does not seem to occur to the editors. Or, perhaps, they think that Mr. Bryan or Mr. McCombs can be depended upon to keep the Wilson organization together, or that patronage is no longer all-powerful. The New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), indeed, denies that leadership depends on patronage:

"We do not here refer to the fact that any Executive who fills an important and coveted office makes one ingrate and nine enemies. The handicaps and embarrassments which Governors and Presidents suffer on the score of patronage are notorious. Mr. Wilson at once shows that he feels this, by taking steps to put as much of the burden as possible on other shoulders. More leaders are broken by means of the offices than are made by them. . . . The ordinary conception of the relation of cause and effect between the two things is all wrong; leadership is often loaded down and injured by patronage, but it is never created by it."

The Evening Post agrees with such papers as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), and Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) that the President has made a good start in making appointments, and thinks "the signs are very strong that the members of the Cabinet are expecting to place themselves alongside their chief."

"The President's clean-cut direction against the handing out of offices to his own relatives will strengthen his hands in the refusal of personal favors to those less near to him. The statement by the Postmaster-General that satisfactory postmasters are to be continued in office to the end of their terms is only what should have been expected, since this principle has become pretty thoroughly recognized within the last twenty or thirty years; but its prompt announcement is significant. We trust it may prove the prelude to the reappointment, at the close of their terms, without regard to politics, of such postmasters as have shown conspicuous merit."

President Wilson's conferences with Senator La Follette are taken by some as evidence of his willingness to disregard party lines in making appointments. But the New York *Press* (Prog.) is openly disappointed that the President should "reverse himself" by consulting over offices with members of Congress:

> "If that had been the only way in which he could get his program carried out, it might have looked all right to everybody. But the country is not prepared to agree that it was the only way. If Mr. Wilson had stuck to his guns in this matter, public opinion, backing him up enthusiastically, would have made the members of Congress appreciate that there was another way."

MAKING COAL STRIKES PAY

THE ART of making strikes pay has apparently been mastered by the hard-coal operators, conclude several Eastern papers in view of a report on coal prices and wages which was sent in to Congress as one of Secretary Nagel's last official acts. As the New York *Tribune* summarizes the figures in the report, the advance of twenty-five cents a ton in the retail price of coal was made ostensibly to compensate for the advance in wages following last spring's strike. But, we are informed, "the coal operators paid their miners $4,000,000 additional during 1912 as a result of the increase in wages and advanced the cost of coal to the public in the same year $13,450,000. Thus they gained $9,450,000 in one year as a consequence of the strike." In this way "the miners, the operators, and the retailers all made easy money by the strike and the wage agreement," observes the Springfield *Republican*, "while the public alone has lost money, through higher prices, without any compensation whatever." In New England, a region especially hard hit by high coal prices, another daily, the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, is indignant at "the apparent deliberateness with which the coal interests involved here set to work with the purpose of trifling with the public. . . . They entered upon this plan of extortion without compunction and without hesitation." And what makes the sin of the operators more grievous, according to the New York *Tribune's* way of thinking, is the fact that this sort of thing has become customary with them:

> "After the strikes of 1900 and 1902 they raised wages 32 cents a ton and prices to the public $1 a ton. *The Tribune* last spring estimated their profit from that transaction at more than $300,000,000 in a decade. When there is so much money as that in strikes, will the anthracite-coal industry ever be free from them?"

The report, which was prepared by investigators connected with the Bureau of Labor in compliance with a Congressional resolution, does not offer much hope for relief next year. After giving various details regarding the benefits accruing to the miners after the agreement made last spring, and showing the different ways in which the operators profited by the situation, it goes on as follows to discuss underlying causes:

> "Owing principally to marked differences in quality and accessibility of the coal, the producing cost to the various companies varies so widely that if the company having the highest cost of production sells at a price high enough to earn a fair profit, the more favorably situated coal companies, selling at the same price, will reap enormous profits.
>
> "Furthermore, where there is a common control of coal mines and railroads, the capital invested derives its income from both the mining and transportation of coal, and the failure to realize profits in mining may be, and often is, compensated by profits in the operations of the railroad on account of coal tonnage. In such a case it is not a matter of importance to the controlling financial interests whether the profits are derived from the mining or from the transportation of coal.
>
> "Under these conditions, the motives to increase the efficiency and to decrease the cost of mining coal are much weaker than in the case of a corporation dependent for its profits entirely on the results of its mining."

So the New York *Commercial* concludes that these uncomfortable conditions "will continue to exist as long as the same ownership extends over coal-producing and coal-transportation." "Is our Government as helpless as the individual consumers appear to be to defend themselves against this extortion?" asks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Apparently it is, in the Boston *Journal's* opinion, and—

> "In the climax of hopelessness and the measure of futility against the outrage, it writes down the plainest demand for government ownership of coal mines which has been made. If the great coal interest is so intrenched that it can violate with impunity a principle supposed to be written into the Federal statutes, the need for government ownership becomes exigent and imperative."

It is for the new Administration "to act upon the proofs the Taft Administration has made ready." So the Boston *Advertiser* remarks, and the Springfield *Republican* is moved to note "the new Attorney-General's special qualifications for prosecuting the coal-roads":

> "He has for years made a special study of the anthracite industry, and he has had charge of the Government's suits against the alleged combination since Attorney-General Bonaparte's day. . . . He will now have the best of opportunities to go his own pace in proceedings against what is, in effect, a coal monopoly—and one of the most brazen in existence."

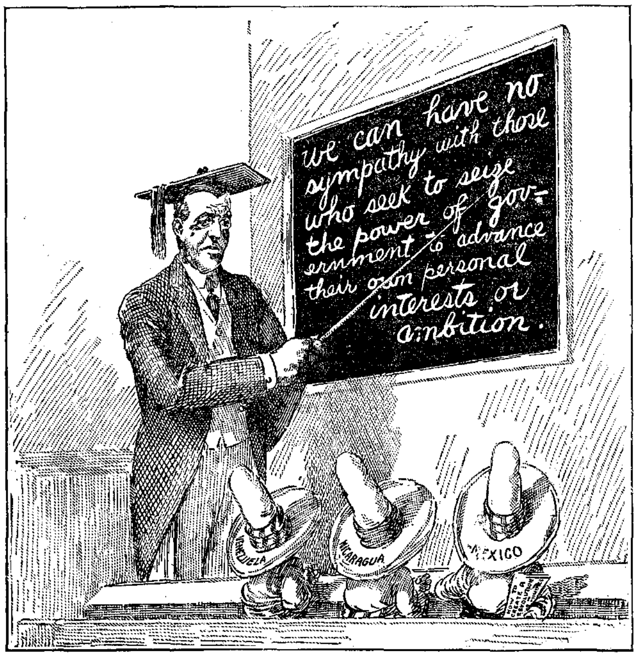
MR. WILSON'S WORD TO LATIN AMERICA

THE NOTICE served on our Latin-American neighbors by President Wilson that the best way to cultivate the good will of the United States is to maintain "the orderly processes of just government based upon law . . . and upon the public conscience and approval," is variously characterized by our press as a warning and an assurance. In either light it seems to be considered timely and felicitous. "Granted that a warning note was necessary," remarks the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), "the statement issued by the President has the great merit of combining a maximum of impressiveness with a minimum of offense." "It is more than a chart for the guidance of his own Administration," observes the New York *World* (Dem.); "it is an inspiration for the well-disposed inhabitants of every republic south of the Rio Grande." "Divested of a few academic phrases," says the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), the President's statement "is to the effect that the approved features of his predecessor's policy are to be maintained." Francisco Escobar, Colombia's Consul-General in New York, informs the press that the Latin-American republics needed to hear just such a word at this time. "There is not a suspicion of hypocrisy in this strong declaration of an honest policy," he says. Many editors agree with the Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* (Ind.) that the President's words deal a severe blow to the plans of Castro, Zelaya, and other "professional revolutionists who had convinced themselves that license would be permitted in Central America under a Democratic Administration at Washington."

President Wilson's statement reads in part as follows:

> "One of the chief objects of my Administration will be to cultivate the friendship and deserve the confidence of our sister republics of Central and South America and to promote in every proper and honorable way the interests which are common to the peoples of the two continents. . . . . . .
>
> "Cooperation is possible only when supported at every turn by the orderly processes of just government based upon law,

> not upon arbitrary or irregular force. We hold, as I am sure all thoughtful leaders of republican government everywhere hold, that just government rests always upon the consent of the governed and that there can be no freedom without order based upon law and upon the public conscience and approval. . . . . . .
>
> "We shall lend our influence of every kind to the realization of these principles in fact and practise, knowing that disorder, personal intrigue, and defiance of constitutional rights weaken and discredit government and injure none as much as the people who are unfortunate enough to have their common life and their common affairs so tainted and disturbed. We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition. . . . . . .
>
> "As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interest of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the restraints of constitutional provision. . . . . . .
>
> "The United States has nothing to seek in Central and South America except the lasting interests of the peoples of the two continents, the security of governments intended for the people and for no special group or interest, and the development of personal and trade relationships between the two continents which shall redound to the profit and advantage of both, and interfere with the rights and liberties of neither.
>
> "From these principles may be read so much of the future policy of this Government as it is necessary now to forecast."


We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition.
VENEZUELA
NICARAGUA
MEXICO

STILL TEACHING SCHOOL.

—Macauley in the New York *World*.

As the *Sun* correspondent reads it, this statement, in its promise to promote business relations between the United States and Latin America, virtually declares for that very "dollar diplomacy" which "many Democrats, including officers of the present Administration and Democratic members of Congress, have repeatedly asserted would not be a part of the new régime." The New York *Globe* (Ind.), however, finds in the President's words a distinct "Wilson doctrine" concerning our relations with our southern neighbors. We read:

> "The Wilson doctrine is a needed supplement to and complement of the Monroe Doctrine. A hundred years ago unconquerable opposition was announced to the application of the European system, as it was called, to this continent. The reasons for the pronouncement were two: first, sympathy for republican government as opposed to monarchical government; second, a feeling that self-interest required us to have peaceful neighbors to the south. The Monroe Doctrine, thus bottomed both on unselfishness and selfishness, was naturally strong enough to endure.
>
> "The principles behind the Wilson doctrine, altho addrest to our people and to South America rather than to Europe, are identical with those behind the Monroe Doctrine. There is the same sympathy with republican institutions, manifest this time in aversion to tyrannical dictatorships that have all the evil of monarchy and little of the good; there is the same belief that our self-interest requires us to have law-abiding neighbors, and that such are to be secured by frowning on governments based on military force and encouraging those based on democratic consent. Just as it concerned us to keep the European monarchs out of Central and South America, so it concerns us to prevent the rule of local monarchs whose rival personal ambitions will keep their peoples forever embroiled.
>
> "The American influence in not a few Latin-American countries has been thrown against republican principles. We have not assisted, as we should have assisted, constitutional government, and have not honestly sought to develop capacities for self-government. In Santo Domingo and in Cuba we have done so, and the results so far have been good, but for the most part our representatives have encouraged what are called 'strong' governments, in Latin America as elsewhere almost invariably governments of graft, of assassination, and ultimately of disorder because of tyrannical excesses. It makes for a growth of national respect to have the President give assurances that for four years at least reasonable doubts are to be resolved in favor of constitutional government rather than against it, and that there is not to be constant insulting of our Latin-American friends by the implication that they are so inferior they must expect tyranny. A new era will open to the disturbed countries of the south if there is firm adherence to this Wilson doctrine and all come to realize that the influence of this country will be steadily exerted for constitutionalism and in opposition to its enemies."

As bearing upon Mexico, notes the New York *Tribune*, the policy outlined "is neither hostile nor partial to General Huerta, but is calculated to encourage the assertion of constitutionalism and peace, whether under him or another." Other editors read into the President's words a determination to go slowly in the matter of recognizing the Huerta régime.

Those Latin-American agitators who looked for a period of license under our new Administration experienced another surprize and disappointment when a peremptory note from Secretary of State Bryan moved President Gomez of Cuba to veto the Amnesty Bill which he had already signed in defiance of our State Department's advice. This bill, for political reasons, would have liberated and pardoned thousands of criminals. Even the anti-Bryan New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) praises "the promptness and good judgment of Mr. Bryan's action" in this matter.

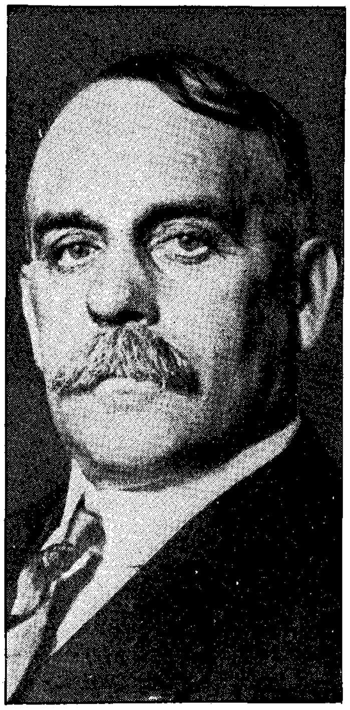
And in the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer* we read:

> "As Secretary of State, Mr. William J. Bryan has made a good start. When he learned upon assuming office that President Gomez, the Cuban Executive, had before him a bill not only providing for a general jail delivery, but bestowing a kind of immunity bath upon persons charged or suspected of misconduct who have not yet been tried, he at once got busy and entered a protest against the approval of such a vicious piece of legislation. The next thing Mr. Bryan and the public heard was that Gomez had signed the bill.
>
> "There is some doubt as to whether he had done so before the protest from Washington reached him or whether his signature was appended to the bill in a spirit of defiance. However that may be, Gomez was subsequently impelled to change his attitude. As his signature of the bill had not been officially proclaimed, he felt at liberty to reverse himself, and the measure which he at first approved has now been vetoed.
>
> "It is an entirely safe assumption that Gomez did not veto it very much against his own personal desire without the application of some powerful compulsion, and to Mr. Bryan belongs the credit of having acted with the resolution and energy and promptitude which the occasion demanded. He has announced himself to be a lover of peace, but it seems that he can be sufficiently aggressive and uncompromising upon occasion."

The Washington *Post*, an independent paper, which in past years was usually in full accord with the Taft Administration, also commends Secretary Bryan's attitude and thinks it "now quite clear that Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson are in complete harmony with regard to Latin America." And the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) congratulates the nation on Mr. Bryan's first-hand knowledge of Latin-American conditions, since "as a private citizen he was an honored guest while in South America, and an earnest student of the countries there."

THE REELECTION OF RYAN

THE CHALLENGING ACTION of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers in reelecting as president a man convicted of conspiring to promote the McNamara dynamitings, brings forth what the New York *Call* (Socialist) refers to as "the usual torrent of disgusting moral diatribes from the capitalist press as to the criminal tendencies of trade-unionism." These papers are, indeed, harsh enough in their characterizations of the Iron Workers. The reelection of President Frank M. Ryan was, it will be remembered, accompanied by the choice of another convicted defendant as second vice-president, and funds were voted to defend the convicted men in case of a new trial, and to care for their families. This, according to the journals which *The Call* would class as "capitalistic," was a "defiance of the ordinary decencies of civilization," "an abominable perversion of the natural instincts of justice and conscience," and it is asserted that union labor suffers loss through this incident. But these writers draw a line between the Iron Workers and the great body of union men. The Boston *Advertiser*, speaking for New England, declares:



FRANK .M. RYAN.

Not even his conviction as a dynamite conspirator can shake his hold on his fellow Iron Workers, who have just reelected him as their president.

"The labor men—not the leaders merely, but the rank and file of the well-organized unions in this section—have no sympathy for Ryan, while the verdict against him stands, and they have absolutely no sympathy with labor campaigns of the sort the officials of the Iron Workers carried on. They feel that the McNamaras did more to hurt labor than to help it, and they would feel so, even if the dynamite fiends had never been caught and identified. Unfortunately, there is no way in which organized labor can undo the terrible blunder committed at Indianapolis, unless by action of all the unions in the Federation of Labor, in some form of public protest against any association with the Iron Workers' Association. And there are plenty of labor men in this section who would be glad to see the Federation act in some way in repudiating the dynamiters and all who support them."

The Federation, observes the New York *Tribune*, has taken no action against the Iron Workers, "on the ground that the men convicted acted only as individuals and probably misrepresented the sentiment of their followers." But, continues this New York paper:

"That plea of avoidance will no longer hold. The Iron Workers have frankly advertised their insensibility to crimes perpetrated with their funds and under their name. They are willing to be considered in their organized capacity as enemies of law and order. The public now knows exactly where they stand.

"But will Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, who publicly disavowed sympathy with the McNamara crimes and with the individuals who instigated them, allow this anarchistic association to affiliate longer with the body of which he is the head?

"The reelection of Ryan is a direct incitement to dynamiting. It says to the labor unionist: 'Blow up the non-union job, and organized labor will stand by you.' It is different from standing by the accused dynamiter with funds for his defense before his trial and before his guilt has been legally established. It is standing by him after his trial and conviction. What will Mr. Gompers do about it?"

From the Socialist point of view, as exprest in the New York *Call*, certain facts appear more important than they do to the eyes of the journals just quoted. In this Socialist editor's opinion, the men tried at Indianapolis "were convicted on very doubtful-looking proof," and "every point of law was strained to the utmost" to convict them. Hence the members of the Iron Workers' Association

"could readily see in the whole proceedings the handiwork of the Erectors' Association and its only too apparent purpose to destroy their union root and branch. And very naturally when the cry of 'criminal' is raised they are far more likely to fix their gaze on the 'criminals' on the other side and overlook their own—if indeed they be such.

"It may be said that they have no respect for law, and in a certain sense that is, perhaps, true. After their experience it would be wonderful, indeed, if they saw anything in it but power, a thing that induces fear rather than respect; a power used to the limit to destroy their organization and reduce them to the condition of slaves at the mercy of their enemy, the Steel Trust.

"And under the circumstances their reelection of Ryan, even at the very worst, is not one whit more immoral or iniquitous than the actions of those that waged a war of extermination against them with the law as a weapon for their destruction, and no amount of hypocritical mouthings about 'morality' will convince them of it either."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

CURIOUS how the man higher up lies low.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THAT boundary between Arizona and Mexico seems to be altogether too imaginary.—*Chicago News.*

AT any rate, the name Garrison is a good name for Secretary of War.—*Jacksonville Florida Times-Union.*

HUNGER strike suffragettes have at least done something to reduce the cost of living.—*Wall Street Journal.*

IT is almost as hard to mention the name of a Cabinet official, off-hand, as it was to write the date correctly on the 2d of January.—*Washington Star.*

THE Government is getting quite stuck up over its parcel-post service. A can of syrup in a mail-bag broke the other day.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE new Interstate Commerce Commissioner is named Marble. The railroads, we think, will find that he has his heart in his work.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THE almost boyish hilarity which marked the first informal meeting of the Wilson Cabinet took place before the President's announcement transferring the office-seekers to the care of the members of the Cabinet.—*New York Evening Post.*

NO, the Webb Bill is not a bill for the "lame ducks."—*Kansas City Star.*

WHILE Mexico is strong in initiative it is short in referendum—*Wall Street Journal.*

AT last there is an administration that Mr. Bryan's *Commoner* can indorse.—*Chicago Tribune.*

UTAH has adopted a mothers' pension bill. Thus women begin to get their revenge on Mormonism.—*San Francisco Call.*

ENGLISHMAN who hopes to start a Utopia in Central America revives those strictures on the national sense of humor.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE Senate left 1,400 appointments for President Wilson to make. Yet there's only one job he really has to fill.—*Philadelphia North American.*

IT is now sadly evident that the "open-door" policy at the White House was intended merely to speed the departing office-seeker.—*Cleveland Leader.*

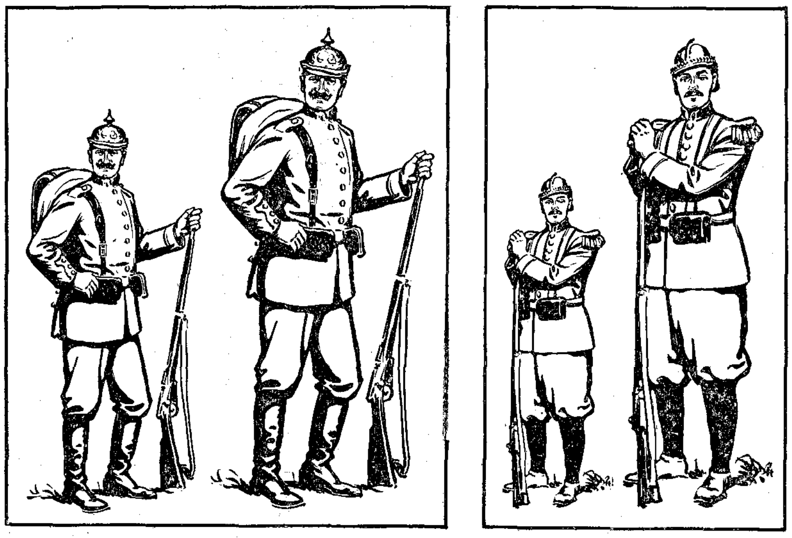
PRESIDENT WILSON seems to be doing all he can to make it plain that he is the manager, not a waiter, of that Democratic pie counter.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

LET us trust that the salary of $75,000 a year will not cause President Wilson to imagine that the problem of the high cost of living has been solved.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

FOREIGN COMMENT

FRENCH AND GERMAN WAR PREPARATIONS

THE CONTAGION OF WAR has now reached Western Europe, where the armies are at least fighting in the clouds, as they were seen over Jerusalem before the sack of Titus. This is the opinion of the *Croix* (Paris), as it sees Germany's projected increase of land forces, and the answer France makes to the challenge by her new Army Law. Germany is to raise a special army fund of $250,000,000, and in spite of the heavy shadow thrown by this scheme on the hopes of a commercial revival and the failure of the Kaiser's Government to float a loan of $100,000,000 in Prussian Treasury-notes, the people, as a general rule, accept the proposal, particularly as it is to be supported by the imposition of a special tax on the fortunes of the rich. The financial press, some commercial papers, and the organs of Socialism alone unite in condemning the measure.



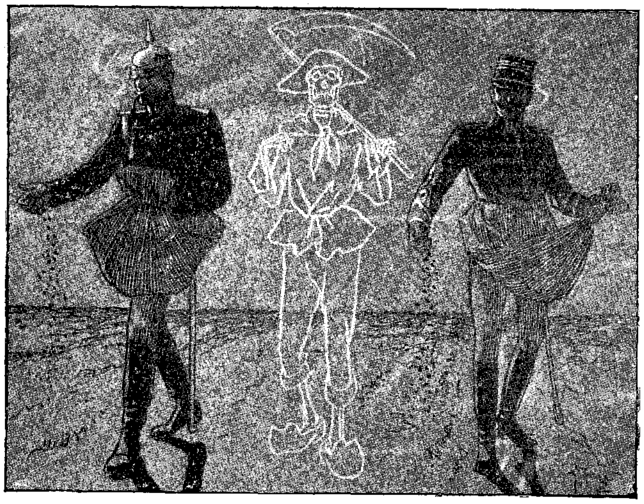
658,000 765,000
German.

546,000 750,000
French.

PRESENT AND FUTURE PEACE FORCES OF GERMANY AND FRANCE.
Comparative strength shown by height of the figures.

Thus the *Boersen Courier* (Financial, Berlin) resents the tax on fortunes, arguing that "a tax of this sort is only imposed in times of the gravest need, when it is necessary to act quickly because an enemy is at the gate," and that "the invocation of such extreme measures in time of peace will easily create the impression that they are the last sheet-anchors of an impoverished country." "The proposed colossal expenditure of $250,000,000," declares another representative of German commercial interests, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is "a symptom of the present international drunkenness over armaments." The proposal to tax fortunes, says prudent "Aunty Voss," a middle-class organ—the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin)—"is tantamount to an avowal of the nation's bankruptcy."

But a newspaper of a certain official responsibility, the *Lokal Anzeiger* (Berlin), remarks more cautiously that "this is no time to exhibit pessimism." "It is not difficult for us to outdo the competition of our neighbors," we are told, "but it is necessary to do the thing thoroughly—it is necessary that we show ourselves to be the stronger." "We must show France our power," similarly declares the National Liberal *National Zeitung* (Berlin), "and make her feel sure that our Government will take care that nothing will be left undone to secure our world position, and to demonstrate that our supply of men, which is very large, affords us new sources of recruitment which will match any rivalry whatever."



GERMANY AND FRANCE— "Who sows nothing, reaps nothing."
DEATH— "Yes, and I am the reaper." —*Amsterdammer.*

More directly threatening is the utterance of the Pangermanist *Post*, whose savage words run thus:

> "France refuses to admit the idea that she has long ago been outstript by Germany in military strength. But we see in this nothing more than a prodigious struggle to maintain a military equality with her neighbors in spite of a dwindling birth-rate. We can not desist from the course we are pursuing until a new duel so weakens the French people that France can in no point, in spite of supreme efforts, maintain an equality with her neighbor. Before history has decided this point of difference between France and Germany we fear that France will fail to acknowledge the conditions created by natural and peaceful evolution during the last forty years."

It is "a policy of folly," exclaims the Socialist organ, *Vorwaerts* (Berlin), "and we do not pretend to see the end of it." And it proceeds:

> "We are on the eve of a new period which will involve enormous sacrifices, financial, material, and personal, and will deepen the antagonism which exists between the capitalist states. It is a policy of catastrophe; militarism is becoming a menace more and more violent to the state. Middle-class society shows itself insatiable, and militarism, the instrument of its creation, is becoming the tyrant of this society; not a single party of the middle classes dares any longer to resist this militarism; all are incapable of checking the ruinous career of this despot."

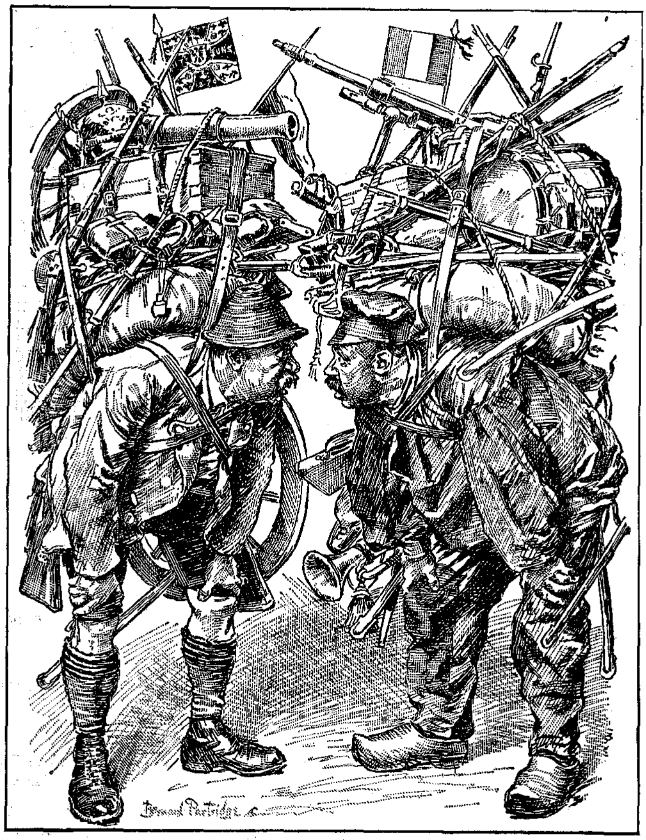
In a tone of reassurance the semi-official *Continental Correspondence* states that Germany's geographical position, more insecure than that of France, quite justifies her extravagant war budget. As we read:

> "France's geographical position is such that she has only to reckon with one great enemy. Germany, on the other hand, has the disadvantage of lying between two powerful neighbors, France and Russia. France has allied herself with Russia, with the result that many Frenchmen are dreaming fantastic dreams of being able one day to humble Germany with the aid of her northern ally. The real reason why Germany is increasing her fighting forces is that she feels it her bounden duty to secure herself against all political combinations."

Much more specific and alarmist is the following comment of the *Koelnische Zeitung*, which is also credited with a semi-official authority:

> "Less feeling would be roused in Germany over the proposed war budget if the Government would only clearly, distinctly,

and without mystery point out where the danger is threatening us, and that is France. Never have our relations with our western neighbor been so tense as they are to-day. Never has the spirit of revenge there shown itself so plainly. Never before has the French alliance with Russia and the friendship with England been so manifest. All this is for the sole purpose of reconquering Alsace-Lorraine. In whatever corner of the world the flames may begin, it is certain that we shall have to cross swords with the French. When that will occur no one knows."



THE BLESSING OF PEACE.

HANS AND JACQUES (together)—"And I hear there's more to come!"

—*Punch* (London).

France has been by no means slow in taking up what is considered to be the gauntlet thrown down by Germany. France is rich in money, but dwindling in population. She has ample means of fortifying and arming the country. But where are the men to come from? The French Minister of War has discovered a method of increasing the strength of the Army without adding any great burden of taxation or forcing young boys and old men into the ranks. At present military service for two years is compulsory, but by adding a year and making each conscript serve under the colors for three years the number of effectives will be largely augmented. Of course a greater expense is involved in a longer and larger pay-roll, as the *Économiste Français* (Paris) naturally deplores in these terms:

> "The weakest point in the present situation is the financial question. . . . We admit that our war budgets should be increased annually to a figure necessary for the increase of our military effectives. But, unfortunately, since 1902 and more particularly since 1906, and even to a more aggravated degree under the present legislature, the country has been given over to the most reckless extravagance. This extravagance is not merely the result of neglect or carelessness, it is partly systematic, for the benefit of those who would reap the pecuniary advantage."

This is not the tone of the *Echo de Paris*, which talks of "France's Retort to Germany," and cites Bulgaria as an example of alertness and fitness in a diplomatic emergency. Germany is reinforcing her Army, and "the balance of power in Europe will vanish unless France makes an effort to equal her advance." The Radical *Action* (Paris) thus appeals to the French people:

> "Yes, next autumn, O people of France, you will be found confronting a German people who outnumber you in armed men by six to five.
>
> "Have you seriously considered this peril, the greatest that you have ever met in the whole of your history?
>
> "And what good will it do if you have nothing wherewith to meet the emergency but the inertness of a decadent or the foolery of a braggart?
>
> "It is useless for either you or your doctors to put off finding a remedy for ten years. In that time you may be dismembered, apportioned out, and denationalized before the prescriptions have begun to operate on you. You must act at once, or not at all."

"The prodigious efforts of Germany on behalf of her Army" leads the *Matin* (Paris) to say that France owes to Germany the "awakening of her national sentiment." "Tangier, Casablanca, Agadir mark important stages in this transformation." It is to be hoped that "other Powers, especially England, will so augment their military forces in proportion to the French and German increase as to compel disarmament, so that the armed peace which presses so heavily on Europe may be lightened."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

TURKISH WOMEN TO CHRISTIAN QUEENS

THE FAILURE OF THE MEN of Turkey to get much comfort from Europe's kings has seemingly inspired the women to appeal to the queens. These daughters of Islam appeal in the name of Christ against the Allies who profess to battle in his name. In one of the great meetings of Turkish women noticed in these columns, the following petition was adopted and ordered sent to each queen in Europe. We find it in the *Orient* (Constantinople). Thus far we have heard of no replies. The statement begins:

> "Your Majesty is not ignorant of the fact that against Turkey, which is accused of fanaticism, but which has nevertheless never waged religious wars, the Balkan States have organized a crusade, the king of Bulgaria in a proclamation that has become sadly famous, having very loudly declared that this war was to be the war of the Cross against the Crescent.
>
> "Therefore, Madame, the Balkan soldiers have invaded our country proclaiming themselves the soldiers of Jesus, Son of Mary, of him whom we also venerate as a prophet and whom all humanity cherishes as the most striking personification of justice, sweetness, and kindness.
>
> "Yet what have these self-styled soldiers of the Christ done?
>
> "Ask the old men, the women, and the frightened children who flee before them and who go even into Asia to seek a little safety; ask rather the thousands of miserable persons who were unable to flee, and whose corpses are rotting in the mud."

On these premises the queens are asked to plead the cause of Turkey and of the common humanity of the race. The eloquent words of the Turkish women, however exaggerated they may seem, are extremely touching:

ARMIES		Men on Active Service	Reserve	Totals	Reserve or Landwehr (1st Levy)	Total of Forces Mobilizable
GERMAN	Since the laws of June 14, 1912.	658,000	742,000	1,400,000	1,358,000	2,758,000
	After the newly proposed law.	765,000	1,145,000	1,910,000	1,720,000	3,630,000
FRENCH	At present.	546,000	590,000	1,136,000	1,475,000	2,611,000
	After the law of 3 years' service.	750,000	590,000	1,340,000	1,475,000	2,815,000

COMPARISON OF GERMAN AND FRENCH FORCES.

Officers and supernumeraries not included.—From *L'Illustration* (Paris).

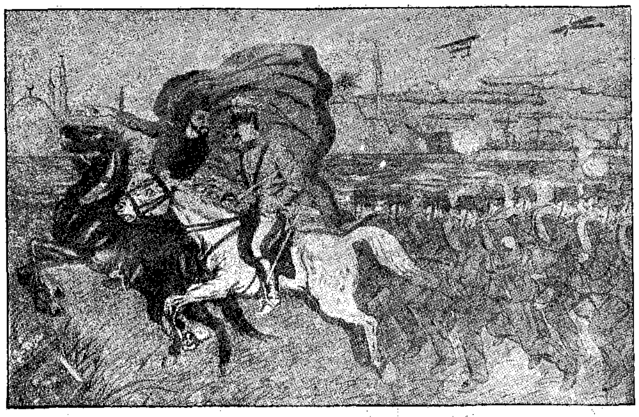
"Madame, you are a queen; therefore you have a mother's feeling toward all the humble and feeble among your people; you are a Christian queen, professing the religion of him who placed compassion and love before all the other virtues; and, lastly, you are a woman of the most illustrious nobility, and as such, you have in the highest degree the sentiment of honor.

"In the name of chivalric honor, in the name of Christian charity, in the name of maternal compassion, graciously deign, Madame, to hear the cry of indignation and despair uttered by heartbroken mothers, sisters, and daughters. Deign, in reply, to raise your most profoundly respected voice; deign, Your Majesty, to bring the law of Christ, in regard to the life of men and the honor of women, to the minds of the infamous hordes who are trying to hide under the shadow of the Cross the most lurid series of fires, murders, and violations that one can find in any European war of our times."

TURKEY'S HOPE IN ENGLAND

TURKEY has been crusht and humiliated; the Balkan Allies have slaughtered her subjects and captured her towns and territories. Is she to be left a prey to European nations, who above all things desire to be "in the sun" and find Europe too narrow a field of empire? Who will support her and enter an alliance to fortify her in maintaining her supremacy as seat of the Padishah and head of the universal Mohammedan races who people the lands from the Mediterranean to the China Sea? The suspicions of Russia and the machinations of other European Powers are considered by the press to threaten Turkey, which may find conquest by war less fatal than subjugation by peaceful but overwhelming commercial exploitation. Thus Germany, according to Russian opinion, is intriguing for the commercial domination and exploitation of Anatolia and Armenia. But England, remarks the London *Review of Reviews* significantly, is the greatest Moslem Power in the world, and Turkey is the heart of the Moslem Empire, which has its metropolis in Constantinople. Lasting alliances, adds this magazine, are based on common interests. Certainly Germany has no such interest in Anatolia as England, for England's Moslem subjects regard Turkey as a land to be held sacred and revered. As for Germany:

"It is recognized in Germany that the most vital problem before her colonies is the negro question. Since the bulk of the Kaiser's place in the sun lies in Africa, and since Islam is the dominating common denominator of the African population, the control of the Calif must mean much to Berlin; and if Berlin takes the Califate seriously, why should not we do so in London, since the British Empire stands to lose far more, and to risk more serious troubles, if Islam turns against her? It is not only in Africa, but also in India, that the followers of the Prophet are of vital importance to us."



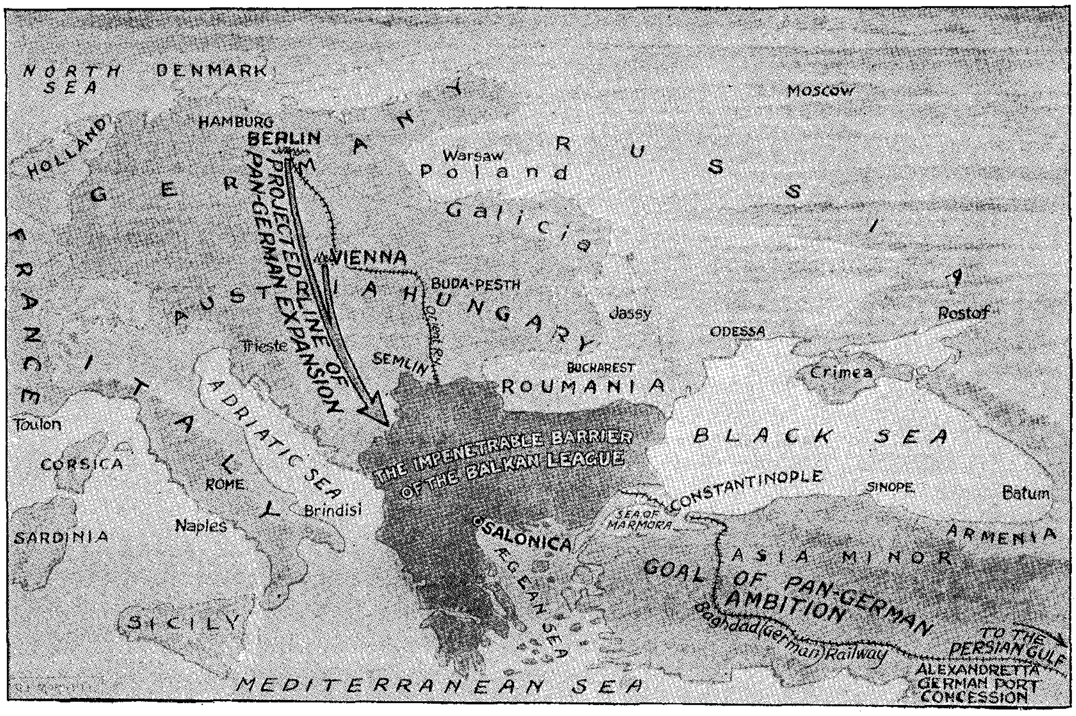
"THE TWO CONSTANTINES"—A GREEK CARTOON.

The Revival of an Abolished Monarchy.

Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Greek Emperors of Constantinople, conquered by Mohammed II, 1453, leading Constantine, the present Crown Prince of Greece, to the recovery of the former Christian capital.

This writer's description of England as a great Moslem Power and her responsibilities as such runs as follows:

"It is no exaggeration to say that we should be as anxious for the welfare of the Sultanate as any Turk or any Mohammedan, wherever he may be. The Sultan of Turkey is not only a temporal ruler, good or bad as may be, but he is the Calif of the Mohammedan world, the keystone of the whole structure of Islam throughout the world. As temporal monarch we could pretend to ignore his well-being, we might even aid in his destruction, but it is in no way possible for us to differentiate between the Sultan of Turkey and the Calif of the Faithful. Of the whole known Mohammedan population of the world the British Empire contains over 100,000,000. We are the greatest Mohammedan Power, and in our Indian and African possessions we have given hostages by the million to the Calif. For these British followers of Islam form the most positive portion of the inhabitants of the various territories of the Empire. Islam is a religion which breeds positive followers, and therefore we may assume that the hundred millions of Mohammedans under the British flag represent a real force, and one which must be reckoned with. At present, however, the common denominator of these millions of British subjects is Islam, and the key and control of Islam lies in Constantinople, not in London or Delhi."


NORTH SEA
DENMARK
HOLLAND
HAMBURG
BERLIN
GERMANY
PROJECTED LINE OF PAN-GERMAN EXPANSION
Moscow
Warsaw
Poland
RUSSIA
Galicia
FRANCE
VIENNA
AUSTRIA HUNGARY
BUDA-PESTH
Orient Ry.
Jassy
Rostof
ODESSA
Trieste
SEMLIN
BUCHAREST
ROUMANIA
Crimea
Toulon
ITALY
ADRIATIC SEA
CORSICA
ROME
Brindisi
THE IMPENETRABLE BARRIER OF THE BALKAN LEAGUE
BLACK SEA
CONSTANTINOPLE
SINOPE
Batum
SARDINIA
Naples
SEA OF MARMORA
SALONICA
ARMENIA
AEGEAN SEA
ASIA MINOR
GOAL OF PAN-GERMAN AMBITION
Baghdad (German) Railway
SICILY
TO THE PERSIAN GULF
ALEXANDRETTA GERMAN PORT CONCESSION
MEDITERRANEAN SEA

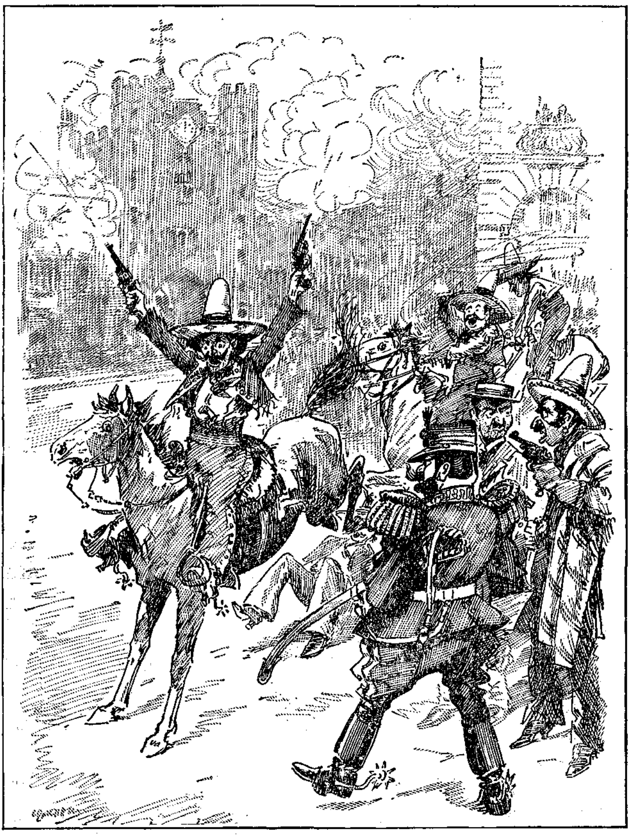
DEATH KNELL OF GERMANY'S "DRANG NACH OSTEN."

The greatest result of the Balkan War—the ending of Germany's ambitions toward the East.

—From the London *Review of Reviews*.

An alliance with Turkey would mean much to British power in the Mediterranean and would settle the question of the Suez Canal. It would be absurd to allow any country to interfere with the political influence of England in these matters. German interference is particularly to be forestalled, and we read:

> "To allow any other country, especially Germany, to usurp in the world of Islam the place which is ours by right would not only be reprehensible, it might easily be almost suicidal. Nor must it be forgotten that besides the very real advantages which are to be gained by friendly alliance with the head of Islam, there are sufficiently good reasons for friendship with the Sultan of Turkey as temporal monarch. An *entente* with Turkey means much in the Mediterranean question, more still for the Suez Canal, while at the same time alliance with Turkey might open up a safe land route by rail to our Indian possessions."



ANOTHER CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

(Owing to the brilliant success of the late Conference of London it is proposed to throw open the hospitable doors of St. James's Palace to a symposium of Mexican Presidents.)

—*Punch* (London).

Besides all this, progress, social, political, and commercial, would be fostered in Turkey by such a coalition and undoubtedly promote that pacification of the world which is so much talked about. This writer says of the attitude of the British:

> "They remain still under the hypnotism of Mr. Gladstone, who led the nation to think of the unspeakable Turk, and whose ideas have caused a generation to grow up holding as a fixt tradition that the Turks are models of iniquity. What suited Mr. Gladstone in his time is, however, far from being the best policy to-day, and no time should be lost in changing the British policy of indifference toward Turkey into a warm friendship and *rapprochement*. . . . Interested as England is in the maintenance of the Califate, this country is better fitted than any other to come to the aid of Turkey in her present downfall, and, recognizing frankly the claims of Islam to respect, reorganize the administration of the country. British administrators trained among Mohammedan or mixt peoples are easily to be found, and by their aid marvelous changes would be wrought. Turkey would become a serious and progressive nation living at peace within its frontiers, and no longer would Europe look towards Constantinople, awaiting the tearing asunder of the dominion of the Sultan. Let 'the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world' join friendly hands with the highest Mohammedan force, and together, doubly strong and in no wise weakened, Great Britain and Turkey will become the 'lords of Islam,' and the hundreds of millions of Mohammedans will have been transformed into a further force for universal peace."

MEXICAN FEAR OF INTERVENTION

THE MEXICAN PRESS cautiously eschew all discussion of Madero's fate and merely give the people good advice as to the future. They speak of the recent bloodshed, massacre, and assassination as excusable, "for all nations," says the *Universal* (City of Mexico), "have been guilty of like faults and aberrations, nay, crimes, when they have fallen a prey to the spirit of rebellion," and refers for confirmation of this statement "to the excesses of lynching mobs, especially at Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Baltimore." The *Imparcial* (City of Mexico) says "let the dead past bury its dead"—including Madero and Saurez—and piously remarks:

> "Over the soil which covers the bodies of so many brothers, let victors and vanquished nobly clasp hands and swear to serve the cause of the fatherland."

But another question engages the discussion of the *Independiente* (City of Mexico), a new paper whose wings have not yet been clipt. According to its editor, Mexico is in danger of wearing out the patience of its Northern neighbor, for,

> "The bloody combats in the capital, the summary executions, deafening bombardment, the scandal provoked by the painful occurrences were accompanied by diplomatic notes in which there were not lacking new protestations of friendship and declarations of a firm intention not to interfere, but dropping also phrases too clear to be misunderstood, such as those which referred to the prolonged patience [of the American Government] and the urgent necessity of remedying a situation pessimistically judged by the American people.
>
> "We are quite willing to believe in the good intentions of the American Government and people in the matter of intervention; but we do not consider them irrevocable, nor do we form to ourselves illusions in regard to the unalterable patience of the neighboring nation."

This writer notes that "a considerable portion of the Yankee press takes an aggressive attitude" toward Mexico. But Mexico has brought this upon herself, says the *Independiente*, whose words run as follows:

> "It is true that we have no right to complain of the harsh judgments that day by day are passed upon us in those newspapers, seeing that our own shame ties our tongues; but it is also unquestioned that the campaign is malevolent, and that its only aim is to arouse the animosity of the United States toward our country and to accustom the minds of the American people to the idea of intervention. And every one knows how great a power the press wields in the neighboring Republic."

The American troops and warships by which Mexico is beset constitute a real peril to the country, thinks this independent organ, and—

> "The danger which many persons regard as having passed away with the Maderista régime still subsists. The North American warships are still in Mexican waters, and the ten thousand men mobilized at Galveston maintain a waiting attitude, not to mention the twenty thousand that guard our frontier. It is no exaggeration to say that there are at the present time forty-five thousand American soldiers on duty simply and solely in connection with our political contests.
>
> "We have been, we still are, face to face with a grave risk which compromises our autonomy and brings us to the verge of a terrible situation. The danger must not be exaggerated, but it must not be lost sight of, for perhaps we are playing our last card in the great game."

In the present situation, we are told, the very national existence of Mexico is threatened by the United States. But the country must look out for itself in this emergency. Finally:

> "It is to be hoped that the Government's patriotism and a serious effort at pacification may remove us from proximity to the abyss of intervention; that the gravity of the menace which hovers over our life as an independent nation may restore our reason."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

"HORSE-SENSE" EXTRAORDINARY

SOME ACCOUNT has already been given in these pages of the marvels attributed to the "educated horse" known in Germany as "Clever Hans." The alleged achievements of this animal have been pretty well shown to be due to response to suggestion and not to complex mental processes. Discussion of the limits of mental operations in animals has now been renewed by a book by Karl Krall entitled "Thinking Animals." Krall is a jeweler of Elberfeld who has occupied himself for many years with psychological studies. He was one of the believers in Clever Hans and his trainer, Herr von Osten, and has endeavored to train two new horses according to a theory of his own. Astonishing results, said to have been obtained, are set forth in his book, which has been hotly attacked, notably in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, as "a disgrace to German literature." These attacks induced various psychologists and zoologists to go to Elberfeld to investigate, and their report is said to confirm some of the wonders related in the book. An account of the phenomena observed is given by one of them, Dr. Ziegler, of Stuttgart, in the *Deutsche Revue* (Berlin, December). Dr. Ziegler is an authority of some weight in a discussion of this kind. He has taught at Jena and Freiburg, and is now a professor in the technical school at Stuttgart. He is a specialist in zoology, has published a zoological dictionary, and has written works on "The Theory of Heredity in Zoology" and "Ancient and Modern Conceptions of Instinct." Krall's system of training differs from previous methods—the animals are treated like reasonable beings. What is desired from them is carefully explained, and the teaching closely resembles that in a kindergarten. It is stated that progress is rapid, and that the four fundamental operations of arithmetic can be learned in the first year, even employing moderately large numbers. Krall has improved on the methods of von Osten in many ways. We are told:

"MUHAMED,"

The star of the Elberfeld troupe.

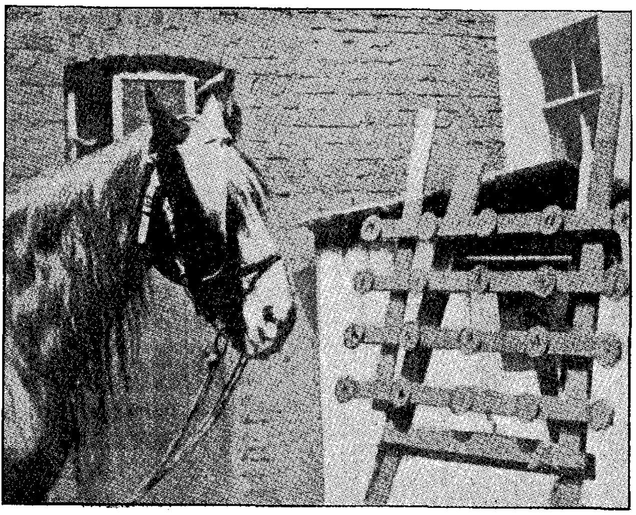
"He accustoms the animals to strike the units with the right foot, the tens with the left foot, and the hundreds with the right foot again. Thus a number of three places can be indicated by a moderate number of hoof-strokes, while a lengthy repetition of the strokes with a single foot wearies the animal and gives rise to mistakes from error or carelessness.

"The little pony Hänschen, which has been instructed by this method for several months, performs addition and subtraction of numbers of two places without trouble, or multiplies a two-place number by a one-place number. One morning when my colleague [Dr. von Buttel-Reepen] and I came to the stall somewhat ahead of Herr Krall, I set up the blackboard and stamping-board and wrote on the former the example in addition 33+11+12. To my astonishment the little animal at once gave the right number, striking the units with the right foot and the tens with the left foot. He solved many such exercises in succession, all correctly. This surprized me because the animal was in an unfamiliar place and because the two Arab stallions refuse to answer an unknown person."

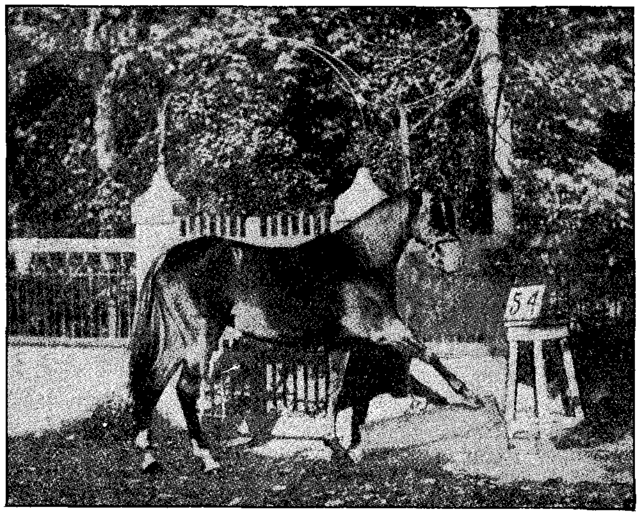
Dr. Ziegler tried to tempt one of the latter to answer by gentle words and a handful of carrots, but the horse merely shook its head from right to left to indicate a negative! We are informed that "the facility of reckoning of these stallions is astounding—almost uncanny. 'Muhamed' is better at extracting square roots than 'Zarif.'" The animals are said to go so far as to extract roots, but only of perfect powers up to the fifth degree. Writes Dr. Ziegler:

"I was able to convince myself that not *only were the roots of squares of two places* known to the animals—which is, indeed, a simple affair of memory—but that also the roots of powers of five or six places were correctly given. . . . In such cases it is not hard to find the first figure, but the second can, so far as I know, be determined only when the powers of the numbers from 1 to 100 have been committed to memory; the *third figure of the root can be guessed from the last figure of* the given power, in which case it often happens that there must be a decision between two possibilities, as, for example, between 3 and 7 in the foregoing case.

"Sometimes the animals wavered between two possible end figures; for instance, the square root of 779,689 was given first



AN EQUINE WRITING-MACHINE.

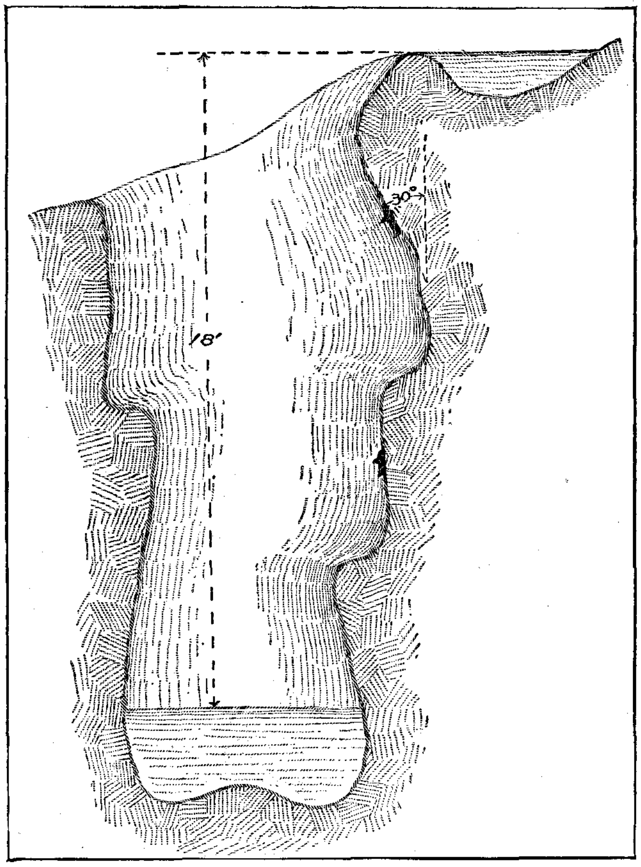


THE HORSE'S ANSWER—STAMPING ON A BLOCK OF WOOD.

as 887, then correctly as 883. This very thing proves that individual thinking and not a mere feat of memory is involved."

Dr. Ziegler thinks these surprizing results demand further study, and warns the reader against accepting any facile explanation, such as that the horses got the right figures from either voluntary or involuntary signs on the part of the spectators. This was tested by sending every one out of the stall and permitting them only to look in through small apertures. It has been suggested by some, however, that the sense of smell may aid the animal to guess correctly. The writer goes on:

"The problems were often written down on the blackboard, in words (not figures) and sometimes even in French. The horses gave the result as correctly as when figures were used. This is a very weighty point—that the horses should recognize script and even make use of it. They can be made to spell names and other words at will. Since, however, the hoof of the horse is built for running or striking, the letters must likewise be indicated by hoof-strokes. This is achieved by means of a hanging tablet bearing a sort of rectangular system of coordinates, . . . so that every letter can be indicated by a number of two places."



HOW THEY DO IT.

Section of a pot-hole, twenty-two feet deep, in Santa Rita Creek, Colombia, showing the catfish ascending its rocky walls.

The horses spell phonetically, and this is encouraged by Krall. Says Dr. Ziegler:

"They write the words according to the sound. Moreover, they frequently omit those vowels which are already indicated in the names of the consonants; for example, *hfr gbn* for *hafer geben* (Give oats)."

Dr. Ziegler concludes by declaring that Krall's experiments have opened new paths in animal psychology. He particularly suggests that other animals be studied and that comparisons be made among various groups of mammals. He says:

"Since the whole group of hoofed animals is distinct in species from man, the intellect of the horse or elephant does not represent earlier stages of the human, but is the outcome of a parallel system of development.

"It would, therefore, be highly interesting to study the anthropoid apes, the surface of whose brains likewise shows a beautiful system of furrows. . . . But there will always be a significant gap between the highest of apes and the lowest of human races. For the human brain has a much greater weight and a far higher number of cells. The mental difference between man and animal will therefore not disappear, even if we come to form a higher opinion of the animal's mind."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A CLIMBING CATFISH

A SOUTH AMERICAN FISH that can climb out of a deep pot-hole and even creep against a strong current, on the bottom of a swift stream, was described recently to the New York Academy of Sciences by Mr. R. D. O. Johnson, a mining engineer who has spent several years in the highlands of Colombia—a region visited by few naturalists. The case is evidently one of adaptation to environment. The mountain-streams of Colombia are torrential, and no ordinary fish could live in them. The climbing or creeping catfish, Mr. Johnson goes on to say, resembles closely the horned pout or "bullheads" of the United States, and are highly esteemed as food by the Colombians, who call them *capitan*. Says the writer (we quote from a reprint of his paper in pamphlet form):

"Under usual conditions they are clumsy and awkward swimmers, wriggling through the water like tadpoles, but as creepers and climbers they are without rival in the fish family. The mouth is small, but is surrounded by a broad, soft, rubber-like flap, very thin and flexible at the edges. It is a sucker mouth and the entire mechanism is so perfectly adapted to the needs of the fish that it finds no difficulty in firmly attaching itself to any convenient object. It is this ability to make a quick anchorage that enables the fish to stay at home when nature seems bent upon sweeping the cañons and water-courses clear of everything movable. . . . .

"The flat sucker mouth is half of the mechanism; the other half is located on the belly. Under the skin of the ventral side, just behind a line joining the pectoral fins, there is a triangular bony plate to which are attached the ventral fins. The main anterior ribs of these fins are broad and flattened, and the flat surfaces are thickly studded with small, sharp teeth pointing backwards. The triangular plate and its attached fins are free to move in a longitudinal direction through a distance equal to about one-sixth of the length of the fish. This movement is accomplished by means of four muscles in two pairs attached to the plate; the anterior pair extending from their attachments on each side of the plate forward to the middle point on the bony arch just below the gill openings; the posterior pair extending from an attachment at the center of the posterior edge of the plate to the anal fin. It is evident that the fish is able to create a suction pressure in the region of the plate, tho how this is accomplished is not apparent from the structure.

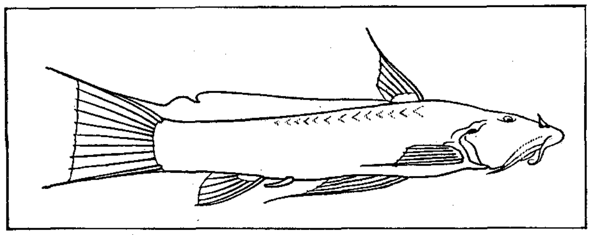
"By means of the alternate action of the mouth and of this curious apparatus, the fish is able to creep against a current that would baffle its efforts entirely, if it relied alone upon its fins and tail. When it is engaged in creeping or sticking fast to some object, the sucker mouth necessarily is closed. It is evident that the gills must be supplied with the life-maintaining flow of water through some other avenue. At the upper extremity of each gill-slit there is an orifice provided with a valve opening inward. During the diastole of the gill covers, the water flows inward through the orifices and is expelled through the gill-slits during the systole.

"On clear sunshiny days, these fish may be seen in the depths of the clear water hitching themselves along over the surfaces of rocks, occasionally swimming short distances in the more quiescent places, but seeming to depend for locomotion primarily upon their creeping mechanism. They are to be found in all parts of these mountain-streams, from the most slender tributaries to the foot of the mountains. It is evident from this fact that they are able to travel up-stream."

Mr. Johnson tells of watching several of the fish climb out of a pot-hole twenty-two feet deep. It took them half an hour, ascending a foot or two at a time. Apparently there must be at least a trickle of water over the surfaces where they climb. We read of a case where water had been piped around a fall, thus stopping the natural flow:

"A day or two after the water had thus been diverted, a dozen or more of these fish were observed to be clinging to the rock at the foot of the fall at the end of the pipe. They were evidently on their way up-stream, but had encountered an artificial condition that interrupted their further progress. They were nosing about in search of a small stream or film of water sufficient to keep their gills wet and to lead them to the main body of water above. As there was no such stream, their further progress was prevented. They made no observed attempt to swim up the fall, but confined their efforts to making short excursions up the rock above the water. Failing to find any leading stream, they crept back.

"They deposit their eggs in the deepest pot-holes and attach them individually to the under sides of large rocks."



THE CLIMBING CATFISH.

SCIENCE IN THE PRACTICAL WEST

A CHAPTER on "Science in the West" is contained in a recent book entitled "The Different West, as Seen by a Transplanted Easterner" (Chicago, 1913). The author, Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, formerly of New York, is now librarian of the St. Louis Public Library. The "difference" noted in this instance by the author, between his native and his adopted group of States, is that the West's science is predominantly practical—not that pure science is neglected there, but that the lack of appreciation of science for itself alone, which he believes to be noticeable throughout the United States, is particularly evident in the West. As for applied science, certain of its practical problems have been attacked by the West in characteristic ways, which have led, or are leading, to characteristic solutions. These mentioned by the writer are: the ones connected with the great rivers—water supply, water-power, and inland navigation—scientific agriculture, the "smoke nuisance," and the various questions that cluster about the operation of the great Western railroads. Drinking-water, most cities in the Middle West must obtain from rivers filled with fine sediment—and it has thus been necessary to devise methods of clearing it rapidly and thoroughly. As an instance of the successful solution of the problem, Dr. Bostwick cites St. Louis, whose water supply used to be hopelessly muddy. Experts estimated the cost of bringing spring water from a distance as $31,000,000. The successful plan actually adopted cost just $10,000 to install. Says the writer:

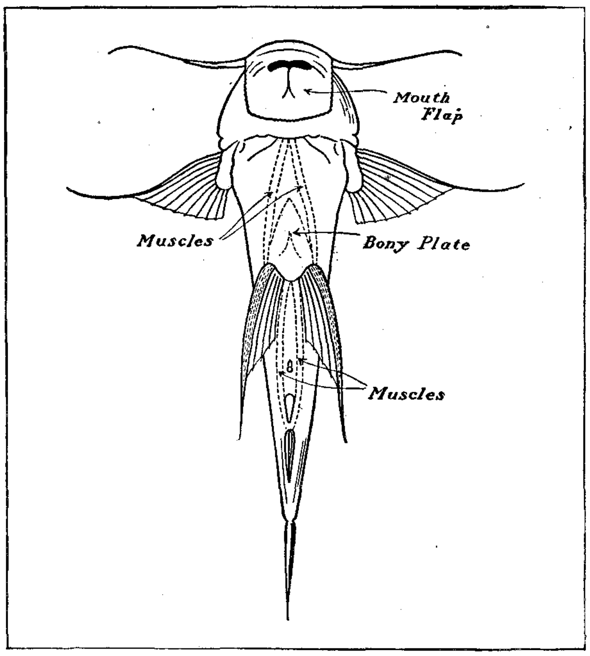
"This plan was to get rid of the sediment by forming in the water by chemical action a coagulable precipitate that would stick to it and carry it down quickly. This proved entirely practicable, and St. Louis has since enjoyed water of crystal clearness, free not only from mud, but from bacteria, which are also taken care of in the general clearing-up process. . . . The chemicals used are cheap and easily obtained—merely lime and copperas. . . . The lime compounds are dissolved and serve merely to 'harden' the water to a slight degree, while the iron compounds stick together in flocculent masses and sink. . . . Thus a purely Western problem has been solved by Westerners in a characteristically Western way—simple, effective, and thorough."

River navigation, now mostly a thing of the past, is bound, the writer thinks, to share with the railroads the future burden of freight transportation. Possibly the wish of the old river-pilot that the Mississippi might be made "perfectly straight, with a full moon at each end," is a counsel of perfection, but we may expect that it "will be kept at a uniform minimum depth and that the banks will be prevented from caving in and filling it up." Of the possible use of the great Western rivers for water-power, the mighty Keokuk dam, shortly to be completed, offers an impressive instance. The writer notes that here and elsewhere we have a chance to install great water-power plants without the interference with scenic beauties which has defaced Niagara and with positive improvement of river navigation.

As for agriculture, it has much to do with science in the West. The farmer has at his disposal all kinds of machinery, the automobile and the telephone, and he has learned to profit by them. He has only one drawback—to fear the occasional drought. Why, asks Dr. Bostwick, should this not be forestalled by supplementary irrigation? Some plan of this kind he looks to see adopted as a measure of precaution. The "smoke nuisance" the writer regards as the natural outcome of a near-by supply of the cheapest and best fuel known to man, Illinois soft coal. Its one objection—the smoke—will in time be reduced to a minimum by scientific stoking devices, but only in connection with widespread willingness and ability to operate them properly. We read:

"At present the problem is one of psychology. The things to be done are clearly indicated: it is not so easy to get people to do them. The first thing that the enthusiastic reformer thinks of is coercive legislation. It can not be said that this has proved successful when unaided. . . . It must not be forgotten that a large body of citizens in every smoky town is accustomed to the smoke and does not mind it; and believes that its abatement is an impossibility, or that, if possible, it would drive away profitable industries."

The last Western application of science to which Dr. Bostwick adverts is the railroad, whose roadbed, he says, is generally not so good as in the East, tho its rolling-stock is better; more Western lines serve a given territory, often with unsatisfactory results; express speeds are lower; there is much more travel at night, and far more effort is made than in the East to build up industry along the lines, especially through great land and industrial departments. He concludes:

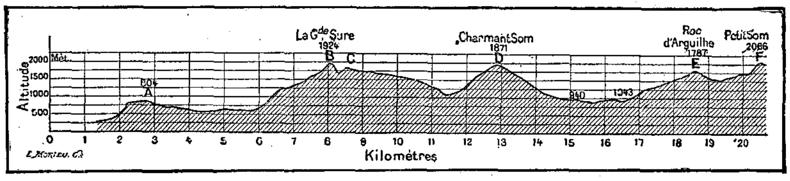


BONY CLIMBING-PLATES OF THE "CAPITAN."

"So far as Western roadbeds are concerned, there is a notable trend now toward decided improvement, as in the double-tracking of the great main lines such as the Union Pacific, and the installation of automatic signals, as on the Missouri Pacific and the Frisco."

EXPLORING THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP

SLEEP IS AN INSTINCT of the organism which protects it against the formation and accumulation of a toxic substance produced during prolonged wakefulness. Such is the conclusion of Dr. R. Legendre, based on recent French observations and experiments which he describes in an article entitled "The Physiological Problem of Sleep," contributed to *La Nature* (Paris, February 8). Some of these results are presented in a recent book, bearing this same title (Paris, 1913), whose author, Henri Piéron, a colleague of Legendre's, has done much to clear up the question in its physiological aspect. In the first place, Dr. Legendre tells us, the ordinary idea that we sleep because we are tired is erroneous. Fatigue may favor sleep; but it may also favor sleeplessness. Sleep is an imperious need of the organism, even more necessary than food. Of two men, one kept awake and the other fasting, the former will die sooner. Sleep may be favored by such conditions as fatigue, habit, or lack of interest, but this necessity is its primary cause. Writes Dr. Legendre:



SECTION OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE RANGE.

"What brings on first sleep and afterward awakening? . . . Some say that sleep is due to cerebral anemia; the brain, emptied of blood, lacks sufficient nourishment or accumulates too much waste to function; in the opinion of others, the cause is just the opposite; the brain is congested in the reclining posture. Unfortunately the facts are not in accord with either of these hypotheses. . . . A theory in fashion a few years ago explained sleep by the movements of the brain cells—lengthening, they entered into mutual contact; contracting, they were isolated, stopping communication with the nerve-centers. No such movements of fibers and cells have ever been seen. Other authors have supposed that the nerve-centers have a power of arrest or inhibition, which they exert by provoking sleep. Some have even indicated the exact location of this sleep-center in our nervous system, but observations are lacking to uphold this hypothesis. Is it then the internal secretion of some mysterious gland that controls sleep? Is it the state of hydration or dishydration of the nerve-cells? Is it the accumulation in the centers of poisonous wastes—lactic acid, cholesterin, carbonic acid, leucomains, urotoxins, neurotoxins, etc.? All these opinions have been advanced, altho not well supported."

Claparède, who has overthrown all these theories, has proposed what he calls a "biologic" hypothesis of his own—that sleep is not simply a rest-period, but is an active defense against some danger. The desire for it, like all instincts, may adapt itself to circumstances. This avoids physiology for the moment, but the physiologic problem presents itself again in a new guise. If sleep is an instinctive defense, against what does it protect us? Drs. Piéron and Legendre have answered this question by examining animals at the end of prolonged wakefulness. Says the writer:

"During this vigil [of ten days] the temperature, the respiratory changes, the proportion of water in the blood and brain, do not vary, which eliminates some of the theories mentioned above. Toward the tenth day, the animal can not keep its eyes open . . . it has no more sensorial attention; moreover, its brain presents clear and localized alterations. If then it is permitted to sleep, it falls into a deep slumber whence it issues completely refreshed and normal. The prolonged vigil thus provokes not only an imperative demand for sleep, but alterations of the brain-cells. To what are these due—exhaustion or poisoning?

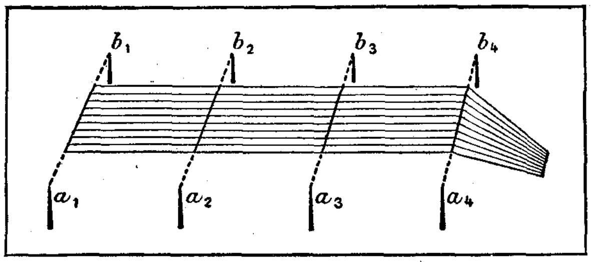
"We have sought to answer this new question. By drawing off blood, or, better, the cephalo-rachidean fluid, from an animal after a long vigil, and injecting it into the nervous system of a normal animal, we provoke in this latter the same demand for sleep. . . . If we let it slumber quietly, it wakes in good condition.

"The desire for sleep can thus be transmitted from one animal to another.

"This experiment teaches us that in the course of a prolonged period of wakefulness there accumulates in the humors of the organism a substance—some of whose characteristics we have determined—which is capable of provoking sleep."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

"WIRELESS" WITH MILES OF WIRE

CAN A PLANT employing 150 miles of wire be termed "wireless," except by courtesy? The purchaser of a hot tamale who objected because the article was stone-cold was told by the vendor that he had no proper cause of complaint—"hot tamale" was just the name of the thing. The dealers in "Java" coffee, "Blue Point" oysters, and other articles have often put forward a similar plea. Likewise we shall doubtless have to consider "wireless telegraphy" as "just the name of the thing" and the first word of the phrase as "merely a trade term." The latest French project is to use mountain-peaks for telegraph-poles and throw a network of antennæ fifteen miles broadcast over a rocky chain of ridges and summits too barren for human dwellers who might object to living amid a cyclopean spider's web of live wires. Says a writer in *La Nature* (Paris, February 15):



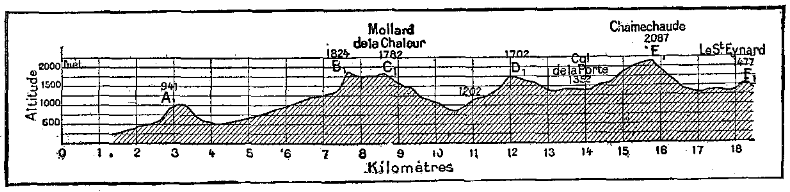
PLAN OF THE ANTENNA, SHOWING THE TEN HORIZONTAL WIRES.

"An antenna 15 miles long, with over 150 miles of wire! Such figures seem to be from the pen of some fantastic weaver of romance. They are, however, most serious. We find them in a recent report, abstracted in the *Annales des Postes et Telegraphes*, on a daring plan due to a young government engineer, Mr. Bouthillon.

"The realization of such an antenna would make possible, without doubt, scientific and practical observations of high importance for the progress of wireless telegraphy. So it is to be desired that this curious project should be promptly carried out.

"The cost will not be large—about $5,000, according to the author's estimates.

"The antenna will be formed of ten wires stretched horizontally, each about 15 miles long. To make possible such an arrangement without large expense, and without giving annoyance to citizens or running into trouble from neighboring electric conductors, Mr. Bouthillon proposes to locate it on the picturesque mountain-chain of the Grande Chartreuse, in the Department of the Isère.

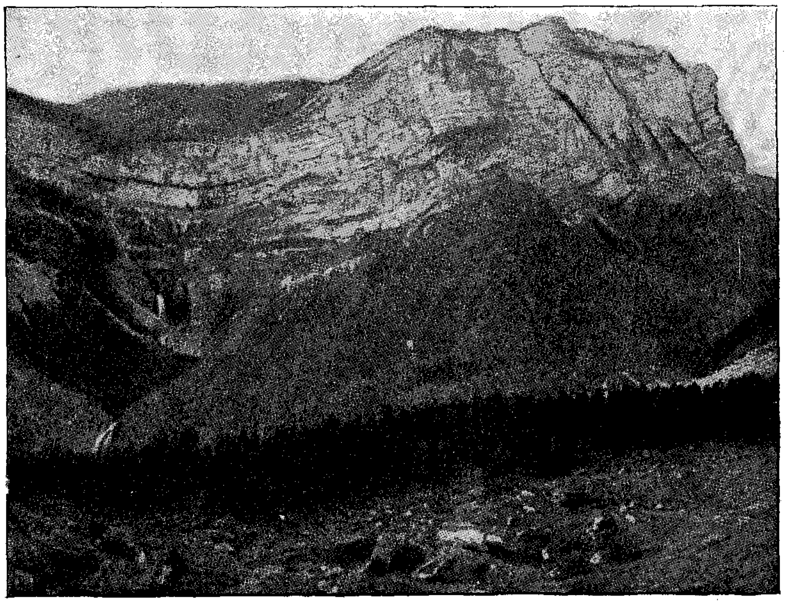


ANOTHER SECTION OF THE RANGE.

"The supports will be formed by the summits of five ridges, running north and south and constituting the southern part of the Grande Chartreuse system. . . . They are at a maximum distance of 3½ miles and are separated by deep valleys.

"The wires will be supported, through high-tension insulators, on posts planted on these summits . . . and in the longest span the lowest part of the curve will still be 1,500 feet above the bottom of the valley. . . . . . .

"What is the object of an installation on such a scale? It will enable us to study the application to wireless telegraphy of great wave-lengths, of several hundreds of miles, corresponding to electric oscillations of a frequency of 1,000. . . . . . .



A LOFTY "WIRELESS" MAST.

One of the peaks that will uphold the giant web of antennæ for the new French wireless station. The wires will be about a mile above sea-level.

"The antenna of great wave-length, of the order of 60 miles, for example, presents two capital advantages. In the first place, it may be set in electric oscillation by direct excitation, by means of ordinary alternators of a frequency of 1,000, which are in current use to-day, especially for 'musical' wireless telegraphy.

"With the usual wave-lengths, direct excitation can take place only with alternators of very high frequency—about 100,000—machines of extremely delicate construction. Failing satisfactory alternators of this type, it is necessary to employ indirect methods of excitation, which diminish the output and alter the purity of the waves.

"A second advantage—at the receiving station the use of great wave-lengths enables us to avoid an important cause of loss of energy by doing away with detectors; the telephonic receiver under the new system will be directly sensitive to the currents of a frequency of 1,000, which the receiving antenna will send to it.

"The wave-length now used at the Eiffel Tower is a mile and a quarter; that of the German post of Norddeich is one mile. Marconi, in the plans presented some time ago to the English Government, proposed wave-lengths running up to ten miles. It may be seen what progress would be made in adopting Bouthillon's antenna.

"It should be added that even if no practical results should follow it would lend itself to scientific experiments of the highest importance, bearing on the yet obscure mode of transmission of hertzian waves.

"Surprizing results have already been obtained by Kribitz by means of horizontal antennæ several hundred yards long, formed of iron wire stretched just over the ground or even in trenches. . . . . . .

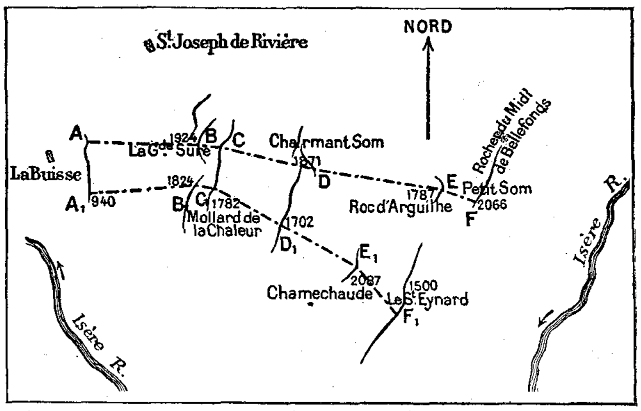
"We may therefore hope to see soon, on the picturesque summits of the Grande Chartreuse, stretching from peak to peak, a fine spider-web of wires. Its unexpected aspect will perhaps discontent the exclusive lovers of nature. But for the initiate it will add to the severe beauty of the inanimate landscape the charm of human thought."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A GRAFTING FEAT

TO CALL A MAN a successful grafter may be a doubtful compliment; but a person unfamiliar with modern slang would unhesitatingly apply this term to Mr. Lucien Daniel, a French botanist, who has succeeded in grafting a watercress on a cabbage. This is the first successful attempt, apparently, to extend to herbaceous plants an operation that has long been familiar as applied to woody vegetation. Its practical use does not appear plainly, but its scientific interest is undoubted. Says Francis Marre in his review of the sciences contributed to *Le Correspondant* (Paris, February 10):

"Mr. Lucien Daniel has succeeded in accomplishing it, operating on subjects of very different species. After having grafted the fennel on the carrot, which may be considered as a veritable *tour de force*, he went on to do the same for the *myosotis palustris* and the heliotrope; that is to say, for a plant that loves moist ground and another that frequents dry soils. The result obtained, without being absolutely perfect, is none the less encouraging. But Mr. Daniel has thought to do better still, and he has grafted watercress on cabbage stems. Of twenty trials, three were successful. His object was to see what would come of the forced union between an essentially water-living plant like the cress and a plant resistant to drought like the cabbage. At the outset, he reports, the grafted cresses all grew feebly; the stems and flowers were of a reddish brown like those of cress suffering from drought; the leaves were small and the internodes very short, showing thus that the harmony was far from being perfect between the subject and the graft. Consequently the stem did not branch; it became quickly surmounted with flowers, giving a small, crowded, and abundant inflorescence, slightly developed, and poor fruits and malformed seeds. . . . The fructification ended, the grafts withered progressively from top to bottom, keeping green for about three to six inches next the point of union. In September, on this green part and at different heights, appeared numerous elongated shoots, which curved over, in the fashion of a 'weeping' plant, on the subject and the vertical stem of the graft, producing a somewhat singular appearance. As for the subjects, they also suffered from the unexpected guest whose presence had been imposed upon them; they grew hardly at all. . . . . . .

"It is natural to ask what is the practical use of these extraordinary and delicate operations. At first sight this use is not apparent. According to Mr. Daniel, 'the success of the graft of a cress on a cabbage shows that by reducing the existing differences between the functional capacities of two plants of different habits, by progressive functional adaptation, we may finally succeed in obtaining grafts that will flourish by ordinary methods'; and he thinks that 'the field of success may be extended by this method beyond the limits fixed by the processes utilized hitherto.'"—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

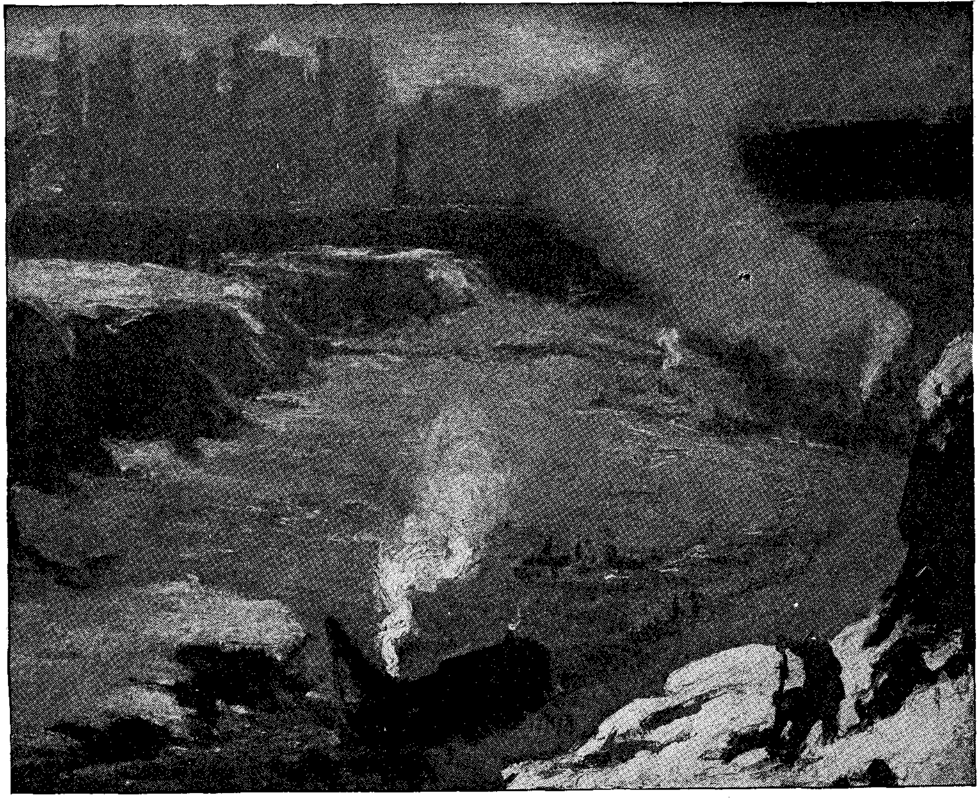


THE TWO LINES CHOSEN BY BOUTHILLON FOR HIS ANTENNA.

LETTERS AND ART

PAINTABLE AMERICA

TO SET THE EAGLE screeching on the subject of American art is a favorite pastime with us, according to our cosmopolitan native, Mr. Joseph Pennell. Only we don't do it discriminatingly. "If one doesn't say that America to-day leads art, and that this is proved by the Roman exhibition, and that the rest of the world is nowhere, why, one has lived abroad so long that the American idea and ideal is no longer in one." That, we are assured, is the sort of thing the purblind American is apt to say. It issues from the one who has stayed at home, who does not wish "to study, to make comparisons, to carry on tradition." "That a person should dare to hint that everything is not inspiring, enthralling, unapproachable, is as incredible as that he should think for himself or go out without his trousers properly creased." Mr. Pennell confesses that he has got himself into hot water here for both of these remissnesses. He dared to say Boston was dull and he forgot once to crease his trousers. Mr. Pennell's opinion about Boston put the Hub in a hubbub as it were, and proved of such newspaper value that it appeared in print all over the country. Mr. Pennell was mystified—and flattered. To prove that he isn't averse to hearing the Eagle, he has covered a page of the New York *Times* (March 9) with his own eagle-screeching efforts, only he refuses to turn it on where the facts do not justify the music. To begin with Boston, New Orleans, and Washington:



EXCAVATIONS FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION.

From a painting by George Bellows.

Among those who "for the wonder of work's sake, and the grandeur or beauty of the country's sake, are showing it because they feel it." Great artists of the past made art out of their own age.

> "Now art is a personal matter based on study, observation, and comparison. And comparing Boston with other Eastern towns and cities, it is evident at once there is nothing characteristic about it; and the reasons are plain—a fire or series of fires consumed most of the old and picturesque parts, if they were picturesque, and a spirit of improvement consumed the rest. The few old public buildings do not compare with those of Philadelphia, nor do the private houses—what is left of them now the fronts and backs are gone—with those of Salem. Not only are we told that the new Back Bay of Boston is like Venice, but that old New Orleans is like France and Spain. So the latter is like a down-at-the-heel bad version of a third-rate French or Spanish town.
>
> "I was delighted with New Orleans thirty years ago—luckily I had not seen Southern Europe. But what is fine, what I even saw then, were the levee, the river, the cotton- and sugar-mills, the plantations; yes, in 1882 I cared more for these things than the French and Spanish echoes. If one wants the real, the genuine thing, go to Central America—there it is—French and Spanish art and architecture, and engrafted on them native character; save where the American business man or the German drummer has got to work and ruined things.
>
> "But there is one city of wonderful work where tradition has been carried on and a scheme definitely worked out, not talked about, written about, dreamed about, blown about, and that is the capital of our country. Washington is the most beautiful city in the world in mass and vista, and the most slovenly in detail and districts.
>
> "The beauty, the dignity, the grandeur is due altogether to the plan—planned by people trained in tradition; the pettiness and the slovenliness are due to the amateur and the duffer, the landscape potterer, and the tiresome stone-mason.
>
> "If one can not paint an olive-tree one can, any way, copy an Italian garden, and if one can not copy a decent corbel, one can surely design a huge monument, and this is what Washington is suffering from to-day, like the rest of the world—too much art and progress.
>
> "But to come back to Boston. There is no great impressive dominating point of view, no grand composition, no unforgettable approach or vista. Of course there are bits that recall finer subjects or are pretty or sketchable.
>
> "Boston's art authority has called me a rag-time sketch artist. You rub an authority the wrong way, and things like this happen.
>
> "But it's just Boston, just commonplace, just bits, just living on its past, and doing nothing to approach even that in the present."

Over New York Mr. Pennell becomes so lyrical that all the carping foreigners who have come to look and lament are of no account:

> "New York, as the incoming foreigner, full of prejudice or doubt or hope, and the returning American, crammed with guide-book and catalog culture, see it or might see it, rises a vision, a mirage from the lower bay, the color by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves, to reveal themselves in the rosy steam clouds that chase each other across their flanks when evening fades—they are mighty cliffs glittering with golden lights in the magic and mystery of the night.
>
> "As the steamer moves up the bay on the left the great goddess greets you, a composition in color and form, with the city beyond,

finer than any in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined or Turner ever dreamed.

"Why did not Whistler see it? Piling up higher and higher right before you is New York; and what does it remind you of? San Gimignano of the Beautiful Towers away off in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low, mean brick piles, but noble palaces crowned with gold, with green, with rose; and over them the waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York. To the right, filmy and lace-like by day, are the great bridges; by night a pattern of stars that Hiroshige never knew.

"You land in streets that are Florence glorified; you emerge in squares more noble than Seville. Golden statues are about you, triumphal arches make splendid frames for endless vistas; and it is all new and all untouched, all to be done—and, save for the work of a few of us, and we are Americans, all undone.

"The unbelievable city—the city that has been built since I grew up—the city beautiful, built by men I know—built for people I know. The city that inspires me—that I love.

"And Philadelphia, tho the city does not know it, has more Georgian colonial character than any city in England, and the new Philadelphia lords it over all. There are points of view from which streets after streets, stretching to the distance at right angles, come together just where they should at the public buildings, and around them has been created and constructed the finest group of skyscrapers in the world."

Then Mr. Pennell goes West, and almost everywhere he finds something crying for its painter to celebrate. We can only select odd bits, beginning with Pennsylvania, which "reeks with pictorial possibilities":

"Take the Lehigh Valley or the Reading Railroad, and in an hour or so one passes Bethlehem, a combination of mighty mills, old wooden bridges finer than any in Europe, and Moravian churches, and then one enters the coal region by the great high railroad from Mauch Chunk to Wilkesbarre. And on an early fall morning I have seen, all the way to Wilkesbarre, subjects in form and in color that would make any country in Europe famous for its mountainscapes.

"At Wilkesbarre are castles of work, coal breakers, that surpass in grandeur the castles of the Rhine, and are as finely placed. But to see and feel, and still more to find these work castles, one must have seen the war castles of Europe—then one knows that work is as fine as war.

"Never shall I forget the evening I took the trolley to Shenandoah from Mahanoy City. As we screeched and screamed along the winding way, amid the grim, black, treeless mountains of dirt, high above the dead black rivers below, suddenly we turned a lofty curve and a line of great grim crosses rose in front, on one side a huge castle, its million eyes glittering in the sunset, on the other the sheer side of a black dirt cliff, beyond, upon a mountain top, a city crowned with spires and domes, black, yet touched with green and gold against the sun. I stopt the car. I jumped off, for if one does not do these subjects when one sees them, they never will be done; they never happen again, and they can be seen only through a temperament, maybe only by me. Only a coal-miner told me of this subject. No painter knows its existence. Thornton Oakley has made some good designs, however, in the coal regions. . . . . . .

"Soon comes Pittsburg, tho there are many subjects between; but Pittsburg is the most impressive manufacturing town in the world. I have seen nearly all, and I know.

"No other is placed so finely, between two rivers, or is dominated so well, the low, black city by its once-white skyscrapers. No other is so surrounded by high hills, so that one can either look down on, or up to, endless compositions.

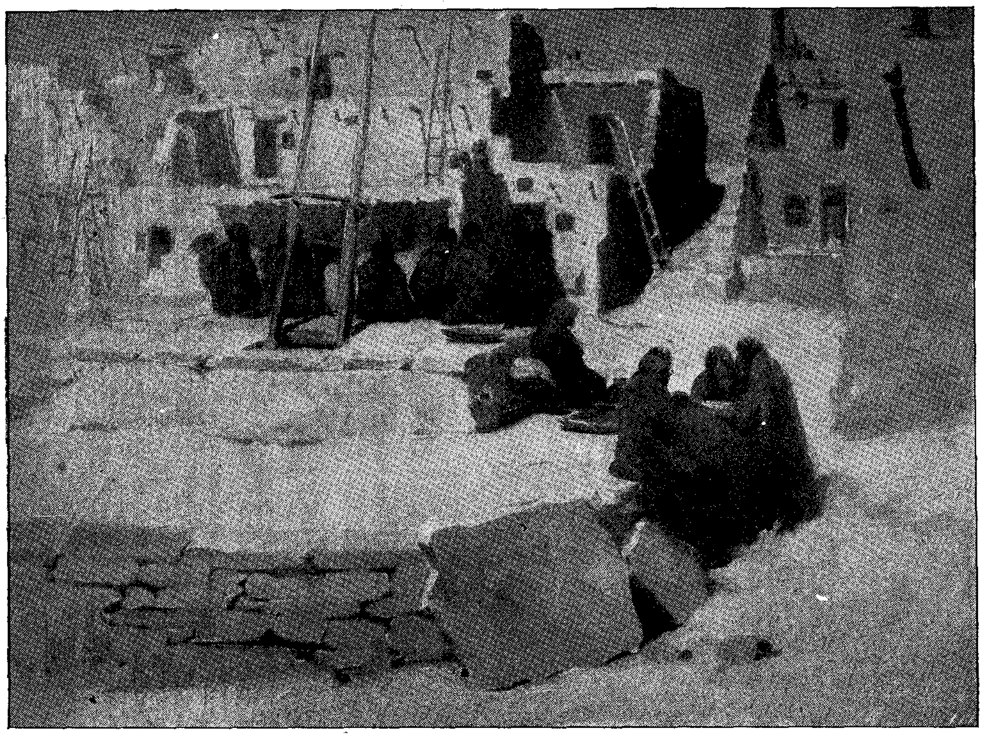
"And the country round about is filled with endless motives—coal, iron, oil—the backbone, the sinews of the State, the grandest industrial subjects in the world. . . . . . .

"In Chicago they tell you forever of what they are going to do. They did one thing, built the most beautiful World's Fair the world has ever seen—and then they burned it. Their river is fine, and when the sun once in a while shines on it no iridescent glass can touch it. Their bridges of great jaws are terrific, and their lake front an inferno, a slough of despond and despair—it is only what you don't see or what they don't show you that is fine. What they do show you is what you can see in the East, and better there. . . . . . .

"Excepting Pullman on one side and Joliet on the other, the country from Pittsburg to Albuquerque is dreary. The flatness overpowers it. The Middle West is awful in its monotony, slovenliness, and shabbiness. Compare a Kansas farm, from the train, with a Pennsylvania farm, and you will understand. I am not talking agriculture but picturesqueness. Only there is no picturesqueness, no real character, between Chicago and Albuquerque. I know I shall be confronted with Kansas City, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, and if one follows the great rivers one will find great subjects, but, save the latter, they are mostly dreary. There are some other places which, as I have not tried to do them, I shall say nothing about. I care too much for them, tho others don't. But I do know the picturesque when I see it, and I have in order to see it done what few others of my generation have done—crossed the continent in the daytime, stopping every night. Not many, I believe, have accomplished this since the day of the prairie schooner. Of course, motorists have no eyes for anything but their motor or guidebook. . . . . . .

"The grandeur of the West—a grandeur of its own—overpowers anything in the world in line, in form, in color.

"The most amazing revelation I ever had in my life was when the . . . steamer entered the Golden Gate. I hoped that we might arrive at sunset; that would make up for three weeks of being cooped up with the most uninteresting lot—mostly middle-west Canadians—I ever met, on the worst, most ill-found, and slovenly hulk I ever traveled on. Now I knew



Courtesy of "The Craftsman."

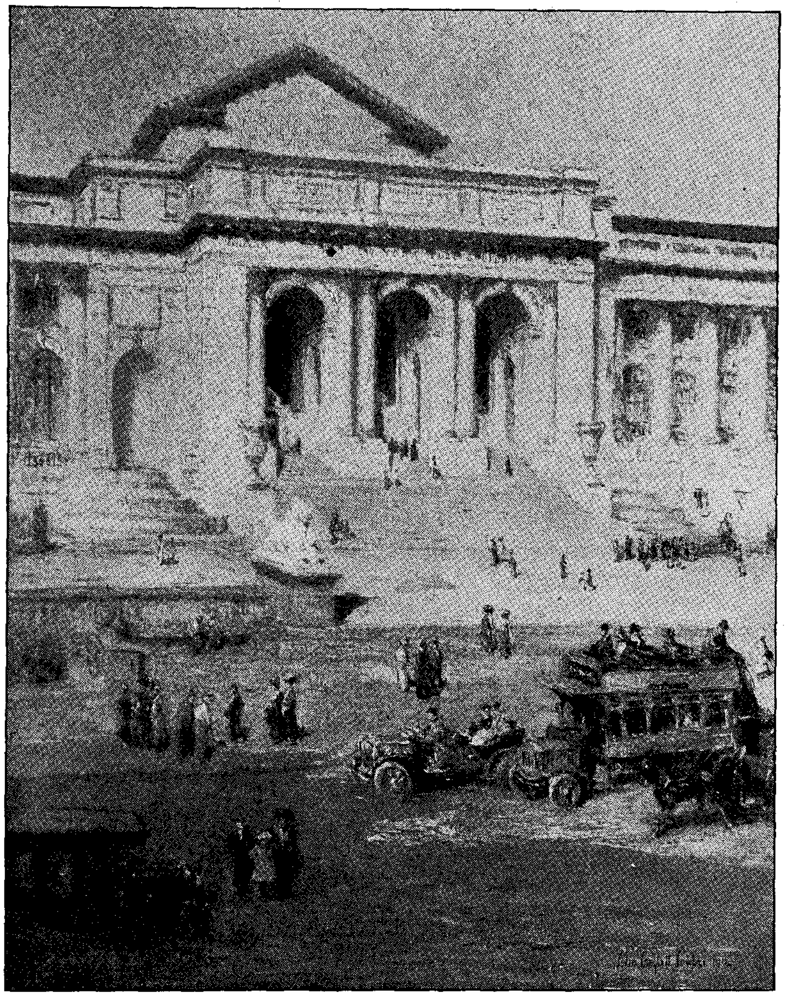
AN ARIZONA INDIAN VILLAGE.

From a painting by Louis **Akin**

This painter, lately dead, was among the first of those "to find the spirit of the Great West tho their work is scarcely known even in the West." "They see the grandeur and magnificence of the country."

from every Californian I had met just what the approach to San Francisco was like. A magnificent, mighty, rock-bound coast, peaks towering to heaven under which we would steam; the rocky ridge would part, and there, piling up upon its seven and seventy peaks, glittering in glory, reflected in the silent sea, would be the golden capital of the gorgeous West, the most glorious city on the globe. There wasn't any Golden Gate, and there wasn't any city. There were reporters, however, but they did not print what I said.

"But altho there was no Golden Gate and no city where it should be, before I landed I saw there was something as fine as my dream, and far finer than any California legend, finer than the stories—something the Californians had never seen.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

From a painting by Colin Campbell Cooper.

This picture in the present Academy exhibition is a note of "the unbelievable city" that offers, according to Joseph Pennell, such untouched riches for the painter.

"There was a city finer than Tangier—but just like it in effect; a city higher than Siena—but just like it—the sweep of its mountainous streets—only a million times more impressive; and like Siena, even to the great crowning mass on its highest hill. But unlike poor Boston, it did not vaguely remind one of something else; it was more imposing, more inspiring, more amazing than any of the things it reminded me of and all the work of the last six years. And all there; *not* like Chicago—all talk.

"In San Francisco the people unconsciously have made a great pictorial, paintable city of their own, something utterly different from New York, Philadelphia, Washington—something equally impressive; and, tho they know everything else under the sun and never stop telling you so, they do not know that. They never stop telling you how much finer it was 'before the fire.' I know it *is* finer now, only they do *not* see it. And when I showed them how fine it was they said I exaggerated. . . . . . .

"I do not mean to imply that I am the only American who has tried to show the picturesqueness of the land, the wonder of his own country. But it has only been done in my, in our, time."

HOW TO READ IN MODERN STYLE

THERE IS COMFORT to be had for the busy man of to-day who hasn't time or inclination for much reading. He ought not to, is the solace administered by an editorial writer in the New York *Evening Post*. The writer here has run across the laments of "an aging and somewhat jaded literary man" who told the readers of the *British Weekly* (London) that he could no longer read some of his old favorites all the way through. Scott sent him off to sleep. Well, when Dickens was being lauded last year many said the same thing of him. The *Evening Post* writer asserts that "numbers will tell you that they simply break their teeth now on Thackeray or George Eliot; they are unable to bite clear through." The writer goes on:

"Whether this is a reflection on the thing read, or on the reader, might be worth considering. The fact that you can no longer read every chapter of a book which you once devoured to the last page does not necessarily argue either that the work is not so good as you once thought it, or that your taste has become more refined and exacting. It may simply prove that you have gone off in your zest for all reading. The case of old books may not be so unlike that of old songs, as it was put by Calverley:

> I cannot sing the old songs.
> 'Tis not that I deem them low,
> But that I can't remember
> How they go.

Forgetting how a famous book goes may account for much of the inability to get through it again.

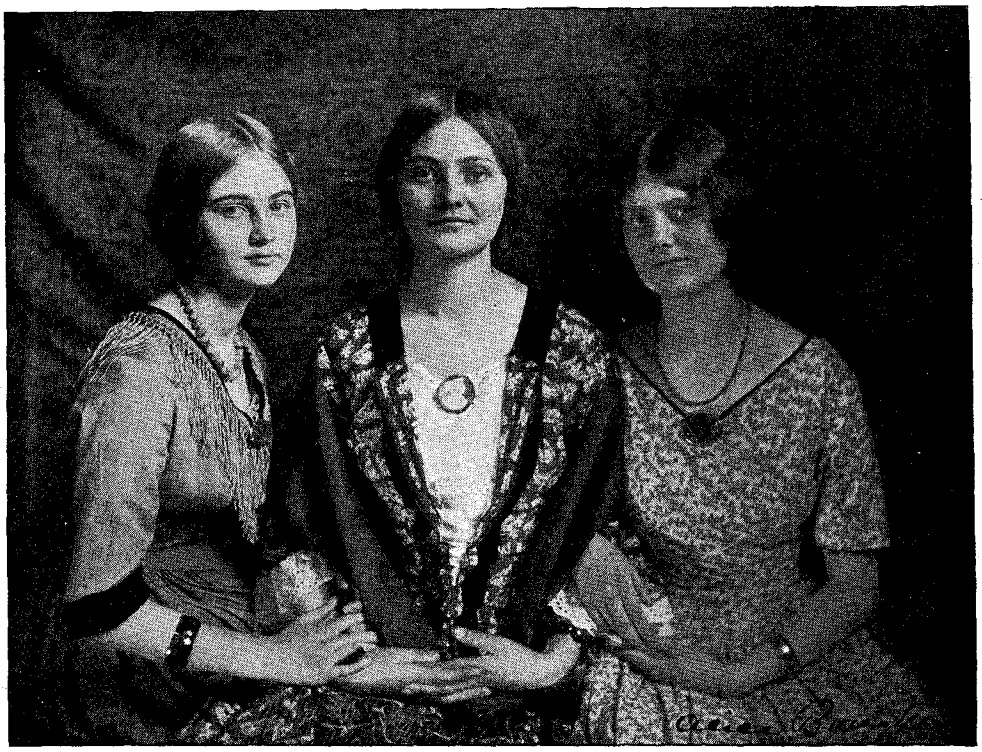
"There is, however, a preliminary question which ought to be raised. Is there any obligation or compulsion to read a book through? Take the inquiry, first, as respects old favorites, books that rightly bear the title of classics. Of whole groups of these, every lover of his library knows that the savor is found, not by bolting them whole, but by delicate tasting and nibblings here and there. These are the books which one 'pulls down' for a half-hour's reading, Montaigne or Emerson, letter-writers such as Walpole or Cowper or Fitzgerald or Lowell. They make the generous invitation like Phil Kearney's: 'Go in where you like; there's glorious fighting to be had everywhere.' The idea of taking one of these volumes as a set task to be got through doggedly surely never enters the head of one who knows the delight of fingering them by chance and letting the eye be caught wherever it happens to fall."

For those who even find Bacon too long or too archaic this little modern paraphrase on his essay "On Reading" we are quoting evokes distinguished company for the tired or bored dabbler with books:

"The duty of taking the reading of the run of books, old and new, more seriously, and going through the whole with grim determination, rests heavily on the consciences of many. We do not here refer to reviewers, or the old jokes about their preserving critical impartiality by not reading the works of which they write notices. The question is, rather, of those who read for pleasure, or to amass information, or to keep their intellectual interests alive. Must it be wo to them if they do not read each volume to the bitter end? The best answer is to be had from the great readers. Macaulay could dispose of half-a-dozen books in his cab on the way to the House of Commons. Naturally, he did not read them 'through.' But if there was anything in any of them that he wanted, his unerring eye hit upon the passage. That was enough for him. He had squeezed out the juice, and what did he care about the pulp? Dr. Johnson had similar habits. Adam Smith said of him: 'Johnson knew more books than any man alive'; yet, immediately after recording this tribute, Boswell wrote of his hero: 'He had a peculiar facility in seizing at once what was valuable in any book, without submitting it to the labor of perusing it from beginning to end.'"

TO REPLACE RAG-TIME

PEOPLE WHO LOOK to see the rag-time craze spend itself ere long are asking if we are to become musically dumb or if some substitute in the popular vein is to take its place. The question is answered by a writer in the New York *Evening Post* who calls attention to the efforts now made in England to revive folk-music. It is quite true that if rag-time is supplanted by folk-song we shall replace something that is *sui generis* by another thing that is largely imported, but the pleaders for folk-song do so on the ground that it is much the superior article. Then, too, "we are liable to forget how much in our blood the old English songs really are," says this writer, recalling the fact that "America still harks back to a long English ancestry in literature." Such enemies of the music-hall song as Sir Hubert Parry describe that product as "made with a commercial intention out of snippets of musical slang," and we learn that in order "to replace the music-hall insincerity which menaces the present generation, and also with an acknowledged desire, if not determination, to create a national music upon a folk basis, the Folk Song Society of England was established in 1898." At present quite a number of men and women are at work collecting and editing folk-song. Cecil Sharp, Fuller Maitland, and Miss Lucy Broadwood for the English, and Mrs. Milligan Fox for the Irish are only some among them. Of their work we read:



From a photograph by Alice Boughton.

THE FULLER SISTERS FROM DORSET,

Whose interest in folk-songs was born from their intimate knowledge and love, but was fostered by Cecil Sharp, one of England's prominent musicians. They often sing at his lectures.

> "Most of the collecting has been entirely a labor of love, and only those who know something about the endless patience and tact needed in order to get the villager even to the point of being willing to sing can possibly know anything about the amount of time these women—and men, too—have contributed to the cause. Those English village people who really know the old songs at this late date are few at best. They are shy and shamefaced about singing, and think the songs something quite unimportant, imagining themselves 'guyed' by the devoted collector. Most of the villagers have little discrimination. One lady—an American collector, by the way—found an old Devonshire coach driver who sang her a song about Louisiana, solemnly vouching for its authenticity as an English folk-product.
>
> "Miss Lucy Broadwood did fine pioneer work in gathering songs from different counties, and Mrs. Fox and Mrs. Kate Lee followed her. Sometimes the villagers whistle the tunes, and the collector notates them, and sometimes they sing them, with all sorts of variations and corruptions of the original words. In Scotland, where the people are so ready to sing that any suggestion is enough to send them off like a resonant bell touched into tone, it is easy to gather songs; but the Scottish Celt has a proneness to improvise also, and, tho this is fascinating, it sometimes diverts from the real purpose in hand. Miss Broadwood tells of the wonderful Laments (an old form of song for the dead) which a modern Gael will make almost extemporaneously."

Collecting and publishing have been but one side of this work, another has been the public singing of the songs. In England a family of sisters named Fuller have been most actively engaged, and they are at present on their second visit to this country. They come from a little Dorset village, and have been brought up in the very atmosphere of English rural life and know the village folk who still sing their old melodies:

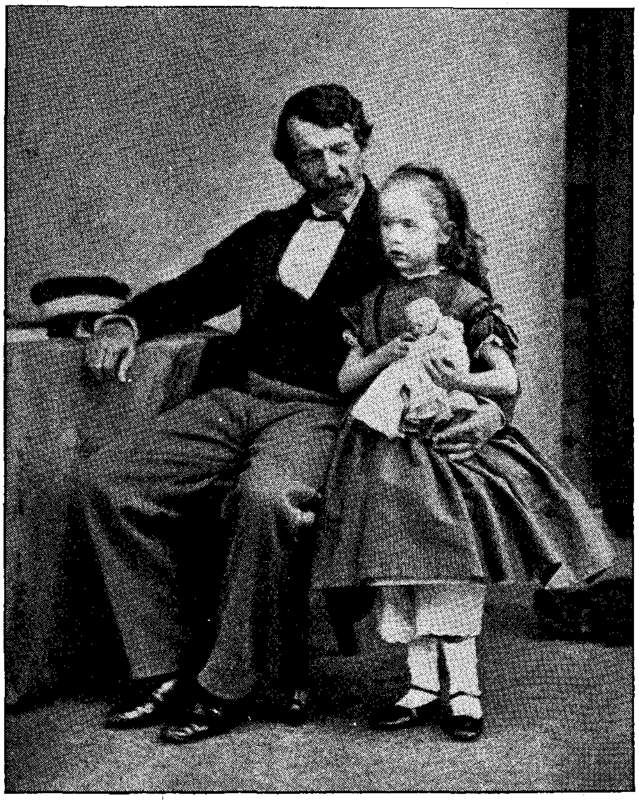
> "The actual type of the song, as the mother of these girls remembered it from her mother before her, has thus become familiar to them. It is quite usual for gentlefolk to take a vital interest in the preservation of songs, and especially of some local favorite, such as 'Widdecombe Fair,' which is the stock song for gentle and simple in Devonshire. . . . . . .
>
> "The interest of the Fullers in folk-songs was born, of course, from their intimate knowledge and love, but it was fostered by the enthusiastic zeal of Cecil Sharp, one of England's prominent musicians, who gave up all of his other musical aims, after he returned from Australia in 1905, and saw the Oxford morris-dancers, in order to further the work of folk-song conservation. He has given of late years something like seventy lectures annually, all of them illustrated by the songs themselves, and at some of these the Misses Fuller have sung for him."

The pioneer work here described is recommended as fitting for the women's clubs, for, it is asserted, "interest in the saner sort of dance and song will be another avenue by which the clubwoman of America may accomplish some of her longed-for results." Nor is the field of original research barren for us here:

> "Americans are also collecting to some extent for the English society, since in some remote places, such as the Southern mountains, there are survivals of English songs which make a rich find. George Madden Martin uses one of these songs very effectively in one of her novels. 'The Derby Ram' is known to all Kentucky mountaineers, and it is sung to a tune traditionally that to which General Washington sang it as his favorite song. He doubtless had it from his English forebears, who doubtless brought it from England. There are at least three or four variants of this tune floating about the United States in different localities. 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen' is sung as much in Berea to-day as in any English county, and so is 'The Cruell Mother,' and 'Lord Bateman.' Many a woman in America could remember and jot down the songs her mother and grandmother used to sing to her, and she would be quite surprized to find them as valuable heirlooms as her samplers and blue and white bedspreads."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

LIVINGSTONE'S CENTENARY



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DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, ANNA MARY.

Stanley, admittedly "the worst infidel in London," said: "Little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him."

THE HOLD which the memory of David Livingstone has upon the imagination of English-speaking Christendom may be seen in the outburst of enthusiasm over the centenary of his birth. Religious journals devote a greater space than was accorded to Luther when his anniversary came around a few years ago. In England a national demonstration on the 19th of March brought out in Livingstone's honor ecclesiastical and civic dignitaries from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor of London down. St. Paul's Cathedral in London and the University of Glasgow were the principal centers of these ceremonies; and the London Missionary Society celebrated in a Livingstone pageant. Henceforth, says the *Congregationalist* (Boston), "with new assurance, the Christian Church will write the name of Livingstone high on the roll of those who were called to be apostles and sent to open the way for the coming of the Lord." Among the mass of printed material it is possible to select only a few striking excerpts. *The Christian Advocate* (New York) thus condenses his biography:

"Livingstone was born at Blantyre, Lanark, Scotland, March 19, 1813. His parents were poor, and at ten years of age David was a child laborer in a cotton-mill. By study at night and at odd minutes he prepared himself to be a missionary, 'volunteered' and was accepted (1838) by the London Missionary Society (Congregational), and after being licensed as a physician in 1840 was sent to South Africa, tho China was his choice. For eleven years he did the manifold work of a missionary, always pushing farther north. In 1853 he made his first great exploration, crossing the continent from the Zambezi to Loanda, 1,500 miles, and back again. On his return to England in 1856 he was enthusiastically received as the greatest of explorers. At the head of a government expedition he explored the Zambezi (1858–64), and in 1866 again undertook to discover the sources of the Nile. He had been lost to the world for two years when Stanley discovered him at Ujiji. On May 1, 1873, his attendants found him kneeling by his bedside, in Chitambo's village, Ilala, dead. They brought his remains to the coast, whence they were borne to England."

Those who are not familiar with the story of Livingstone's life, says *The Lutheran Observer* (Philadelphia), may wonder how and why, tho primarily a missionary, his fame as an explorer and scientist also is so great. This is the reason:

"Had he been content to settle down at Kuruman, and, like the other missionaries in the field, confine his labors to the regions adjacent to the Boer settlements, he might have spent his life in ministering to the comparatively scanty native population thereabouts. But he had not been long in the field before he was possest of a number of convictions as to what must be done if Africa was to be evangelized. For one thing, stations must be opened up in the far interior. For another, a force of native workers must be raised up. His explorations began in his efforts to find such stations free from malaria and fever. Writing to his father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, of his first journey, he said: 'I had fully made up my mind as to the path of duty before starting. I wrote to my brother-in-law, Robert Moffat: "I shall open up a path into the interior, or perish." I have never had the shadow of a shade of doubt as to the propriety of my course, and wish only that my exertions may be honored so far that the gospel may be preached and believed in this dark region.' It was the first series of explorations, of not less than eleven thousand miles, that opened his eyes clearly to the horrors of the slave-trade and its vital relation to missionary work. The tribes were in the habit of selling their captives taken in warfare to slave-dealers, and this was one of the most active forms of commerce among them, the quickest and easiest way to possess themselves of guns, trinkets, and other products of the outside world.

"If this awful practise was to be broken up, a way must be opened for the incoming of a legitimate commerce. His reasoning was: Nothing permanent can be done for the salvation of Africa while the slave-trade continues. The slave-trade will go on until the natives find a way to barter other things than slaves for the products of civilization. But in order that lawful commerce may pass in, the country must be explored, its physical structure and climatology, its waterways and routes of travel must be known. Hence his explorations, with all the data he accumulated in carrying them on, were but a means to an end. His own terse way of putting it was: 'The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise.' The consummation to which he ever looked was the evangelization of the Dark Continent. He began as a missionary. He died a missionary. He was a missionary in aim, intent, and effort when he was exploring the country and recording his observations with scientific precision as much as when he gathered the natives about him and preached to them the gospel."

His essentially Scotch qualities are dwelt upon by Mr. William P. Paterson, writing in *The Continent* (Chicago):

"There is scarcely a taste or trait in his character which is not matter of frequent observation—especially among the better sort of folk who people the Scottish lowlands.

"To begin with, he had the alert and acquisitive mind which is common in all classes throughout lowland Scotland, and which has been attested by its abundant crop of distinguished men of science. A Blantyre contemporary of his has told me that in the early nineteenth century the workingmen of the district had extraordinary intellectual ambitions and showed the most catholic interest in philosophy, theology, history, and science. When I read Livingstone's scientific description of the tsetse-fly I recall the similar interest and accuracy with which the old Blantyre workman of my acquaintance went into the life his-

> tory and the depredations of an injurious insect that preyed on the rasp canes of an orchard.
>
> "The Scottish quality of perseverance rising to dogged determination in the face of obstacles was the essential presupposition of Livingstone's splendid career. He found himself in collision with the Boers, and he resolved that it was the lone missionary, and not the masterful race, that was to decide whether Central Africa should be opened up to the gospel and liberty. The same quality carried him with utterly inadequate resources through the difficulties and dangers of his toilsome journeys, and in the last years he struggled on through sheer force of resolute habit when his constitution had been undermined. His determination, it must be granted, even passed over into the obstinacy which we call 'dourness.' Sir Harry Johnston loses patience with him for refusing to be persuaded by Stanley to abandon a task which had become impossible and fruitless. He might have recovered his health if he had come back; he might have got a knighthood and been made president of the Geographical Society; but as he had not yet accomplished the project he had set himself of settling the problem of the sources of the Nile, he elected to go on with his explorations as a dying man among the swamps of Lake Bangweolo.
>
> "He had also the decisiveness and tenacity of opinion which are the intellectual aspect of Scottish perseverance, tho he sometimes chided himself for signs of weakness. 'It would be comfortable,' he says, 'to be positive like Baker. How soothing to be positive. In reference to this Nile source I have been kept in perpetual doubt and perplexity. I know too much to be positive.' . . .
>
> "With Scottish dourness he united the spirit of adventure and daring. This combination is more exceptional, as the lowland Scot is not constitutionally adventurous, and has for the most part moved and migrated only when economic pressure and the desire of getting on prove stronger than his constitutional conservatism and caution. Livingstone, however, was undoubtedly keenly alive to the charm of adventure in the unknown, and confest to it as cooperating with the missionary motive to direct his wanderings. 'The mere animal pleasure,' he writes, 'of traveling in a wild, unexplored country is very great. The mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm; and we have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger either from beasts or men.' . . . . . .
>
> "There are also more distinctively moral qualities of Livingstone's character which are familiarly Scottish. He had a dislike of seeming to compromise what Burns calls 'the glorious privilege of being independent.' 'It was not without a pang,' he writes, 'that I offered myself to the London Missionary Society; for it was not agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way to become in a measure dependent on others.' When we realize how much this went against the grain, we must appreciate the strength of principle which made him resolutely refuse—Scotsman tho he was—to secure some measure of independence by dabbling in the ivory trade, or even accepting valuable gifts of the kind which were thrust upon him."

When Stanley found Livingstone and brought back the news to an expectant world, he wrote of one whom he describes as little short of a saint. This tribute is found in Stanley's autobiography:

> "For four months and four days I lived with him in the same hut, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I went to Africa a prejudiced man against religion, and the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province. But there came to me a long time of reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself, 'Why does he stop here? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out the words, 'Leave all and follow me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him."

Writing to Dr. Livingstone's daughter after her father's death, Lord Polwarth (as *The Lutheran Observer* quotes) said:

> "I have long cherished the memory of his example, and feel that the truest beauty was his essentially Christian spirit. Many admire in him the great explorer and the noble-hearted philanthropist; but I like to think of him not only thus, but as a man who was a servant of God, loved his Word intensely, and while he spoke to men of God, spoke more to God of men."

THE CHURCH PROMOTING MARRIAGE

IN THE PRESENT DISCUSSION of the social evil most of the remedies suggested seem to be "repressive and negative." "We are considering licensing, segregation, and punishment," says Mr. R. Fulton Cutting in a communication to *The Churchman* (New York), "but too little attention seems to be given to positive expedients for lessening the evils of prostitution." Mr. Cutting, as many know, is a prominent New York financier who is deeply interested in work for social amelioration, and has been for twenty years president of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. He urges the cause of marriage as "an antidote to sexual vice" and thinks "the Church's relation to this institution should be given grave consideration." What he recommends is that the Church should "enter upon the systematic campaign to promote the practise of marriage, at the same time exercising herself to assure, as far as she may, the domestic happiness that should ensue." We read further:

> "The number of unmarried men and women is too large. Can not the Church contribute to diminish it? It is my belief that she should address herself to the task. But her mission is essentially positive, and however properly she may cooperate with society in the restrictive measures which it has a right to demand for its protection, she owes it to herself to make practical presentation of a 'more excellent way.' May not the Church, then, intelligently and persuasively present to young men and women the importance of matrimony, and at the same time adopt measures to qualify them for married life? . . . . . .
>
> "The Church should, then, directly teach its maturing girls and boys the advisability of well-considered marriage when undertaken as a divine ordinance. It should also provide opportunities for instruction in the ethics of marriage, its obligations, responsibilities, and privileges, and in the practise of domestic economy. In our larger cities a good deal of valuable training is now being given in housekeeping and cooking in our public schools, and wherever this is done the Church should insist upon its girls taking advantage of the opportunity. Instruction in the ethics of marriage and the common sense of the marital relation may very well be done by volunteers. No doubt there are respected and influential women in every parish who can give young girls the best kind of advice in the underlying principles of conduct in married life. No doubt also where instruction in housekeeping and cooking is not to be found in the public schools there can be discovered good housekeepers who would give girls about to be married elemental instruction in their own kitchens or under the oversight of their cooks.
>
> "I know of one woman in this city who, a short time ago, before the marriage of one of her women servants, provided her with a full course of training in the New York Cooking School. She had not had the opportunity for acquiring this important qualification of a wife whose means did not permit the employment of a servant"

Boys, also, he urges, need to have kindled in them "a chivalrous respect for women and to be taught to idealize a wife." He would have them brought "to appreciate how much the realization of the dream of domestic bliss depends upon the recognition of their responsibility for it." Further:

> "If the Church systematically undertook to see to it that its marriageable young men and women were morally and mentally qualified for the marital relations and home-making, it would be apt to make them better members of the Church and of society. There would at least be fewer unhappy marriages if, as Dean Swift said, 'the women learned how to make nests rather than to spread nets,' and certain it is that matrimony would hold out greater inducements to young men if they felt they had a reasonable assurance that their wives would be qualified by practical training to make the home happy.
>
> "If the Church was doing her duty in this kind of training, might she not be thoroughly justified in providing opportunities for young people to become acquainted with one another and, without entering upon the dangerous expedient of match-making, at least encourage the morally healthful association of virtuous young men and women. A practical pursuit of such a campaign as I have described would include the circulation of instructive

publications dealing with all the subjects that if understood and practised would go to make domestic life happy.

"The sort of training I have suggested does not comprehend the provision of what is called sex information. I can not believe this can be successfully taught in the classroom, or that it should be attempted by others than parents. That carefully selected literature should be provided for parental use and its study recommended is, however, desirable."

A UNITARIAN VIEW OF UNITY

PRESIDENT TAFT, so he informed a Unitarian congregation on the last Sunday of his Chief Magistracy, has always wondered "why all the world is not Unitarian." And he further remarked, upon this occasion, that Unitarians can not show their "position as Unitarians in society more emphatically than by welcoming the aid of all churches toward the progress of Christian civilization." It is this idea of welcoming Christians of other denominations which President Samuel A. Eliot, of the American Unitarian Association, emphasizes in his Brookline address, one of the series being reprinted in *The Congregationalist* (Boston). For, as he states it, "the fundamental principles of the Unitarian—freedom as the way and character as the test of religion—are essential to unity." To Dr. Eliot unity is "primarily a problem of simplification of thought and practise," a "matter of spiritual ascent," not "of concession or of compromise, but of conviction." Unity is not uniformity, he explains:

> "Limit us to men of the same thought and we become simply self-perpetuating sectarians, but give us access to men of other minds and we become partakers of the inexhaustible riches of the divine nature. Uniformity means the barrenness of sameness. Unity means the wealth of conspiring differences."

So Dr. Eliot has no denominational traditions or beliefs to insist upon or to give up. Unitarians, he explains, have developed no system of dogma or church machinery. They are essentially "unity men" by virtue of the name they bear. They would merely expect to retain their point of view:

> "Unitarians would not forego the right of private judgment; or the right of testing religious vitality by its fruit, by character and public spirit, or the right to be the unfettered servants of freedom and fraternity. For these causes they must, if necessary, remain a dissenting minority. But if any self-complacency obscures their appreciation of their neighbor's merits, if any sectarian pride limits their fellowship, if any spirit of censoriousness or iconoclasm diverts them from their major purposes, those must be renounced. If any Unitarians mistake restlessness for progress, or revolution for reform, or the removal of other people's landmarks for the enlargement of their own territory; if any Unitarians believe that they can safely reach for things before without securely holding to things behind, the sooner their minds are disabused the better. But the fundamental principles of the Unitarian—freedom as the way and character as the test of religion—are essential to unity. The experience of our fellowship justifies our confidence both in the possibility and efficiency of a bond of union which is not a force but a sentiment, a direction rather than an achievement, an attitude of mind and spirit and not a body of opinion. Our experience justifies the ideal of unity in diversity."

An eloquent plea for unity, as Dr. Eliot sees it, follows:

> "I submit that unity is to be achieved not in yielding to the force of any law of outward constraint, but in willing obedience to the law of liberty. I submit that we need in our Christianity a due admixture of conservatism and radicalism, of idealism and formalism. We need to recognize that wisdom is justified of all her children. A true church unity to my mind should aim not at union by crushing independencies, as too often the Roman Church has done, nor will it aim at independency by foregoing the benefits of union, as the Protestant Church too often has done. It will combine freedom of thought and form with unity of spirit and cooperation in good works.
>
> "I remember an analogy of Starr King's that always seemed to me very significant. He likened the diversities of the religious world to the stops of an organ. The organ is one, as the Church is one; but the Church is diverse and broken, like the ranges of the organ's pipes. The sects are the stops; each breathes out and modulates a different tone. Some stops can not be used together without discord, but when others are added they bring harmony. Some stops, like the Methodists, are emotional; some, like the Calvinists, shake the air with the mutterings of judgment. I would not press the analogy too far. A dozen intellectual contradictions can not combine into a catholic verity; but I submit that the ideas that different churches stand for and work out, tho connected with doctrines that many of us find uncongenial, are essential to the completeness of truth, to the view all around. My plea is, then, not for a merely amiable sentiment toward our fellow-workers of other names and traditions, but for intelligent cooperation under the rational conviction that all are parts of one great religious force. The army can not spare any of its regiments, but each regiment must be loyal to the whole and do its part in unselfish fidelity.
>
> "Are we not all of us weary of shallow partizanship? Do we not all appreciate how much good there is in schools of thought that are alien to our own? Men do not contend about the Beatitudes or about the Golden Rule. They do not found any sectarianism on the Lord's Prayer. These are the things which so far from dividing us make us ashamed of our divisions. Shall we not agree to live more in the deep, central, vital matters and emphasize the truths that all good men hold in common?
>
> "The dogmatic or sacerdotal ideas of Christianity have so long held sway that they will die hard, and you and I are not going to see their fall. But already here and there on the citadels of dogmatism we see the white flags of truce. Already it is true of the man who shuts himself up in the close communion of a single sect that he is the real schismatic, and his is the real isolation. However large or strong his special sect, he has cut himself off from the great marching host of Christ—the host of those who are bound together, not by intellectual agreements and not by outward organization, but by spiritual kinship and by the attraction of common ideals.
>
> "The birthright church of all true Christian men more and more attest its true authority. It is founded on the rock of man's spiritual nature. Its fellowship is the fellowship of high ideals and of reasonable service. Its common life is the irrepressible tendency of humanity to reverence and fraternal goodness. Its common faith is in the confidence that 'underneath are the everlasting arms' and the assurance that 'the things that are seen are temporal, while the things that are not seen are eternal.'"

AN INTERRUPTED CENSUS—A leading London daily recently began preparations for taking a complete religious census of London, but is said to have desisted largely through an appeal from the Bishop of London and the Nonconformist preacher, the Rev. F. B. Meyer. The petitioners give as the reason for their appeal that "a chief effect of the enumeration of worshipers would be to revive and accentuate those divisions and that denominational temper which in recent years have happily been greatly modified." Moreover, it is objected that the spectacle of mere numbers is not an assurance of spiritual power. Indeed, they declare, "the days when the churches have been thronged with worshipers have not been those in which religion has been really most influential. The influence of the Church is often in inverse proportion to its numerical strength, as in the early days under the Roman emperors." To *The Episcopal Recorder* (Philadelphia) such arguments seem like "special pleading." It adds:

> "There is not, so far as we know, any great radical change between the relations of the State Church and Nonconformists. We can not see that a decline in attendance on public worship means a concentration and enrichment of spiritual power. We rather fear that the reverse inference is the correct one. But we further believe this whole matter can be righted, and largely through a determined effort to restore the old-time custom of worshiping as families. The bringing of the children to church from their earliest years, and teaching them by example and precept the value of worship, will do more than anything else to remedy present conditions."

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

FABRE'S BOOK ON THE SPIDER—HOW THE TARANTULA SLAYS THE BUMBLEBEE *

IT IS scarcely more than a year since Fabre's name became familiar in this country as that of an author and man of science; and yet all his life Fabre had been accumulating stores of knowledge of the insect world, from which books might have been written and translated for us. He recently passed his ninetieth year. At that age he was in dire poverty, and yet no one outside his own neighborhood had known of it. He was said, indeed, to be on the verge of starvation; but once the fact became known in Paris a pension was provided for him. Fabre's home lies in the little Provençal village of Serignan, north of Avignon, not far from Orange, not far from Carpentras, not far from Vaucluse.

Fabre's praises have come from the pens of many eminent men, living as well as dead. Darwin, long years ago, referred to him as "an incomparable observer." Rostrand has described him as "a savant who thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet." Maeterlinck accorded him the distinction of having inspired by his talks the writing of his own masterpiece, "The Life of the Bee." Fabre's present work on the spider and his quite recent work, "Life and Loves of the Insect" are likely to be followed by other books gathered from a mass of writings which he has called his "Entomological Memoirs."

Fabre is not alone the most patient and careful of scientific observers, he is a man of keen and delightful sympathy with all insect life. To these qualities of mind and temperament is joined a literary style that has never been surpassed by any writer on natural history known to us—certainly not by White of Selborne himself. His writing abounds in many of the best qualities of French,—precision, humor, and delightful figures of speech; these and other qualities make for quaint lucidity and charm. We have chosen for selection from the book, as an example of what Fabre can do, an account of the methods by which the tarantula slays her prey. The tarantula has its home in a tunnel bored by itself deep into the ground; from the orifice of the tunnel rises a bit of earthworks as a kind of defense. Fabre, after calling the tarantula "a Diana, ambushed in her tower, who needs a prey worthy of her prowess," proceeds to say:

"The big Grasshopper, with the powerful jaws; the irascible Wasp; the Bee; the Bumblebee and other wearers of poisoned daggers must fall into the ambuscade from time to time. The duel is nearly equal in point of weapons. To the venomous fangs of the Lycosa [the tarantula] the Wasp opposes her venomous stiletto. Which of the two bandits shall have the best of it? The struggle is a hand-to-hand one. The Tarantula has no secondary means of defense, no cord to bind her victim, no trap to subdue her. She has naught to serve her but her courage and her fangs and is obliged to leap upon her formidable prey, to master it by her dexterity, to annihilate it, in a measure, by her swift-slaying talent.

"Annihilate is the word: the Bumblebees which I draw from the fatal hole are a sufficient proof. As soon as that shrill buzzing, which I called the death-song, ceases, in vain I hasten to insert my forceps; I always bring out the insect dead, with slack proboscis and limp legs. Scarce a few quivers of those legs tell me that it is a quite recent corpse. The Bumblebee's death is instantaneous. Each time that I take a fresh victim from the terrible slaughter-house, my surprize is renewed at the sight of its sudden immobility.

From "The American Magazine."

HENRI FABRE,

Author of "The Life of the Spider."

"How comes it that the Tarantula always has the upper hand, and this moreover in a very short conflict, whence she emerges unscathed? There must certainly be some cunning strategy on her part. Subtle tho her poison may be, I can not believe that its mere injection, at any point whatever of the victim, is enough to produce so prompt a catastrophe. The ill-famed rattlesnake does not kill so quickly, takes hours to achieve that for which the Tarantula does not require a second. We must, therefore, look for an explanation of this sudden death to the vital importance of the point attacked by the Spider, rather than to the virulence of the poison.

"What is this point? It is impossible to recognize it on the Bumblebees. They enter the burrow; and the murder is committed far from sight. Nor does the lens discover any wound upon the corpse, so delicate are the weapons that produce it. One would have to see the two adversaries engage in a direct contest. I have often tried to place a Tarantula and a Bumblebee face to face in the same bottle. The two animals mutually flee each other, each being as much upset as the other at its captivity. I have kept them together for twenty-four hours, without aggressive display on either side. Thinking more of their prison than of attacking each other, they temporize, as tho indifferent. The experiment has always been fruitless. I have succeeded with Bees and Wasps, but the murder has been committed at night and has taught me nothing. I would find

(*Continued on page* 648)

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* **Fabre, J. Henri. The Life of the Spider.** Translated by Alexander Teixeira Mattos. Preface by Maurice Maeterlinck. 12mo, pp. 403. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

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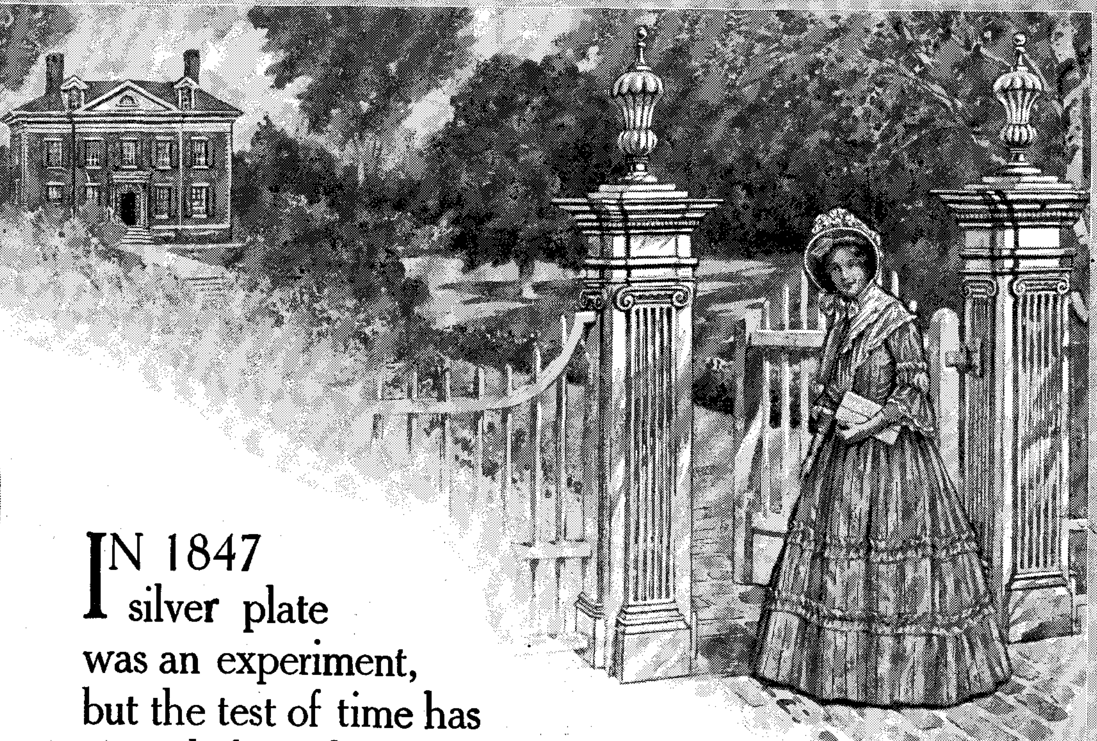

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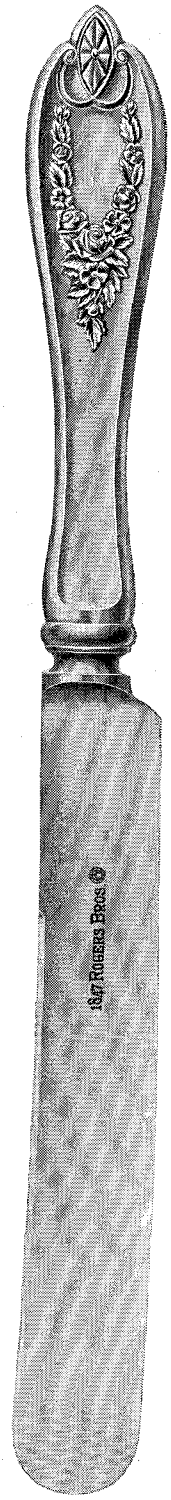

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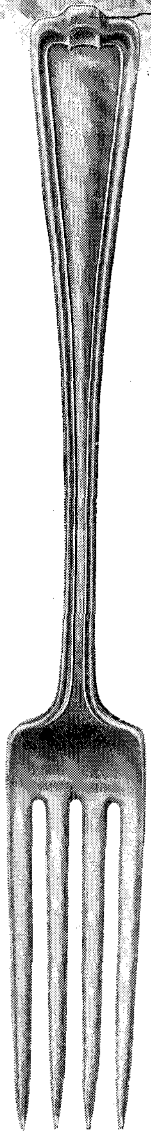

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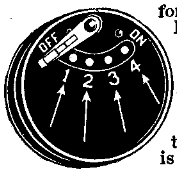

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 646)

both insects, next morning, reduced to a jelly under the Spider's mandibles. A weak prey is a mouthful which the Spider reserves for the calm of the night. A prey capable of resistance is not attacked in captivity. The prisoner's anxiety cools the hunter's ardor.

"The arena of a large bottle enables each athlete to keep out of the other's way, respected by her adversary, who is respected in her turn. Let us reduce the lists, diminish the enclosure. I put Bumblebee and Tarantula into a test-tube that has only room for one at the bottom. A lively brawl ensues, without serious results. If the Bumblebee be underneath, she lies down on her back and with her legs wards off the other as much as she can. I do not see her draw her sting. The Spider, meanwhile, embracing the whole circumference of the enclosure with her long legs, hoists herself a little upon the slippery surface and removes herself as far as possible from her adversary. There, motionless, she awaits events, which are soon disturbed by the fussy Bumblebee. Should the latter occupy the upper position, the Tarantula protects herself by drawing up her legs, which keeps the enemy at a distance. In short, save for sharp scuffles when the two champions are in touch, nothing happens that deserves attention. There is no duel to the death in the narrow arena of the test-tube, any more than in the wider lists afforded by the bottle. Utterly timid once she is away from home, the Spider obstinately refuses the battle; nor will the Bumblebee, giddy tho she be, think of striking the first blow. I abandon experiments in my study.

"We must go direct to the spot and force the duel upon the Tarantula, who is full of pluck in her own stronghold. As the prey which I am about to offer is capable of overawing the huntress, I select from among the Tarantulas the lustiest, the boldest, those most stimulated by hunger. The spikeleted stalk is pushed into the burrow. When the spider hastens up at once, when she is of a good size, when she climbs boldly to the aperture of her dwelling, she is admitted to the tourney; otherwise, she is refused. The bottle, baited with a Carpenter-bee, is placed upside down over the door of one of the elect. The Bee buzzes gravely in her glass bell; the huntress mounts from the recesses of the cave; she is on the threshold, but inside; she looks; she waits. I also wait. The quarters, the half hours pass: nothing. The Spider goes down again; she has probably judged the attempt too dangerous. I move to a second, a third, a fourth burrow: still nothing; the huntress refuses to leave her lair.

"Fortune at last smiles upon my patience, which has been heavily tried by all these prudent retreats, and particularly by the fierce heat of the dog-days. A Spider suddenly rushes from her hole: she has been rendered warlike, doubtless, by prolonged abstinence. The tragedy that happens under the cover of the bottle lasts for but the twinkling of an eye. It is over: the sturdy Carpenter-bee is dead. Where did the murderess strike her? That is easily ascertained: the Tarantula has not let go; and her fangs are planted in the nape of the neck. The assassin has the knowledge which I suspected: she has made for the essentially vital center, she has stung the insect's cervical ganglia with her poison-fangs. In short, she has bitten the only point a lesion in which produced sudden death. I was delighted with this murderous skill, which made amends for the blistering which my skin received in the sun.

"I make a Tarantula bite the leg of a young, well-fledged Sparrow, ready to leave the nest. A drop of blood flows; the wounded spot is surrounded by a reddish circle, changing to purple. The bird almost immediately loses the use of its leg, which drags, with the toes doubled in; it hops upon the other. Apart from this, the patient does not seem to trouble much about his hurt; his appetite is good. My daughters feed him on flies, bread-crumb, apricot-pulp. He is sure to get well, he will recover his strength; the poor victim of the curiosity of science will be restored to liberty. This is the wish, the intention of us all. Twelve hours later, the hope of a cure increases; the invalid takes nourishment readily; he clamors for it, if we keep him waiting. But the leg still drags. I set this down to a temporary paralysis which will soon disappear. Two days after, he refuses his food. Wrapping himself in his stoicism and his rumpled feathers, the Sparrow hunches into a ball, now motionless, now twitching. My girls take him in the hollow of their hands and warm him with their breath. The spasms become more frequent. A gasp proclaims that all is over. The bird is dead.

"There was a certain coolness among us at the evening meal. I read mute reproaches, because of my experiment, in the eyes of my home-circle; I read an unspoken accusation of cruelty all around me. The death of the unfortunate Sparrow had saddened the whole family. I myself was not without some remorse of conscience: the poor result achieved seemed to me too dearly bought. I am not made of the stuff of those who, without turning a hair, rip up live dogs to find out nothing in particular.

"If the instinct of these scientific murderers is not an inborn predisposition, inseparable from the animal, but an acquired habit, then I rack my brain in vain to understand how that habit can have been acquired. Shroud these facts in theoretic mists as much as you will, you shall never succeed in veiling the glaring evidence which they afford of a preestablished order of things."

Eleanor Van Horn writes for the current number of *The American Magazine* a little sketch of Fabre, whom she describes as having "lived a life of endless adversity"; but, in spite of all this, has retained "an almost unnatural sweetness of disposition, an almost divine patience, and an optimism that could not well be matched." She adds:

"He lives in a little six-room cottage that he built with his own hands years ago on the outskirts of the little village of Serignan. It is nearly hidden from sight by cypress and lilac trees, and near it is a pond with rushes and reeds that attract the water-insects. All about the little house and garden are great sun-baked, wind-swept wastes, *harmas*, as the Provençal French call such land, which means worthless, for nothing grows there but weeds; but to Fabre it is a paradise, for insects of all sorts swarm and thrive there, and it is for them that he lives.

"When he was about twenty years of age he married. He had a considerable family, which made it imperative for him to work harder than ever at teaching, and set further away his dream of one day becoming a naturalist with nothing to do but to study the insects.

"After a time he was appointed professor of mathematics at the Lycée at Avignon, and in that town he lived for many years. It was while there that he conceived a plan for bettering himself financially, that he might fulfil his dream. To do this, he turned to chemical research, experimenting in the laboratory to perfect the process of making a rich dye from madder-root, which grew quite abundantly about Avignon. A factory was in the process of building when all his hopes were shattered by the discovery of aniline dyes, which could be made from minerals so cheaply that no vegetable dye could compete with them commercially.

"But even this great disappointment did not ruffle the sweetness of the man's nature, and he struggled on as bravely and cheerfully as ever, studying the insects and writing of them during the intervals of his duties at the Lycée.

"And then gradually, after years had passed and he was an old man, his writings brought him in a sufficient income so that it was possible for him to give up teaching and devote his whole time to his nature studies. It was then, after struggling for fifty years for this end, that he built the little cottage at Serignan and settled down at the age of seventy to carry out the dream of his life.

"The lovable old philosopher is still studying, still writing of his pretty insects, and it is to be hoped that he will round out a century.

"His devoted daughter lives with him, and he has the friendship of some great men; but he has been puzzled by the sudden interest in him, and can not understand why all sorts of people should now want to see him and read his books."

When letters come to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Maine or Kentucky, from Oregon or Arizona, asking for the title of the most notable book published during the first quarter of the present year, the reply will be, "The Life of the Spider" by Henri Fabre.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

Woodruff, C. Eveleigh, and William Dunks. Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral. 8vo, pp. 490. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

There are two particular aspects from which such a building as Canterbury Cathedral is to be considered. The Cathedral is first and foremost a great monument of Gothic art, which has been centuries in building. But it presents not only a subject for structural study but suggests a varied historical series of events for the visitor's inquiry. In treating of Canterbury Cathedral as a piece of architecture, the work of Willis, in his "Architectural History of the Cathedral," leaves nothing to be desired, as a scientific and art treatise. But this work is too strictly technical ever to become popular, and it is doubtful if even present-day architects, to judge from their creations, have ever made any use of the learned fidelity which distinguishes the treatise. Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" is a fine piece of rhetoric, but the Dean wrote and talked too much to be at leisure for accurate study, and when he criticizes the Latin of Johnson, in the latter's epitaph on Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey, he puts himself for a moment almost out of the pale of scholarship. George Smith, in 1883, published a book—we must needs style it a somewhat tiresome book—on the architectural features and historic associations of the Cathedral; but it lacked both attractiveness of style and proper pictorial illustrations.

The present volume seems to us to be a scholarly and readable account both of the historic events connected with Canterbury and the architectural features of the Gothic structure, which was succes-

(*Continued on page* 652)

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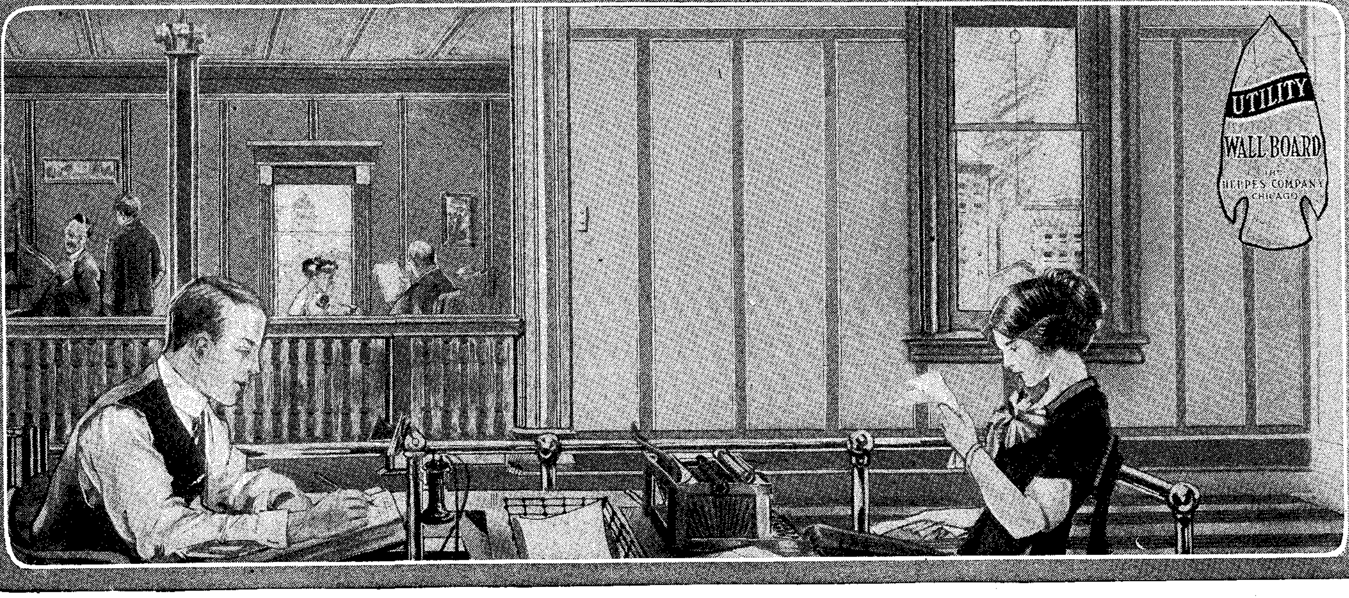

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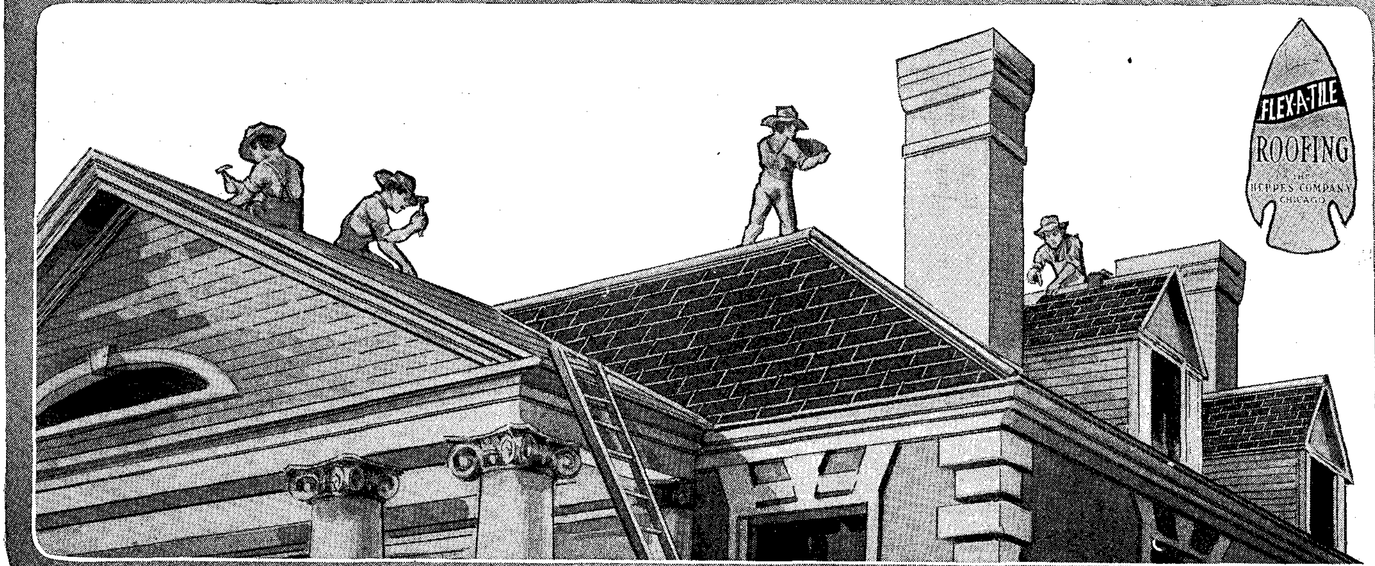

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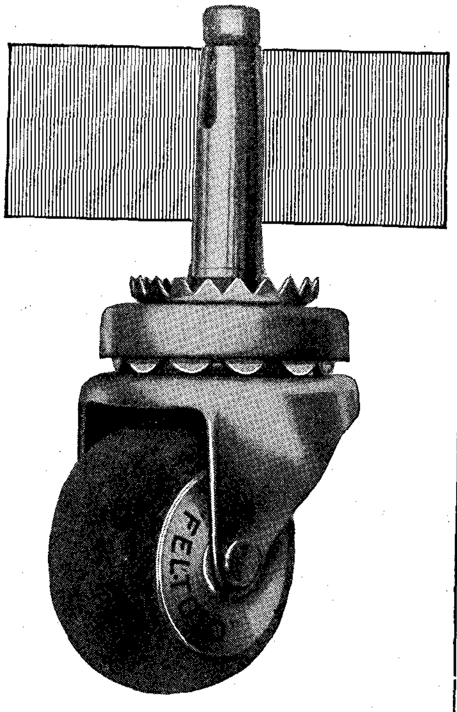

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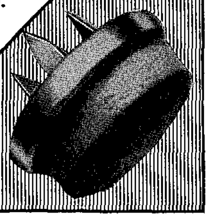

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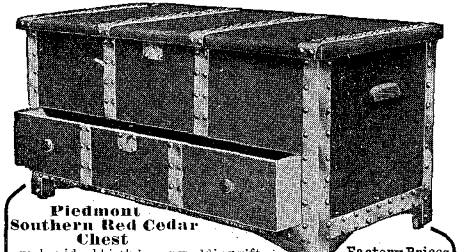

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 649)

sively the seat of Lanfranc, Anselm, and Thomas. Of course, the last-named is by far the most conspicuous figure in the history of Canterbury. In the middle ages the death of Thomas of Canterbury, his canonization by the Pope, and the erection of his shrine into a seat of healing like Lourdes of the present day, were memorable testimonies to his fame. There is a stained-glass window in the Bodleian Library in which Henry II. is depicted as receiving penance on his bare shoulders from the scourges of monks. He is celebrated in the great cathedral of Toledo, Spain—altho these writers say that among the myriads who are said to have knelt at his shrine "there is no record of a pilgrim from Spain." Many of the churches of France contain memorials to his honor, among which is Bayeux Cathedral. A pilgrimage to his shrine was decreed by papal ordinance as equal in merit to a pilgrimage to the Holy City Jerusalem.

The broad outlook and excellent style of the authors of this admirable treatise, both of whom are on the foundation of Christ Church, may be judged from the following reference to the trials of his martyrdom:

> "If Becket, in his death, left an ineffaceable mark on the structure of his Cathedral, and on the history of his monastery, his city, and his office, he left likewise a mark far more momentous and significant on the life of Christendom and the history of his country. There is no more reason to doubt that Becket caused a religious revival than that Wesley and Whitefield did."

THE NORTH AFRICAN SHORE

Grant, Cyril Fletcher, and L. Grant. African Shores of the Mediterranean. 8vo, pp. 504. McBride, Nast & Company. $4.75 net.

The learning, industry, and patient traveling evinced by this book are worthy of our admiration. But the result is a certain heaviness. To begin a work from antiquarian and literary materials which do not deal with personal experiences but are compiled from books, and then to branch off into personal reminiscences in traveling over the same ground, or some of it, must end in producing a work which has lost its flavor before it has been half read through. We confess to an interest in Phenician and Roman Carthage. We acknowledge the results of French excavations in Algeria, and believe that the comparative religion which traces connection between Hebrew, Latin, and extinct Phenician creeds and cults is an important study. We fail, however, to see why all these tracts of learning should be traversed before we reach the Algeria of modern travel.

We must, however, acknowledge that the first part of this book is well and faithfully written by the hand of a scholar. It is pleasant to return for a little time to Vergil and Elissa and the Punic Wars. But the prelude is too large and loud for the drama that opens in "Foum de Sahara" (the Mouth of the Desert), where the Biskra terminus of the French railway lands the traveler in the Sahara proper. The whitewashed mosques of North Africa, the innumerable palms, the pestilent guides, and the somnolent porters are subjects of picturesque delineation by the authors, who really succeed in presenting a sort of dreamland and impressing upon us the fact that

> "—in the afternoon they reached a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

Any one who intends to visit North Africa with an intelligent idea of its history and present aspect should read "The African Shores of the Mediterranean," a work to be taken up rather for serious study than for amusement. The photographs are very lovely.

SOUTH INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS

Thurston, Edgar (C. I. E.). Omens and Superstitions of Southern India. 8vo, pp. 320. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $3.50 net.

England's colonial and diplomatic service owes no small part of its effectiveness to the encouragement given by the authorities to its public servants to carry on investigations in various directions in the countries where they serve. Such work is recognized and made a basis of promotion and other reward. To this practise we owe many works of sterling value, and the present value is an example of such application to tasks near at hand. Mr. Thurston has been a member of the ethnographic survey of Madras and superintendent of the very complete Madras Museum. He has issued already a monumental work in seven volumes on *Castes and Tribes of Southern India*, in which was included—or rather "buried"—much of the material furnished in this present volume. This material is now brought together, supplemented, and classified in twelve chapters on Omens, Animal Superstitions, Evil Eye, Snake Worship, Vows and Votive Offerings, Charms, Human Sacrifice, Magic (two chapters), Divination, Agricultural Ceremonies, and Rain-Making Ceremonies. The result is a very complete view of the psychology, folk-lore, religious ideas, and devotional cults in the region covered.

The book is, from many points of view, exceedingly interesting. Superstitions and practises are here recorded which have their analogs in the crudest state of social developments, and others which bear the marks of developed and perverted priestly ingenuity. These show how almost impervious to civilization the oriental mind is, in that practises like snake worship and human sacrifice persist after more than 200 years of constant contact with Europeans. Still another fact is patent—the kinship of the entire East "which changeth not." One may equate the ecstatic performances of the Baal priests 2,700 years ago (1 Kings 18 : 28) with those of the modern Dombs, who "fall into a frenzied state, in which they cut their flesh with sharp instruments, or pass long, thin iron bars through tongue and cheeks" (p. 145).

The student of anthropology, primitive psychology, folk-lore, and religion, will prize the volume, and bless both author and publisher for their meaty collection.

UNITED ITALY IN OUR DAY

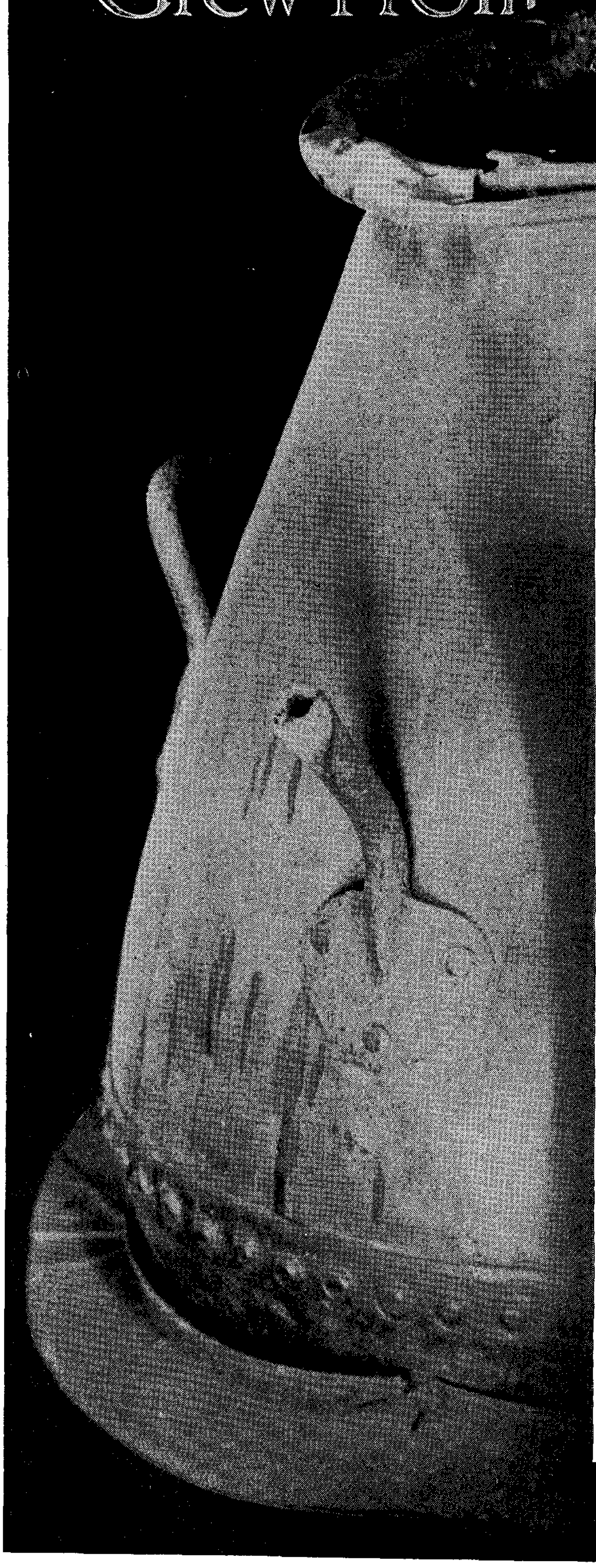
I

Underwood, F. M. United Italy. 8vo, pp. 360. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

The title of this book is from one point of view an unfortunate misnomer. Italy is certainly united as a nation under one

(*Continued on page* 654)

How a World-Wide Business Grew From This Old Kettle



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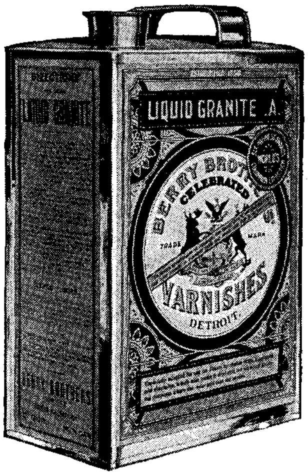

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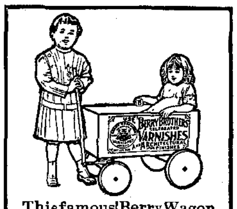

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page 652*)

king, but the Catholics acknowledge but one King of Rome, and he wears his crown in the Vatican. In many instances, therefore, Italian conscience and loyalty are at odds. There can be no doubt that the gravest cause of social and political disunion in Italy is the clerical question. While the pope does not recognize King Victor Emmanuel as sovereign, and forbids foreign Catholic princes from visiting the Quirinal, the Italian Government admits "the inviolability of the pope's spiritual authority." In fact, Italy is at least as disunited as Great Britain was in the first half of the eighteenth century, but the toast-drinker of Rome may often think, like those who mingled their good wishes for the houses of Stuart and Hanover—closing with the words:

> Who the Pretender is and who the King,
> God bless my soul, that's quite another thing.

Mr. Underwood does not wander long on these "fires hidden under treacherous ashes." He writes particularly to show that as a nation Italy is, irrespective of party strife, endeavoring to vindicate its place as a potent factor in Europe. His work is necessarily discursive and even desultory as he devotes chapters to "Foreign Policy," "Colonial Expansion," "Political Life," "The Camorra," "The Royal Family," "Literature and Science," "Art," "Music and Archeology." This is a great program to fill, but he performs his work with clearness and intelligence.

The book is quite of a popular character, and the information it conveys is rather suggestive than exhaustive. It is, however, quite complete in its enumeration of topics which leave far behind the Italy of Machiavelli, even that of Napoleon III. Here we have outlined the modern Italy whose king proclaims the annexation of Tripoli and whose clergy challenge the authority of an infallible pontiff. Mr. Underwood's figures with regard to material advancement of his united Italy are founded upon government reports and bear valuable testimony to what he styles "her brave struggle to assert her place among the people of Europe, to the patience, the energy, and the endurance that have built up the Italy of to-day, with her great achievements in almost every walk of life, in agriculture, industry, education, and finance."

The book is illustrated with twenty-one half-tone illustrations, a few of which will be new to the general reader.

II

Bagot, Richard. The Italians of To-Day. 16mo, pp. 248. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

Mr. Bagot has lived long in Italy, as readers of his earlier "My Italian Year," and, later, "A Roman Mystery," will be prepared to believe. He deals in his new volume with social, industrial, literary, military, and political conditions, presenting them as they now exist after a unification of the peninsula extending over well-nigh half a century. Most gratifying statements are made. Social and economic progress is indicated in all directions. Some of his statistics bearing on these subjects are really formidable. While they may not be justly compared with those for England, Germany, or the United States during the same period, it must be borne in mind that Italy is a far smaller country and that, in other ways, the possibilities of growth were less with her than with the larger states.

Perhaps the most striking point brought out by Mr. Bagot is the important bearing on Italian unity which the war with Turkey for the conquest of Tripoli has had. He does not call attention to what the American reader instinctively thinks of as he reads the book—that these influences resemble the influences on the United States of the war with Spain when was eliminated what remained of sectional feeling between North and South, and when also was produced a consciousness of our place as a world power. In Italy there has really been wrought a new work of unification. It has affected the social and political relations of various parts of the peninsula. Piedmont and Calabria, Umbria and Sicily alike realize now that they have in common one country. This sense of nationality Mr. Bagot believes to be of the utmost importance to the future of Italy.

MR. PUTNAM'S REMINISCENCES OF LIBBY PRISON

Putnam, George Haven. A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-65. Second edition, with an Appendix Presenting Statistics of Northern Prisons. With illustrations. New York: George P. Putnam's Sons.

Few readers of the present generation familiar with Mr. Putnam's activities as a publisher of books, as a potent influence in movements for good government, and as a foreman of grand juries, are aware that he served for three years as a volunteer in the Civil War. At the beginning of the war, Mr. Putnam was a student in the University of Göttingen, Germany. Returning home in 1862, he enlisted and served thenceforth until the war closed.

The present volume is an account of one feature only of Mr. Putnam's war experience. It was his last experience. Made prisoner by the Confederates, he was confined during the winter of 1864-65 in Libby and Danville prisons. Of what he saw and suffered at that time he here writes. There may be other thrilling records of the horrors of life in Libby Prison—there doubtless are many which thrill the reader; but none could possibly be of more interest, or made more impressive, than this record by Mr. Putnam. His recollection of minute details is in itself remarkable, but he has joined to all that a skill in simple narrative much superior probably to that shown by any other survivor of the gruesome Richmond jail. Some of the horrible privations and soulful sufferings of prisoners as detailed in this book almost surpass belief. In the appendix which Mr. Putnam has added to a new edition are valuable statistics of Northern prisons as taken from a report made by Thomas Sturgis, who served in one of the Massachusetts regiments.

Mr. Putnam's little book of only 127 pages seems one that will long survive with other notable records of personal experience in the Civil War. We can well imagine the historian of the next, or even some later, century finding it an indispensable source-book when he writes of the war between the States.

(*Continued on page 656*)

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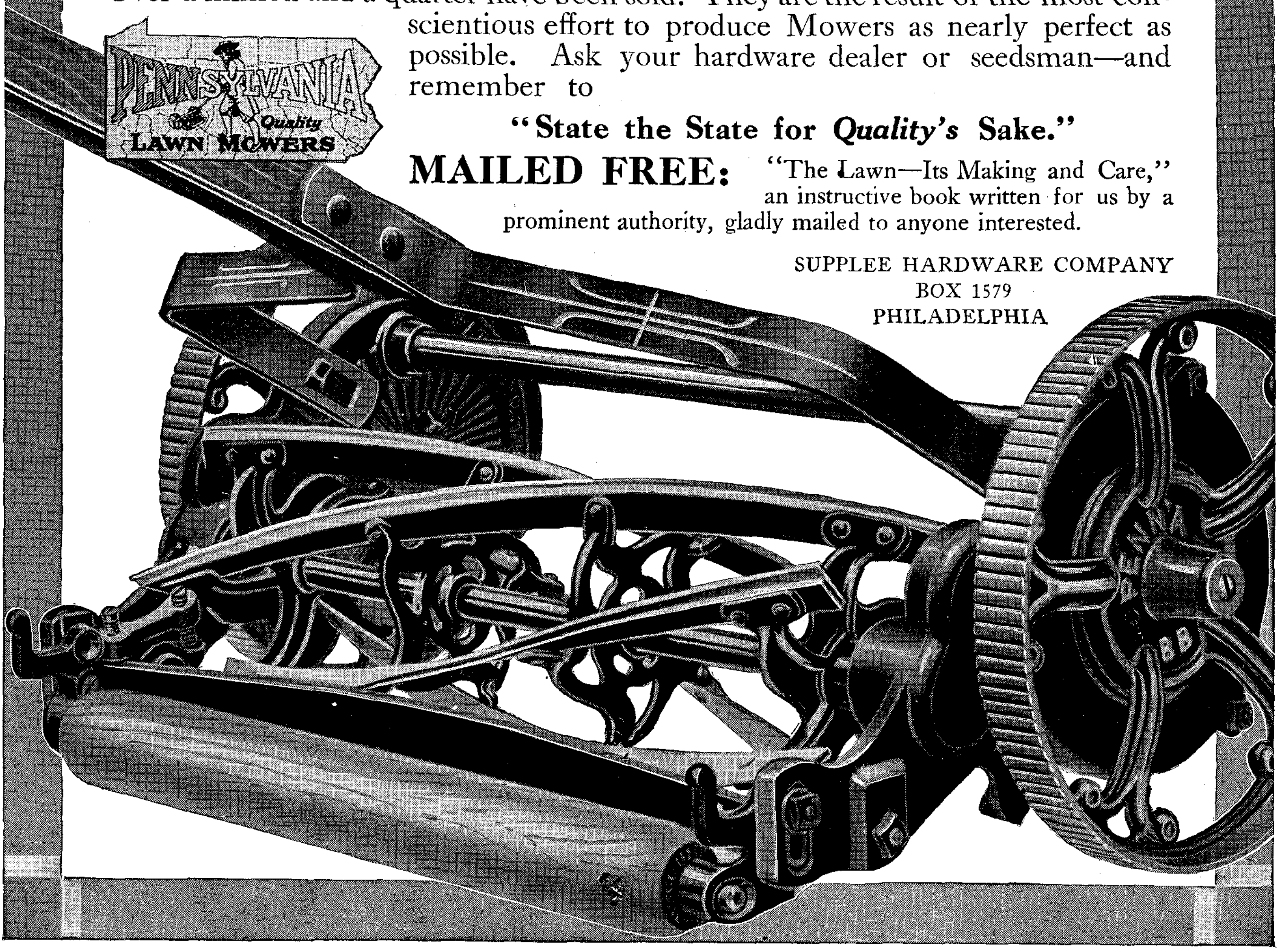

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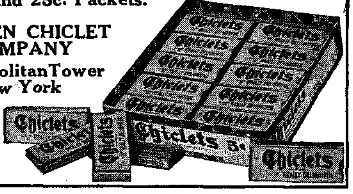

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 654)

Mr. Putnam would not thank us for naming him in the same paragraph with Thucydides, and yet there are details in his modest narrative that recall nothing more vividly than certain parts of the famous seventh chapter of the "History of the Peloponnesian War."

CENTRAL NEW YORK SIXTY YEARS AGO

Richards, Caroline Coles. Village Life in America, 1852-1872. Including the Period of the American Civil War, as told in the Diary of a School-girl. With an introduction by Margaret E. Sangster. 12mo, pp. 207. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.30.

Miss Richards, who was afterwards Mrs. E. C. Clark, was a sister of John Richards, the father of Mrs. Craigie, known better, perhaps, as John Oliver Hobbes. Having lost her mother early, she spent her girlhood, until marriage, in Canandaigua, N. Y., in the house of her grandfather, a prosperous banker and a man of note and influence in village life generally. Mrs. Sangster, whom the world recently lost, in her introduction remarks that, altho she had read thousands of books, she "has never read one which has given me more delight than this." These may seem words of extravagant praise, but after the reader has enjoyed the book, he will understand that Mrs. Sangster did not mean to have her statement imply anything as to permanent distinction or eminence in literature, but rather that the book had given her a kind of delight she had nowhere else enjoyed.

The author must have been an unusually interesting child. She began to write the diary when only ten years old, and at that age wrote extremely well. Most readers who have passed middle age will probably share Mrs. Sangster's enthusiasm, especially if they were brought up in Central New York. They will find here an opportunity to bring back the atmosphere and many of the very incidents of their own childhood. Miss Richards merely records things that happened in her village from day to day, sometimes in school, more often at home, and again at church or in public places. The events are virtually the same as were happening at that time in many hundred other towns or villages in New York State. What was true of Canandaigua was true also in towns like Utica, Binghamton, or Schenectady, and even in smaller villages. Hence the opportunity it gives to restore a lost youth.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Carleton, William. New Lives for Old. Pp. 222. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.20.

This new story by Mr. Carleton (who is not Will Carleton, the poet we so recently lost) is much like his "One Way Out," only in this tale he emigrates to the country and describes his experiences in developing resources lavishly furnished by Nature. He shows simple but successful methods by which he plays Gabriel to a sleeping community, and makes of it a live business corporation. In this venture he is still aided by that wonderful wife, Ruth. His success depends largely on the spirit with which they tackle the problems of the new conditions. Mr. Carleton draws a vivid picture of the lazy native, who does not wear out, but rots out through lack of ambition and energy. The methods used to awaken him involve a business organization and a competition for prizes with lectures by competent men on scientific farming, and finally the forming of "The Pioneer Products Co.," for the purpose of marketing produce at the best prices. The book is a plea for the young man, not to "go West," but to remain in the East and work. The author proves that it is worth while, first by his own success, then by the rapid rise of the whole village under the stimulus of his enthusiasm and sound common sense.

Riley, W. Windyridge. Pp. 328. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.30.

Grace Holden, aged thirty-five, having spent three years in a Chelsea boarding-house, looked with pleasure on the Yorkshire country, where she chanced to sojourn for a day. She fell a victim to the allurements of a quaint and picturesque cottage, and finally rented it for ten pounds a year. Here she could practise her vocation, which consisted of miniature painting and photography. Windyridge proved an ideal spot. Her next-door neighbor, a motherly soul, becomes her best friend. The history of her days in the new environment pictures a charming country and delightful and interesting experiences. The book is in novel form, told in the first person, with character delineation rather more prominent than the love element, which is none the less engrossing. Humorous and pathetic episodes in the lives of the villagers are given—accounts which unite to give a clear and charming idea of the fascinating life with which Miss Holden identified herself. The book has both atmosphere and charm—the charm of strength and simplicity.

Tabor, Grace. Old-Fashioned Gardening. Pp. 255. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2 net.

The title of this book sounds more romantic than its contents warrant, for "here all is sober reality and no dream; here is the truth about old gardens, not select glimpses of a path or a gateway, or a time-stained dial, hung like pictures upon the silver cord of romance." For one, however, seeking the history of the origin and development of garden plans, these pages will be both interesting and instructive. Four types are described: First, the Spanish type, found in St. Augustine, Florida; second, the Virginia type; third, the Dutch, and fourth the type of the Puritans. Miss Tabor proceeds to study each, and the conditions which produced and were produced by it.

She concludes that part of her work with a description of the estates of Washington and Jefferson, *i.e.*, Mount Vernon and Monticello, showing "the personal charge and beloved occupation of their respective masters." Those chapters are charming. The second part of the book investigates the actual meaning of "old-fashioned," the designs so characterized, and the flowers themselves, with rules and suggestions for their use. Its pages are adorned with good illustrations. The book closes thus:

"Simplicity first, as a corner-stone, then such a degree of easy formality or symmetry, or order, as may, perhaps, be reduced to the old-fashioned term 'seemliness,' then a play of dignified individual

(*Continued on page* 658)

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THE exultation—the joy of dashing over the water with a motor driven rowboat makes the summer a different summer than you ever spent before. It offers you the opportunity to explore little corners of the lake, every mile of the river's shore; to take your family and your friends for trips upon the water and the most attractive feature of it all is that when you change lakes or rivers you take your motor right with you and attach it to any rowboat you wish in less than one minute. The

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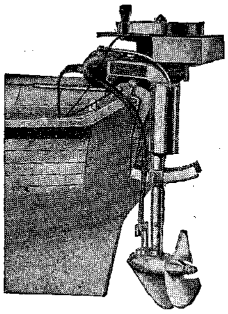

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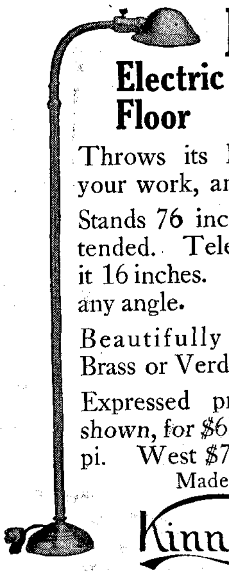

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Made exclusively by

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued on page 656*)

fancy, according to individual taste; these are the components of the old-fashioned garden."

Kennedy, J. M. English Literature, 1880-1905. Cloth, pp. 340. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.

It is fortunate that this period of English literature has been described promptly. Otherwise it might never have been described at all. Few of the names which form the titles of Mr. Kennedy's chapters will appear in the final summing up of public opinion, and these will have but passing mention. The period is a literary Slough of Despond,—a melancholy atmosphere pervades it. Weakness of will, lack of self-control, life unspiritualized lead many of its men of genius to the blackest of despair and to ignoble death. Mr. Kennedy's discussions of Pater, Wilde, Shaw, Wells, Gesseng, and the contributors to the Yellow Book are of immediate interest. The atheism, materialism, idealism, romanticism which dominated the literary world in this last generation must be followed by a return to classicism and to faith in its most aristocratic form, if a creative period of English literature is to succeed the melancholy days now happily near their end,—this is the conclusion of Mr. Kennedy's serious studies.

Deveraux, Roy. Aspects of Algeria. Historical, Pictorial, Colonial. Illustrated. Map. Cloth, pp. 316. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The searchlight of the book world is turned now upon China and now upon North Africa. Volume after volume on these lands of paramount interest are following one another in quick succession upon the literary table. Before we have quite finished the captivating chapters of Mr. Powell's "The Last Frontier," Mr. Deveraux's book invites us to linger in the same fascinating region, and we gladly accept his invitation. We do not always see or wish to see what he sees, but his comments on it are never uninteresting and usually of genuine value. El-Djezair—Timgad—Biskra, these are the charms which impel the modern tourist to pack his steamer-trunk and consult the sailing-lists. But Mr. Deveraux is not writing primarily for the tourist, but rather for the student of history and political economy to whom the French protectorates in Africa offer fresh woods and pastures new. His book provides a vast amount of material of the greatest importance upon the ancient and the recent colonization of North Africa, upon the political and industrial features of Algeria and Tunisia, and upon the past and future of Islam. The essay on Islam deserves careful study tho it brings a heavy heart.

Cook, Elizabeth Christine. Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704-1750. Cloth. 8vo, pp. xi-279. New York: Columbia University Press. 1912. $1.50 net.

One of the few really interesting volumes to come from the doctorial dissertation mill is Miss Cook's account of the literary efforts of our early colonial newspapers. The chief influence was, quite naturally, that of Joseph Addison and his fellow periodical essayists in London. Tho journalism had an earlier rise in the Northern colonies, there seems to have been an earlier interest in poetry in the South. Here Addison had to share his homage with Pope. The colonial newspapers which used enough literary matter, original or from English sources, to be considered at length by Miss Cook are *The New England Courant, The New England Weekly Journal,* Bradford's *American Mercury,* Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette, The New York Gazette,* Zanger's *New York Weekly Journal, The Maryland Gazette, The Virginia Gazette,* and *The South Carolina Gazette.*

Sneath, E. Hershey. Wordsworth; Poet of Nature and Poet of Man. 8vo, pp. 320. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1912. $2.

As indicated in the sub-title, Professor Sneath aims to trace Wordsworth's mental and spiritual development as Poet of Man and of Nature. For the first half of the book this amounts to little more than a commentary on "The Prelude." In fact, throughout the author does not get very far from Wordsworth's own interpretation of his own inner life as set forth in his poetry. This is a book for the true Wordsworthian; it should add somewhat to his understanding of the poet's psychology and the source of his philosophy. But we think that other readers will find it an uninspired, repetitious discussion of what to them is by no means the most interesting side of the poet's work, a discussion which is only interpreted by detailed analyses of some of Wordsworth's more important poems.

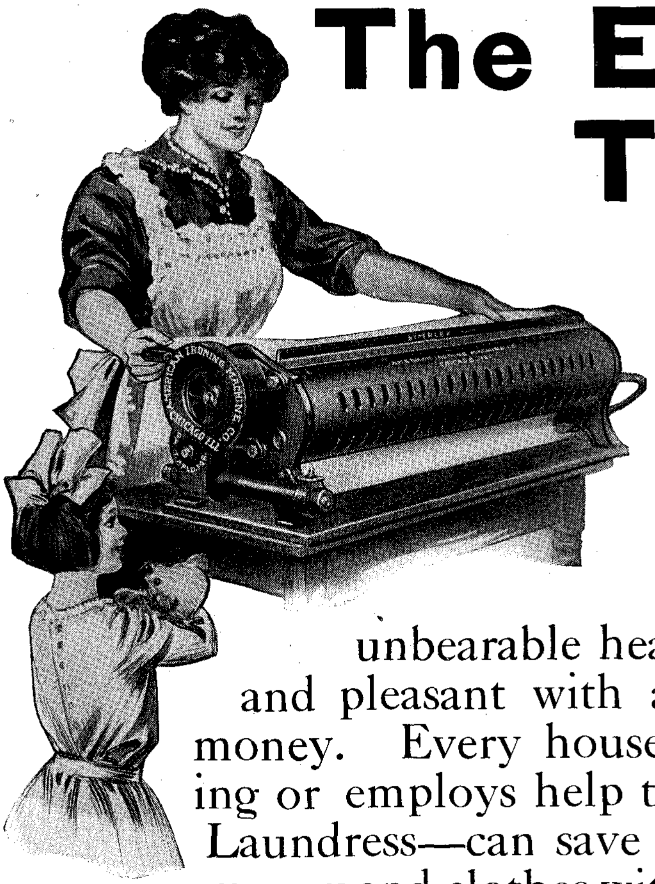
Thwaites, Reuben Gold and Kendall, Calvin Noyes. A History of the United States for Grammar-Schools. 12mo, pp. 471. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Thwaites has so long been identified with advanced methods in writing history and in collecting the raw material of history; moreover, he has so long been in close touch with notable educational work in the State of Wisconsin, that this little history for schools was certain to command attention in educational circles. Intended as it is for grammar-schools, Mr. Thwaites has admirably adapted himself to young minds. In selecting the illustrations he has shown large knowledge and command of the sources whence notable pictures could be drawn. Mr. Kendall's part in the work is understood to have been the preparation of the supplementary, or technical, matter, such as the "questions and suggestions" and the subjects suggested for compositions.

Tolman, William H. and Guthrie, Adelaide Wood. Hygiene for the Worker. 12mo, pp. 225. New York: American Book Company.

Dr. Tolman has won for himself a place somewhat unique as director of the American Museum of Safety, an institution from which large good has already come to factory and other workers with machinery, and the potentialities of which still remain beyond measure. Miss Guthrie is connected with the same museum in its department of research. The volume is issued in what is known as Crampton's Hygienic Series, Dr. C. Ward Crampton, the director of physical training in the Department of Education in New York City, being the editor. It deals with a variety of topics of much importance to the mechanic and to the operative, such as clothing, food and drink, ventilation, holidays, accidents, first aid to the injured, and general hygiene. It is based on actual shop conditions as existing to-day. In its preparation access has been

(*Continued on page 660*)



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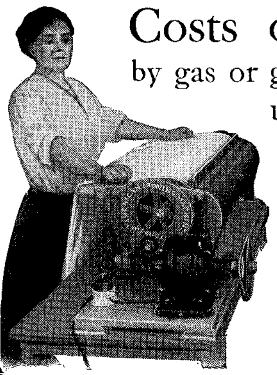

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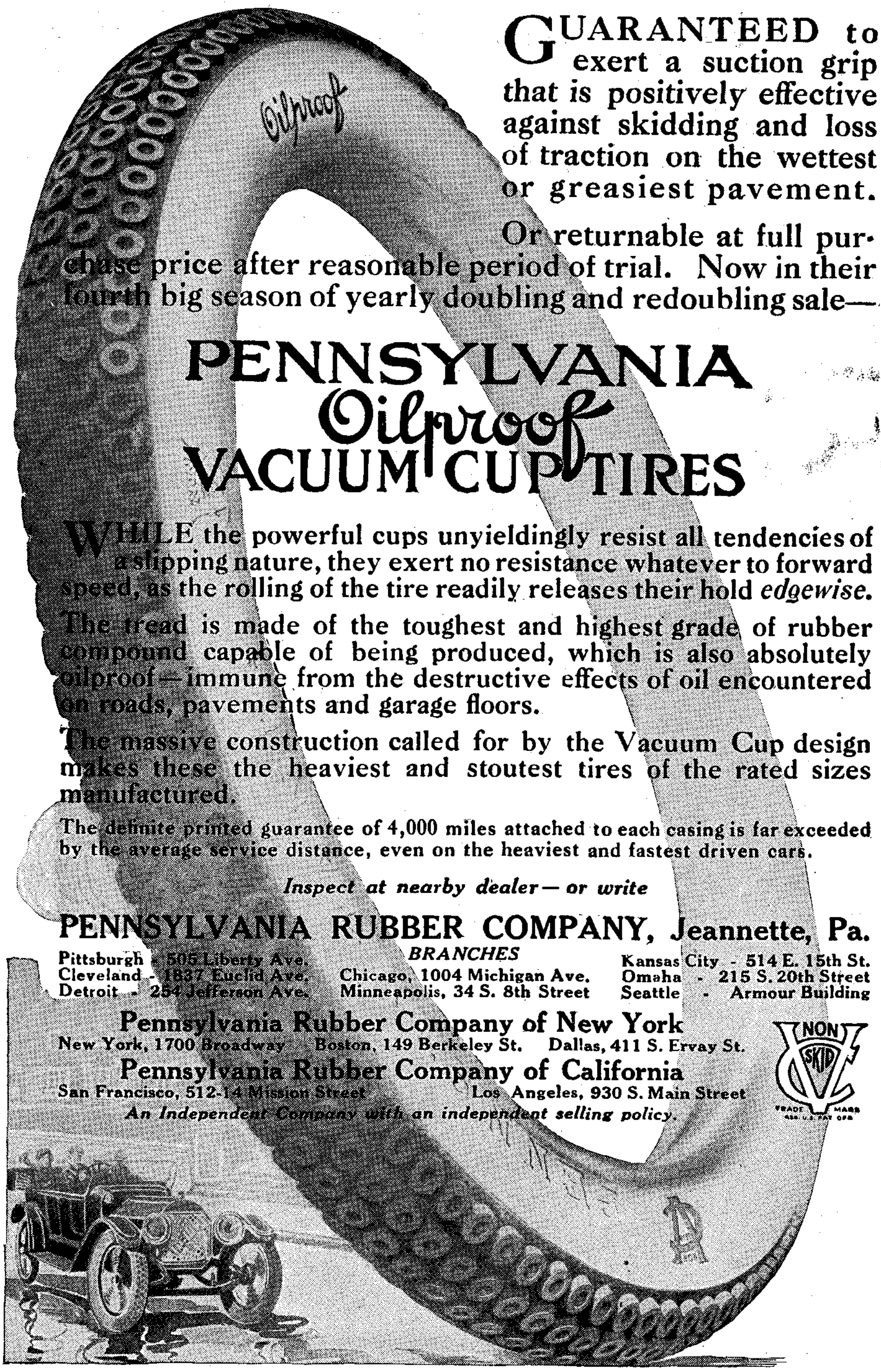

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WHILE the powerful cups unyieldingly resist all tendencies of a slipping nature, they exert no resistance whatever to forward speed, as the rolling of the tire readily releases their hold *edgewise*.

The tread is made of the toughest and highest grade of rubber compound capable of being produced, which is also absolutely oilproof—immune from the destructive effects of oil encountered on roads, pavements and garage floors.

The massive construction called for by the Vacuum Cup design makes these the heaviest and stoutest tires of the rated sizes manufactured.

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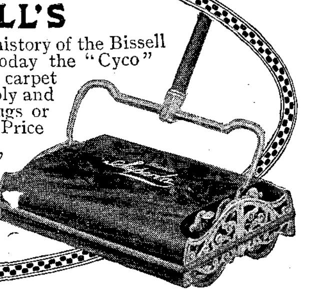


REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 658)

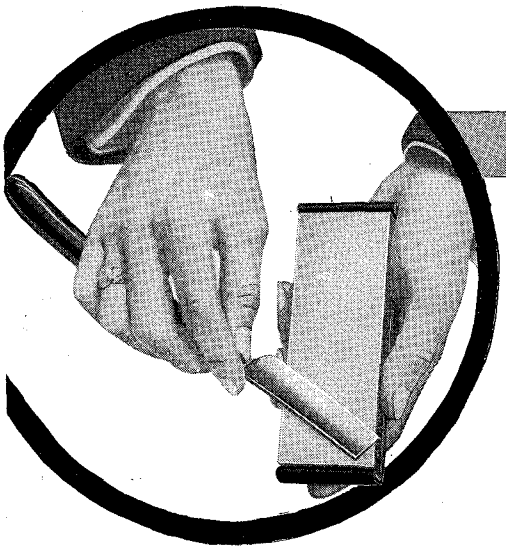
had to a large collection of working models, special reports, and photographs illustrative of what is being done for safety and hygiene in the best American shops. Suggestions have also been drawn from museums of safety in European cities, such as Berlin, Munich, and Paris.

Bryan, William Jennings. A Tale of Two Conventions. Being an Account of the Republican and Democratic National Conventions of June, 1912, with an Outline of the Progressive National Convention in August of the same year. With selections of notable speeches. Edited by Virgil V. McNitt. Illustrated from contemporary cartoons. 12mo, pp. 307. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.

Mr. Bryan's recent elevation to the chief office in the Cabinet of President Wilson has not crowded from men's minds recollections of his important work last summer at Chicago and Baltimore in reporting the Republican and Democratic National Conventions for a syndicate of newspapers. There were forty-two of these newspapers distributed over the country—north, south, east, and west, as far as San Francisco. It was suggested to him at the time that a valuable record might be made by reprinting these daily reports with the addition of the important speeches made in the conventions and other matter of his own commenting on the results of the work done by the two assemblages of party delegates. The result is a permanent record such as no conventions, save perhaps those of 1860, have had made. Now that the candidates named at Baltimore have been elected and inaugurated and Mr. Bryan, the reporter, has become Secretary of State, special interest should attach to this the latest of Mr. Bryan's publications.

Chase, J. Smeaton. California Coast Trails. A Horseback Ride from Mexico to Oregon. 8vo, pp. 326. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin Company. $2.

This well-known writer on the Golden State has chosen a favorable opportunity—we may almost say he has taken time by the forelock, in his vivid description of what may still be called "Old California." The wild Western features are so rapidly disappearing from this beautiful region and Eastern enterprise and social life are so widely spreading over its cities and villages that in a few years it will have become merged in the safe and stable monotone of the general Union. There is one peculiarity of the volume to be pointed out with great satisfaction. The writer prefixes a quotation from "Eothen"; it is in the spirit of Kinglake's exquisite travel-book that Mr. Chase dwells upon the picturesque and startling beauty of Californian scenery. The imaginative glow which he imparts to his narrative is particularly attractive. The material progress, the trade and industry of the country he leaves to other people to discuss, but we have in these chapters the impressions received by a fine mind of a poetic cast which impart to the reader a knowledge of California only second to that to be derived from a personal visit. The book is fully illustrated from the author's photographs, which are excellent. A good index supplies the reader with clues to places which he desires to hear about. There is also a "Pronouncing Glossary of Spanish Terms and Place-names" which will be useful to those who can not read "Don Quixote" in the original.



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Stropping alone fails to give that keen, smooth razor edge which makes shaving a comfort and pleasure.

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PIKE STROP-HONE

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To strop, merely reverse to the strop side. This strop is held scientifically taut and can not sag and round the razor's bevel. A few licks put the finishing touch on the razor's edge—a result as good as the barber's.

The Pike Strop-Hone is the most practical thing "ever" for razors—both safety and old-style. You'd pay a dollar for a good strop or a good hone. Here's the best of *both* at the cost of *one*. The Pike Strop-Hone costs but a dollar if purchased at your hardware or tool dealer's, or if sent direct prepaid by us.

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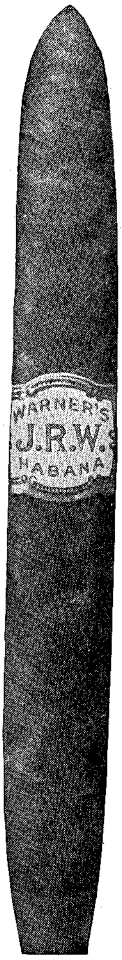

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CURRENT POETRY

POETRY OF ALFRED NOYES

When "The Enchanted Island, and Other Poems" was published, in 1910, Edmund Gosse wrote to Alfred Noyes: "The whole book is full of beauty, and confirms me in my belief that you are the leader among the English poets of the last generation." And Theodore Watts-Dunton wrote: "To me, who believe that the singing quality is the first quality of poetry, it seems that you are right away (now that Swinburne is gone) the first of our living poets." This is high praise, but the reading of Mr. Noyes' works tends by no means to convict these critics of exaggeration. Since 1909 three volumes of his verse have been offered to the American public by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. The first of these was "Drake." This was an epic telling the brave adventures of Sir Francis Drake, his voyage around the world, and his battle with the Spanish Armada. Then came "The Enchanted Island, and Other Poems," a collection of melodious and thoughtful lyrics, several of which, particularly "Lavender" and the faultless sonnet, "For the Eightieth Birthday of George Meredith," are valuable additions to the wealth of English poetry. This was followed by "Sherwood, or Robin Hood and the Three Kings," a drama in verse, full of swift action, stirring songs, and splendid pageantry. Now the same publishers announce for publication, during the present month, "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern." These poems, like "Drake," appeared serially in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and quotations from them have been made in these columns. Mr. Noyes is now visiting America and delivering lectures in New York, Chicago, and other cities.

The poems which we print below are copyrighted in America by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., and are included in their publication, "Tales of The Mermaid Tavern." The first we take from the tale called "A Coiner of Angels," which tells of the death of Robert Greene. The song is sung by Dekker. It shows admirably Noyes' ability to make music out of words, and his gay, wholesome spirit.

The Little Red Ring

By Alfred Noyes

Seven wise men on an old black settle,
Seven wise men of the Mermaid Inn,
Ringing blades of the one right metal,
What is the best that a blade can win?
Bread and cheese, and a few small kisses?
Ha! ha! ha! Would you like them—you?
—Ay, if Dame Venus would add to her blisses
A roaring fire and a friend or two!

Chorus

Up now, answer me, tell me true!—
—Ay, if the hussy would add to her blisses
A roaring fire and a friend or two!

What will you say when the world is dying?
What, when the last wild midnight falls
Dark, too dark for the bat to be flying
Round the ruins of old St. Paul's?
What will be last of the lights to perish?
What but the little red ring we knew,
Lighting the hands and the hearts that cherish
A fire, a fire, and a friend or two!

Chorus

Up now, answer me, tell me true!
What will be last of the stars to perish?
—The fire that lighteth a friend or two!

Up now, answer me, on your mettle,
Wisest man of the Mermaid Inn,
Soberest man on the old black settle,
Out with the truth! It was never a sin—
Well, if God saved me alone of the seven,
Telling me *you* must be damned, or *you*,
This, I would say, "this is hell, not heaven!
Give me the fire and a friend or two!"

Chorus

Steel was never so ringing true;
"God," we would say, "this is hell, not heaven!
Give us the fire, and a friend or two."

Equally musical but greatly different in method and thought is this ballad, in which Will Kemp, the famous jester who danced from Norwich to London, tells one of his fantastic experiences. No one but a master of rhythms could make his phrases tread so sprightly a measure.

The Companion of a Mile

By Alfred Noyes

At Melford town, at Melford town, at little grey-roofed Melford town,
A long mile from Sudbury, upon the village green,
We danced into a merry rout of country-folk that skipt about
A hobby-horse, a May-pole, and a laughing white-pot queen.

They thronged about us as we stayed, and there I gave my sunshine maid
An English crown for cakes and ale—her dancing was so true!
And "Nay," she said, "I danced my mile for love!" I answered with a smile,
"'Tis but a silver token, lass, thou'st won that wager, too."

I took my leash of morrice-bells, my treble, bass, and tenor bells,
They pealed like distant marriage-bells! And up came William Bee
With Georgie Sprat, my overseer, and Thomas Slye, my tabourer,
"Farewell," she laughed, and vanished with a Suffolk courtesie.

I leapt away to Rockland, and from Rockland on to Hingham,
From Hingham on to Norwich, sirs! I hardly heard a-while
The throngs that followed after, with their shouting and their laughter,
For a shadow danced beside me, my companion of a mile!

At Norwich, by St. Giles his gate, I entered, and the Mayor in state,
With all the rosy knights and squires for twenty miles about,
With trumpets and with minstrelsy, was waiting there to welcome me;
And, as I skipt into the street, the City raised a shout.

They gave me what I did not seek! I fed on roasted swans a week!
They pledged me in their malmsey, and they lined me warm with ale!
They sleeked my skin with red-deer pies, and all that runs and swims and flies;
But, through the clashing wine-cups, O, I heard her clanking pail.

And, rising from his crimson chair, the worshipful and portly Mayor
Bequeathed me forty shillings every year that I should live,
With five good angels in my hand that I might drink while I could stand!
They gave me golden angels! What I lacked they could not give.

They made Will Kemp, thenceforward, sirs, Freeman of Marchaunt Venturers!

(*Continued on page 664*)

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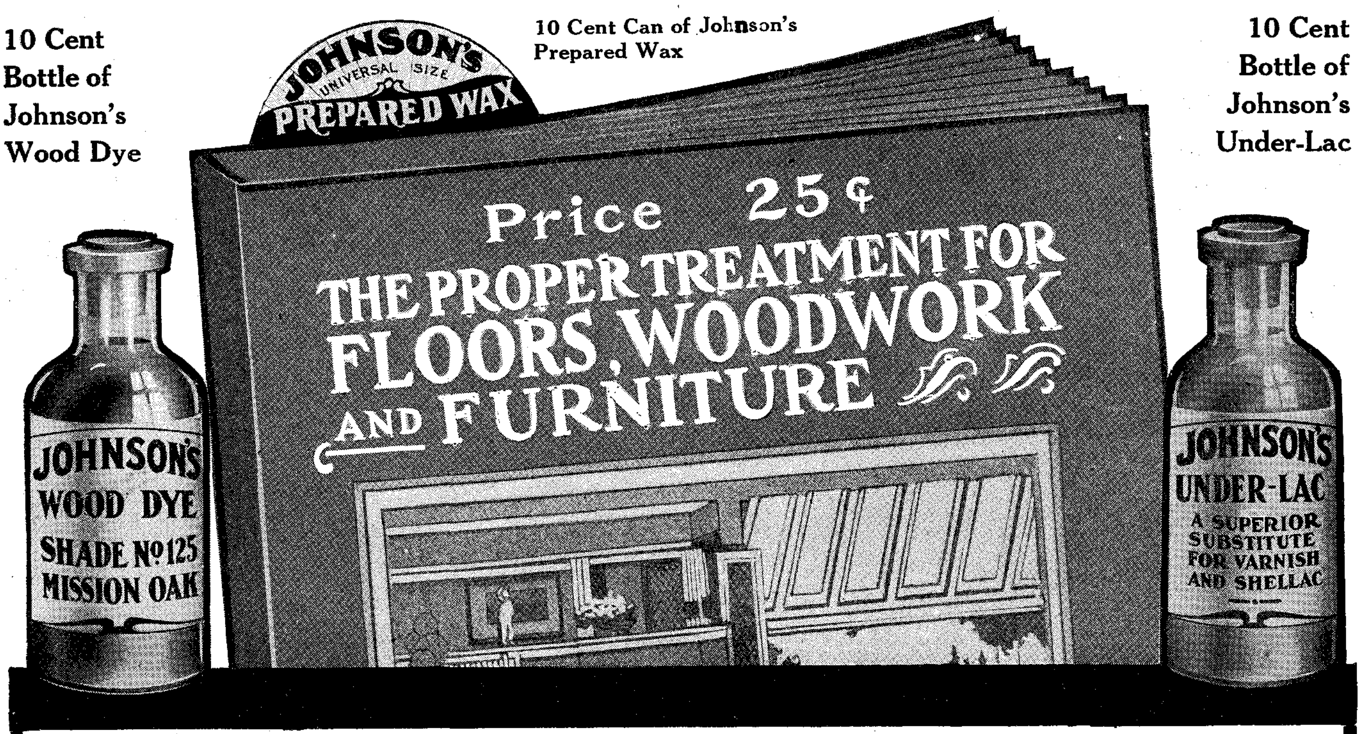
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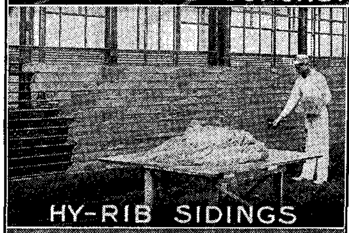

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CURRENT POETRY

(*Continued from page* 662)

They hoped that I would dance again from
Norwich up to York;
Then they asked me, all together, had I met with
right May weather,
And they praised my heels of feather, and my
heart, my heart of cork.

. . . .

As I came home by Sudbury, by little red-roofed
Sudbury,
I waited for my bare-foot maid, among her
satin kine!
I heard a peal of wedding-bells, of treble, bass, and
tenor bells:
"Ring well," I cried, "this bridal morn! You
soon shall ring for mine!"

I found her footprints in the grass, just where
she stood and saw me pass,
I stood within her own sweet field and waited for
my May.
I laughed. The dance has turned about! I
stand within: she'll pass without,
And—*down the road the wedding came, the road
I danced that day!*

*I saw the wedding-folk go by, with laughter and
with minstrelsy,*
*I gazed across her own sweet hedge, I caught her
happy smile,*
*I saw the tall young butcher pass to little red-roofed
Sudbury,*
*His bride upon his arm, my lost companion of a
mile.*

And here again is a splendid song from "Big Ben," the tale of which Ben Jonson is hero. All the romance of Elizabethan England, the England of Nash, Greene, Kit Marlowe, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Shakespeare, is in these lines, set down vividly and surely. Here is that combination of realism and imagination which is seen only in the writings of great artists. Chapman, Marston, and Jonson have been released from imprisonment and the fear of mutilation by the good efforts of Camden and Selden. They come down the street to the tavern accompanied by a great crowd singing this song:

The Mermaid Inn

By Alfred Noyes

The prentice whistles at break of day
All under fair roofs and towers,
When the old Cheape openeth every way
Her little sweet inns like flowers:
And he sings like a lark, both early and late,
To think, if his house take fire,
At the good *Green Dragon* in Bishopsgate
He may drink to his heart's desire.

Chorus
Or sit at his ease in the old *Cross Keys*
And drink to his heart's desire.

But I, as I walk by *Red Rose Lane,*
Tho it warmeth my heart to see
The Swan, the Golden Hind, and *the Crane,*
With the door set wide for me;
Tho' Signs like daffodils paint the strand
Where the thirsty bees begin,
Of all the good taverns in England
My choice is—*The Mermaid Inn.*

Chorus
There is much to be said for *The Saracen's Head,*
But my choice is the *Mermaid Inn.*
There was a Prince—long since, long since?—
To East-Cheape did resort,
For that he loved *The Blue Boar's Head*
Far better than Crown or Court;
But old King Harry in Westminster
Hung up, for all to see,
Three bells of power in St. Stephen's Tower.
Yea, bells of a thousand and three.

(*Continued on page* 666)

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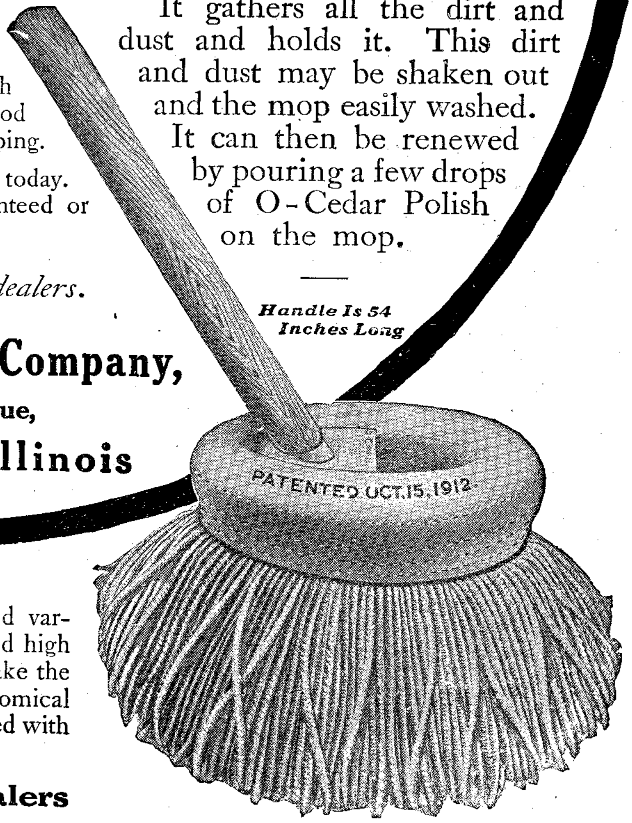
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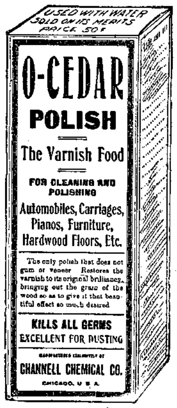
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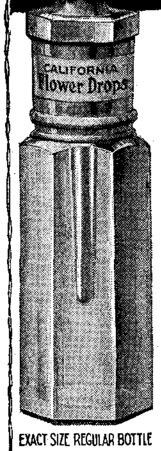

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Paul Rieger, 141 1st St., San Francisco
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CURRENT POETRY

(*Continued from page* 664)

Chorus

Three bells of power in a timber tower,
Thirty thousand and three.

For Harry the Fourth was a godly king
And loved great godly bells!
He bade them ring and he bade them swing
Till a man might hear nought else.
In every tavern it soured the sack
With discord and with din;
But they drowned it all in a madrigal
Like this, at the *Mermaid Inn.*

Chorus

They drowned it all in a madrigal
Like this, at the *Mermaid Inn.*

The Cardinal's Hat is a very good inn,
And so is *the Puritan's Head;*
But I knew a sign of Wine, a Wine
That is better when all is said.
It is whiter than Venus, redder than Mars
It was old when the world begun;
For all good inns are moons or stars,
But the *Mermaid* is their Sun.

Chorus

They are all alight like moons in the night,
But the *Mermaid* is their Sun.

Therefore, when priest or parson cries
That inns like flowers increase,
I say that mine inn is a church likewise,
And I say to them "Be at peace!"
An host may gather in dark St. Paul's
To salve their souls from sin;
But the Light may be where "two or three"
Drink Wine in the *Mermaid Inn.*

Chorus

The Light may be where "two or three
Drink Wine in the *Mermaid Inn.*

This is splendid poetry, rich in music and color, but Alfred Noyes is not limited to writing of this sort. From "Drake, An English Epic" (Stokes), we take this tremendous story of battle. In all English verse it is hard to find a rhymed description of warfare equal to this in realism and dramatic intensity.

The Coming of Drake

By Alfred Noyes

Like one huge moving coast-line on they came
Crashing, and closed the ships of England round
With one fierce crescent of thunder and sweeping flame,
One crimson scythe of Death, whose long sweep drowned
The eternal ocean with its mighty sound,
From heaven to heaven, one roar, one glitter of doom,
While out to the sea-line's blue remotest bound
The ships of Drake still fled, and the red fume
Of battle thickened and shrouded shoal and sea with gloom.

The distant sea, the close white menacing shoals
Are shrouded! And the lion's brood fight on!
And now death's very midnight round them rolls;
Rent is the flag that late so proudly shone;
The red decks reel, and their last hope seems gone!
Round them they still keep one clear ring of sea:
It narrows; but the lion's brood fight on,
Ungrappled still, still fearless and still free,
While the white menacing shoals creep slowly out to lee.

Now through the red rents of each fire-cleft cloud,
High o'er the British blood-greased decks flash out
Thousands of swarthy faces, crowd on crowd
Surging, with one tremendous hurricane shout
On, to the grapple! and still the grim redoubt
Of the oaken bulwarks rolls them back again,
As buffeted waves that shatter in the furious bout
When cannonading cliffs meet the full main
And hurl it back in smoke,—so Britain hurls back Spain;
Hurls her back, only to see her return,
Darkening the heavens with billow on billow of sail;
Round that huge storm the waves like lava burn,
The daylight withers, and the sea-winds fail!
Seamen of England, what shall now avail
Your naked arms? Before those blasts of doom
The sun is quenched, the very sea-waves quail:
High overhead their triumphing thousands loom,
When hark! what low deep guns to windward suddenly boom?

What low deep strange new thunders faraway
Respond to the triumphant shout of Spain?
Is it the wind that shakes their giant array?
Is it the deep wrath of the rising main?
Is it—*El Draque?* El Draque! Ay, shout again,
His thunders burst upon your windward flanks;
The shoals creep out to leeward! Is it plain
At last, what earthquake heaves your herded ranks
Huddled in huge dismay tow'rds those white foam-swept banks?

Noyes has written but few sonnets, and these are admirably made. That printed below is perhaps the best. The sestet is particularly memorable. The poem is printed in "The Enchanted Island, and Other Poems" (Stokes).

For the Eightieth Birthday of George Meredith

By Alfred Noyes

A health, a ringing health, unto the king
Of all our hearts to-day! But what proud song
Should follow on the thought, nor do him wrong?
Except the sea were harp, each mirthful string
The lovely lightning of the nights of Spring,
And Dawn the lonely listener, glad and grave
With colors of the sea-shell and the wave
In brightening eye and cheek, there is none to sing!

Drink to him, as men upon an Alpine peak
Brim one immortal cup of crimson wine,
And into it drop one pure cold crust of snow,
Then hold it up, too rapturously to speak
And drink—to the mountains, line on glittering line.
Surging away into the sunset-glow.

And from "Sherwood" (Stokes), we take this chivalrous prayer, full of high courage and shining phrases.

The Prayer of Richard Lion-Heart

By Alfred Noyes

Once, in this chapel, Lord,
Young and undaunted,
Over my virgin sword
Lightly I chaunted,—
"Dawn ends my watch. I go
Shining to meet the foe!

"Swift with thy dawn," I said.
"Set the lists ringing!
Soon shall thy foe be sped,
And the world singing!
Bless my bright plume for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"War-worn I kneel to-night,
Lord, by thine altar!
Oh, in to-morrow's fight,
Let me not falter!
Bless my dark arms for me,
Christ, King of Chivalry.

"Keep Thou my broken sword
All the long night through,
While I keep watch and ward!
Then—the red fight through,
Bless the wrenched haft of me,
Christ, King of Chivalry. . . ,

"Keep Thou the sullied mail,
Lord, that I tender
Here, at thine altar-rail!
Then—let thy splendor
Touch it once . . . and I go
Stainless to meet the foe."

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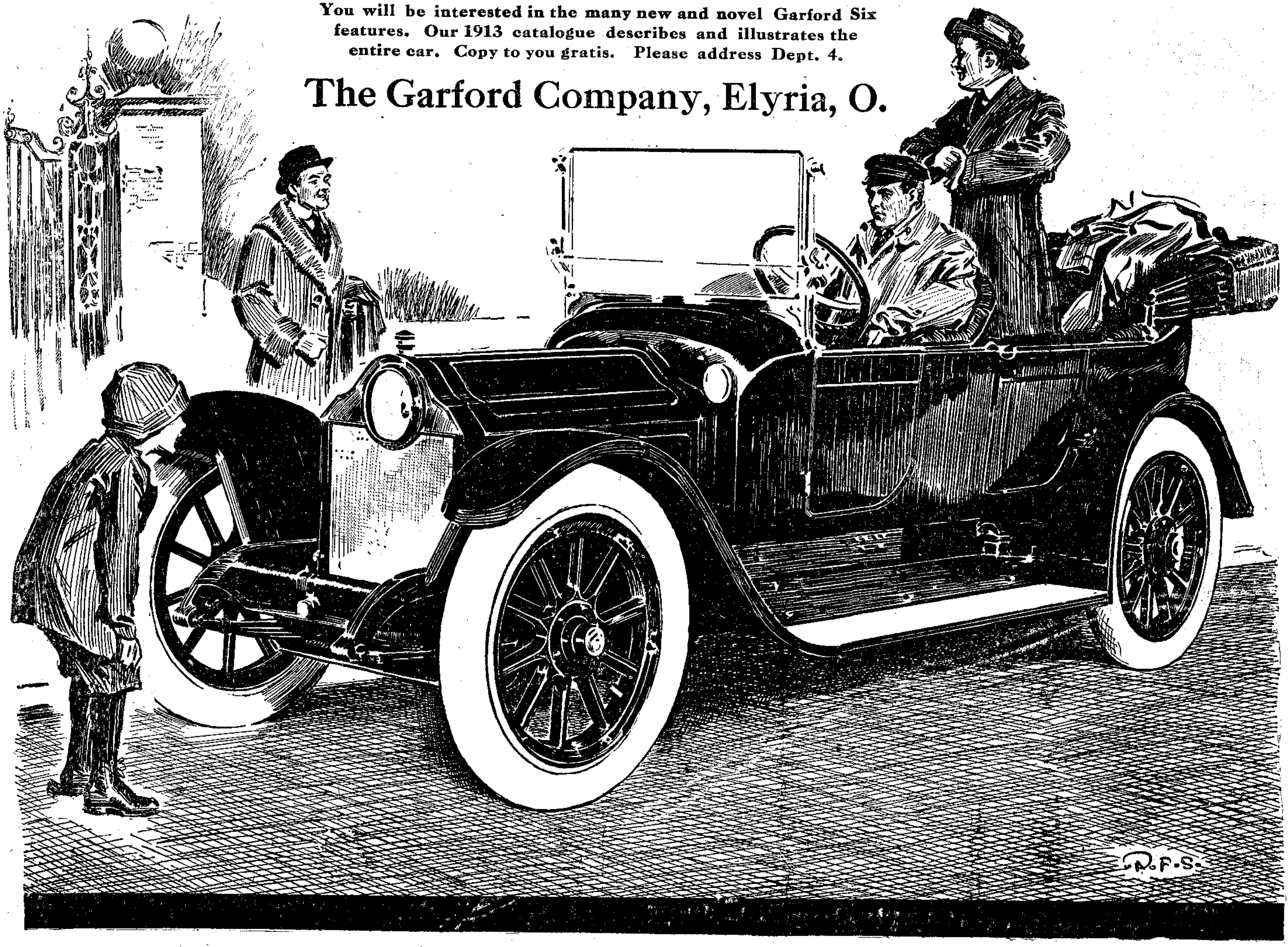

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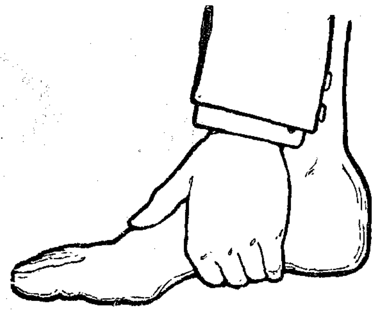

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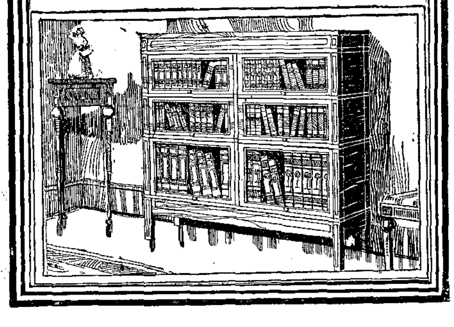

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"TIRPITZ THE ETERNAL"

OTHER German Cabinet officials have appeared and disappeared by the half-dozen, but Admiral von Tirpitz, the grizzled, fork-bearded old man who designed the Naval Law, has been Secretary of State for the Navy for fourteen years. No other German Minister but Bismarck ever survived the vicissitudes of politics so long, and it has become a habit of the Germans to call him "Tirpitz the Eternal." The record of his official career at Berlin is a story of great importance to the whole civilized world, because it is the history of the upbuilding of the great German Navy, which, as everybody knows, has had a weighty bearing upon international affairs wherever German interests were concerned, and which the Kaiser now relies upon in very much the same way that a farmer's wife would rely upon a bulldog chained in her back yard if dangerous-looking tramps were lurking about her neighborhood. The story is told by Frederick William Wile, the London *Daily Mail's* Berlin correspondent:

The Kaiser, like old "Abe" Lincoln, does not believe in swapping horses in midstream. Germany is not rich in strong men of Chancellorship rank. Von Tirpitz is one of them. His work at the Admiralty may be said to be finished. He has not only hewn the way, but trod it for a decade and a half, and he has bred a school of able subordinates who make the master-hand no longer indispensable. Germany itself, and, of course, Europe, has quite overlooked a significant change which took place at the Admiralty early in the winter. For the first time an Under-Secretary for the Navy was created. To fill the place, Admiral Capelle, Von Tirpitz's adviser for fourteen years, was selected. Capelle had hitherto officiated at Von Tirpitz's elbow as chief of the all-important Estimates Division. It is he, undoubtedly, who is destined to inherit the Tirpitz mantle.

A Tirpitz Chancellorship and a Capelle Admiralty would mean but one thing—a German Government with "full steam ahead" as its naval policy. They are the two men who conceived the German naval program. It is they who abetted and promoted the "supplementary" legislation which has raised the Fatherland's fleet expenditure by steady stages from £6,000,000 in 1898 to £23,000,000 in 1913. Theirs is the astute combination which has so successfully played upon the passions of people and Parliament for the purpose of incessant naval expansion. Theirs is the glory for the system of education which has converted the peasant of the Black Forest, the mountaineer of the Bavarian Highlands, and the farmer of Brandenburg into as zealous enthusiasts for the fleet as the men of Hamburg, Bremen, and Kiel. The German Navy League is the instrument, but the strings of the league's consummately clever agitation have been pulled in quarters where Admiral von Tirpitz is supreme.

It would libel Von Tirpitz to stigmatize him as Anglophobe. He is anything but that. He is a profound admirer of everything British. All his children have been educated in England. English naval traditions command his reverential respect. He has never ceased to hold them up to German sailormen as a model and inspiration. When the Naval Law of 1900 sprang from his sagacious brain he had little idea of entering the lists with Britain as an active competitor. British mistakes—the opportunities offered Germany to catch up with the Mistress of the Seas—gave him his chance. He took it, being a wise man and a statesman, and as often as succeeding events provided fresh opportunities he seized them, too.

Iron resoluteness has been the making of both the Admiral himself and the German fleet. He is one Minister of the imperious Emperor who is not accustomed to yield. Mr. Wile proceeds:

Manifold and versatile as Von Tirpitz's services have been, they have been preeminent on the administrative side. Till he took hold of the Admiralty, German naval conditions were more or less chaotic. They lacked the continuity and system of the Army. The conception of the program was his first achievement. Then he was confronted with the herculean task of popularizing it and of manipulating public sentiment from time to time whenever the moment was ripe for extending the ramifications of the original project. The triumphs of the Navy League and of the Admiralty Press Bureau—the conversion of the nation to a religious belief in its "bitter need" of sea-power and in its "future on the water"—are the triumphs of Von Tirpitz. He may himself disavow them, as he does so persuasively and adroitly from his place in the Reichstag on recurring occasions, but the laurels are his, for all that. The pamphlets and press polemics and periodical campaigns which always precede and accompany German naval increases bear far too plainly the earmarks of a directing genius to be identified with anybody but "Tirpitz the Eternal."

It has been my privilege on occasion to discuss Anglo-German naval policy with Von Tirpitz. He is suavity andfr ankness incarnate. He confesses unreservedly that his idea of German sea-power is that the Fatherland must prepare itself as soon as possible to throw decisive weight into the political scales wherever its vital interests are concerned. If the balance of power is altered to a degree which threatens Germany's capacity to exercise such influence, Von Tirpitz is ready instantly to demand fresh sacrifices from his countrymen. Specifically he favors the two-to-three standard as the only goal compatible with German necessities, as far as Great Britain is concerned. He believes that the possession of a fleet two-thirds as powerful in offensive units as the British Navy would effectually prevent combined Anglo-French military operations against Germany, besides making naval warfare, in the spirit of the Fleet Law's preamble, a grave risk for Britain. He believes in the invincible superiority of German guns. These are the ideals he has implanted in his subordinates

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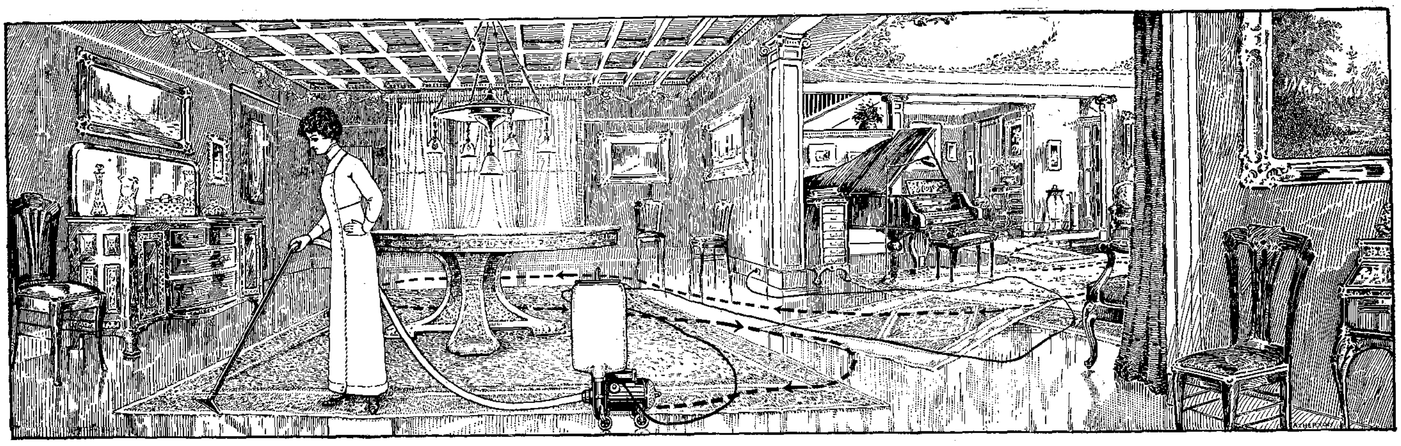

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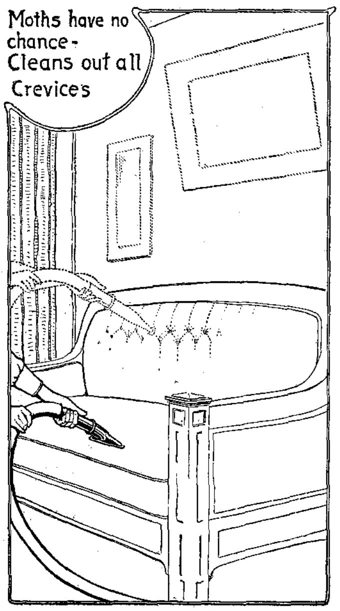

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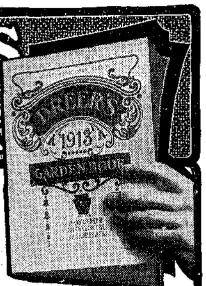

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 668)

at the Admiralty. They will live on, long after Von Tirpitz evacuates the Leipziger-Platz, whether for more exalted surroundings in the Wilhelmstrasse or to a life of retirement after eminent national service.

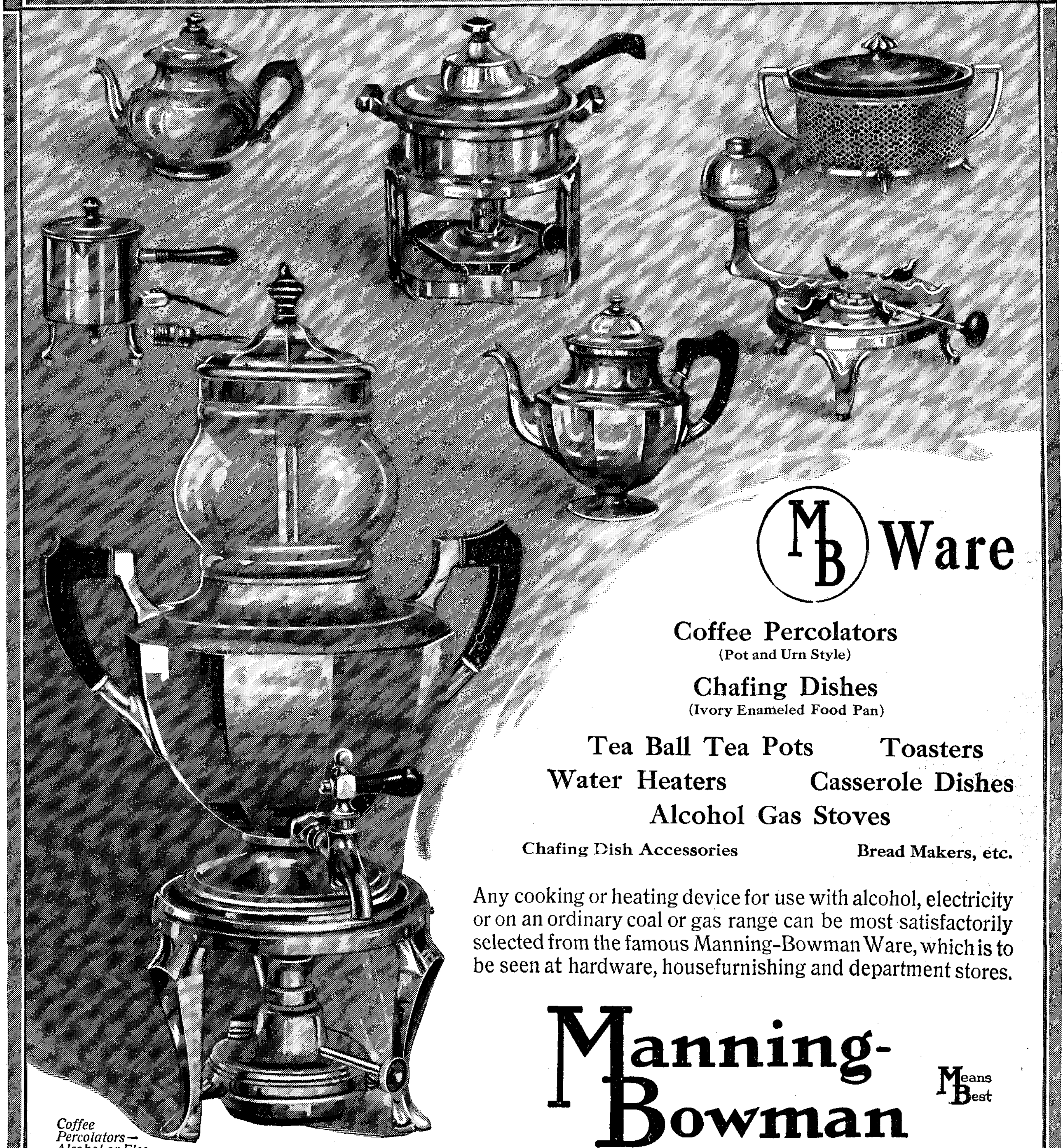
Imperial Germany will be well guided if Von Tirpitz is ever called to the bridge. Sound, sane, and sagacious, still young at sixty-three, a fearless, broad-minded patriot, a bluff sailorman, who presides over an ideal family life, he is a statesman in every fiber, Germany would lose in him a great naval administrator to gain a great Chancellor.

LABOR'S VOICE IN THE CABINET

ALTHO many employers believe they know best what is good for their employees, when the time came to pick a man for the new Cabinet position of Secretary of Labor President Wilson did not look among the financiers of New York, the meat-packers of Chicago, or the ranch-owners of the great plains. He wanted a man who had studied labor and industrial conditions from the inside, so to say, and many seem to suspect that he found pretty near the right sort of person in William B. Wilson, of Pennsylvania. Secretary Wilson has not only been a labor leader himself, but has been a laborer in the true sense of the word. When his father brought him over from Scotland in 1871 he was nine years old and had never been to school. The family settled in Pennsylvania, and the elder Wilson, who was an invalid, found employment in a coal mine. He could not earn as much as a regular hand, and the boy had to work with him to keep the wolf shooed away from their humble door. While engaged in the work young Wilson received what education he could pick up in a helter-skelter way. The elder Wilson's physical weakness lessened his earning capacity, but he was a fairly well-educated man and gave all his spare time to teaching the boy as much as he could from elementary school books. The facts are furnished us by the Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Sun*, whom we quote in part:

> The boy also studied at night, tho after the arduous day's work the evening's study was not usually long. There were few books, but these were thumbed over and over again. His father would take him occasionally to evening debates. In this way he learned to think as older men did, and he learned to talk about things that appealed to the miners as a class. Before he was fourteen he organized a debating society and took an active part in the affairs of the people among whom he lived.
>
> He formed the idea that it was necessary for some one to help the miners improve their condition. A desire to help his fellow men thus became one of the keynotes of his life.
>
> In 1882 Wilson had to give up work in the coal fields. The operators forbade his employment because he had formed a miners' union. They regarded him as a menace to their interests. His union was the outgrowth of the little debating society he had formed.
>
> Unable to get employment at any of the mines of the East, he went to Iowa, where he worked as a fireman on the Illinois Central Railroad. While on the engines by day or night he was studying to be able to teach and lead men and help them. A year later he returned to Tioga County, Pa., and married Miss Agnes Williamson, of Arnot. He then decided to devote his life to the cause of union labor, as he felt that he could do much which would result in better conditions for the laboring men.
>
> When the United Mine Workers of America became an organization in 1890 it was partly due to Wilson's negotiations that the union was formed. As a member of the national executive board of the old Miners' Union he knew so much about the affairs of the workmen that it was decided to adopt his plan.
>
> Some of the difficulties that he had to endure in his efforts to organize the union tested his courage as well as his resourcefulness. Not only were the coal companies against him, but many of the men were hostile. His life was constantly in danger. At times he in disguise would go down into the mines and plead with the men at their work. Had he been caught summary punishment would have been his portion, for the superintendents had given orders that he was to be treated as a trespasser if caught in any of the mines.
>
> He would hold meetings in the woods where the members of the union were out of the range of spies. So successful was he in the work of organizing that the union grew to be one of the most powerful in the United States. It is to-day a great factor in the largest industry in the United States.
>
> It was in the great strike of 1894 that Wilson's loyalty was sorely tried. He had gone to West Virginia to organize the bituminous miners of that State. The operators had him arrested on the charge of "contempt" and then released him thinking that he would leave the district. Instead he began to work more assiduously than ever. He was again arrested. The operators tried to keep him in jail until after the strike was over, but he was released under heavy bail. He held the miners together. A plan, so the story goes, was devised whereby he would be kidnapped, but one of the men selected for the deed went to Wilson, warned him of the plot and thwarted the attempt.
>
> Wilson was president of District No. 2 in 1899 when a violent disturbance in the soft-coal fields of Pennsylvania took place. The men were desperate and on the point of abandoning the strike, when they were without funds and were informed that Wilson had sold them out. At a meeting of the miners some one called for Wilson, and then it was that voices shouted that he dare not come.
>
> The little gathering was probably the turning point in the life of the miners' union in Pennsylvania. Just as they were about to form a plan of capitulating to the operators Wilson's sturdy form was seen pushing through the edge of the crowd. He hurried into the midst of the miners

(*Continued on page* 672)



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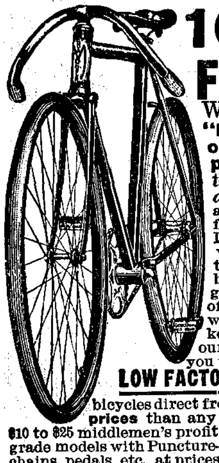

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 670)

and told them that he had been to Clearfield to raise funds for them to renew the struggle. The battle was renewed and the union won.

The next year Wilson was elected secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America, and during the six years he held this position he handled $6,000,000. The miners had so much confidence in him that they did not require a bond. To continue:

While John Mitchell served as the man at the throttle of this great engine of organization, Wilson was the fireman that fed the fuel to the engine. So evenly did he adjust the supply to the demand that at no time were the financial interests of the organization imperiled. He worked day and night to have the machinery of the union run as smoothly as that of any great corporation.

In the strikes of 1900 and 1902 he furnished the funds for feeding and clothing the miners, altho informed that Judge Keller had granted an injunction restraining him from supplying food and clothes to the striking miners.

"An injunction," said he, "that restrains me from furnishing food to hungry men, women, and children when I have in my possession the means to aid them will be violated by me until the necessity of providing food has been removed or the corporeal power of the court overwhelms me. I will treat it as I would an order of a judge to stop breathing."

Meanwhile his family was growing. Ten children became the members of his home at Blossburg, Pa. To support them he has had a hard struggle. Before the union paid him a sufficient wage he worked at nearly every trade. There is hardly any kind of manual labor that he has not performed.

He has worked in the woods, in the sawmills, and prospected for coal. In a manner he became an independent coal operator, for he purchased a little coal mine of his own out of savings and sold the coal that he had picked himself to the people about the countryside at a profit, tho below the market price.

In 1896 he rented a little farm at Blossburg, which he has since purchased. He has resided there ever since. His wife would rather live there than at Washington. It is doubtful whether or not she will make her home with him in the capital. Of the six sons and four daughters, the eldest, Agnes, is her father's official secretary.

During Wilson's campaign for Congress she accompanied her father on his tour of the Fifteenth district, which includes Lycoming, Potter, and Tioga counties. On one occasion when her father was unable to address the meeting this girl spoke to it earnestly and simply. She told them what a good man her father was.

So magnetic was the charm of the girl that the demand for her to take the stump all over the district was spontaneous. She did so and the battle was won. Elias Deemer, a wealthy lumber man, was defeated in one of the hitherto strongest Republican districts of the State.

As a member of Congress Secretary Wilson was identified with constructive legislation. It was through his efforts that the Bureau of Mines was created. In defending his bills in the House he was immediately recognized as a man of considerable will power. He was then made the chairman of the Committee on Labor. Since then he worked for the creation of the Department of Labor, which he now heads.

Wilson is a Presbyterian. His family at Blossburg regularly attends the little country church. Wilson's friends believe that he will measure fully up to the standard of a Cabinet post.

PITCHING IN A "PINCH"

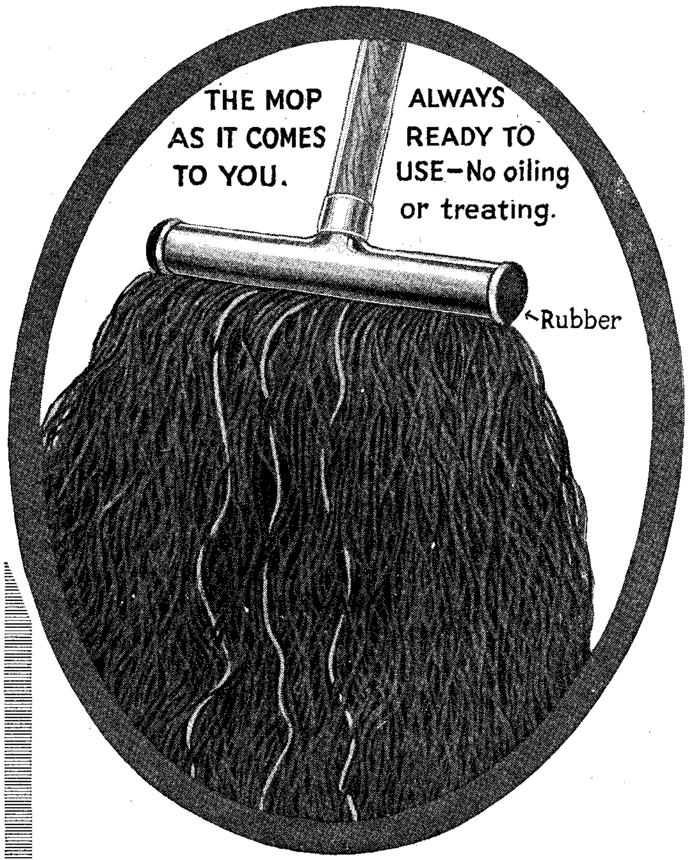
It is in a "pinch" that the great baseball twirler really shows his hand. Then he must serve the batsman with the most dazzling curves and uncork his greatest speed. It is a matter of common knowledge among the more discriminating fans that some of the best pitchers never do much hard work until somebody lands at first or second base with a fair chance of getting around to home plate safely. The work of some of the twirlers at critical moments is described by "Billy" Evans, the American League umpire and former newspaper reporter, in the New York *Times*, from which we quote in part:

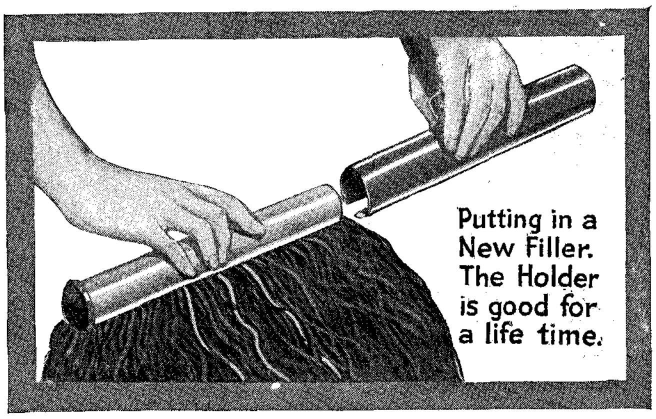
How often have you seen a pitcher, regarded as a weak batsman, step to the plate with two down, and connect for a beautiful single? You marvel that he has been able to make more than a foul off the crack pitcher who is opposing him. A few innings later the pitcher again steps to the plate, but conditions are entirely different. The team in the field has a two-run lead, there are men on second and third bases and two out; a base-hit will tie up the game. How often have you seen this batsman, who a few innings previously seemed to connect without any trouble, strike out on three pitched balls?

You wonder to yourself how a batsman who hit the ball with such ease one time could be made to look so foolish the next time he stepped to the plate. Conditions make the difference. In the first instance, there was nothing at stake, the bases were empty, two men were out, and the pitcher was loafing. Pitchers, as a rule have little respect for other pitchers as batters. The result is that the weakest kind of a hitter will often step to the plate, with nothing at stake, and hit for a single or double with as much ease as would Wagner, Cobb, Lajoie, Magee, Speaker, or any of the other skilled batsmen.

On the second appearance of the pitcher at the plate conditions are entirely different. The team-mates of the twirler in the field have got him a two-run lead and he is striving to maintain the advantage. Two men are out and two on bases and the pitcher realizes that a base-hit will tie up the game. No longer does he regard the pitcher as a weak hitter, no matter how poor his reputation may be

(*Continued on page* 674)


THE MOP AS IT COMES TO YOU.
ALWAYS READY TO USE—No oiling or treating.
Rubber


Putting in a New Filler. The Holder is good for a life time.

The B-B DUSTLESS MOP

is the only mop manufactured under a United States patent that precludes all possibility of spontaneous combustion. Mops which have to be oiled are dangerous.

A Perfected Dustless Mop and Floor Polisher that never has to be oiled or treated—always ready

The B-B is a dry mop which has been chemically treated so that it absorbs every speck of dust it touches and leaves the floor beautifully polished.

The dust can only be removed by washing the mop in warm water. The mop is perfectly dry and can be used on wall paper or delicate rugs and draperies without injuring them in the least. It will not dull varnish nor injure a wax finish. You do not have to apply oil—the B-B is always ready for instant use and retains its full efficiency until the yarn is actually worn out. Then all you have to do is to unscrew one cap, draw out the old mop and insert a new filler. The holder is made of solid steel and will never wear out nor break. The handle cannot work loose. The ends of holder are rubber, which prevents injury to furniture. This Perfected Mop solves the problem of caring for hardwood floors, whether varnished or waxed. It cleans them perfectly, removing every particle of dust, and leaves a fine polish. Over one million women are daily using B-B Dustless Mops, Dust Cloths, Utility Brushes, Broom Covers and other B-B Dustless Specialties.

TRADE **B-B** MARK **DUSTLESS MOP $1.25**

You can buy the B-B Dustless Mop from most Hardware, Dry Goods and Grocery Stores. It costs $1.25. Separate fillers, 75c. If your dealer does not carry B-B Dustless Specialties send us his name and we will send you, express prepaid, to your door, all of the following B-B Dustless Specialties: B-B Dustless Mop, $1.25; B-B Dustless Utility Brush, 50c; B-B Dustless Dust Cloth, 25c. Use them 10 days. If you like them send us $2.00, otherwise return them without paying a cent. Clip coupon to-day.

TO THE DEALER

This advertisement is simply one in an extensive series that will appear in all the leading publications to tell women in every part of the country about the new Re-fill B-B Mop, which they recognize at once as superior to any other mop on the market. Its advantages are so apparent that it sells itself on sight. We want the most progressive dealer in your town. Write your jobber or communicate with us direct.

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401 Binney Street, Cambridge C, Mass.

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have received most remarkable endorsements from the "Speed Kings of Motordom."

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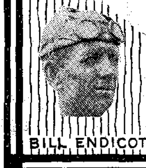

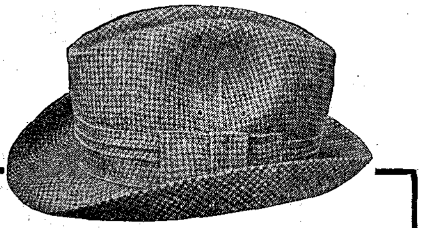

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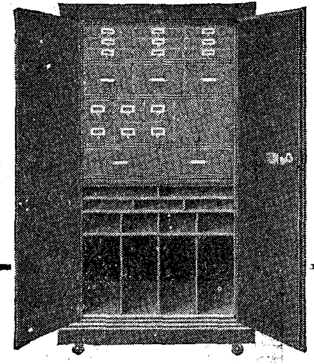

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Agencies in most cities. If you don't find us in your telephone directory address the home office.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 672)

as a batsman. The pitcher is given just as much consideration as tho he were hitting .400.

"Put something on the ball, old boy," exhorts the catcher. "This fellow is a pretty good hitter." In a whisper he is probably saying that to the batter. "You will be lucky to make a foul tip this time. Last time up you fell away from a fast one that hit your bat, and resulted in a base-hit. If I had your luck I'd have a cinch every year."

"If that fellow makes a base-hit," says the shortstop to the pitcher, "you better ask waivers on yourself and go back to the farm."

"If I had as much stuff as you," yells the third sacker, "that fellow would never need trouble about bringing his bat up to the plate. He could take his three strikes from the bench just as easily."

While the players in the field are telling the pitcher what a mark the batter is, and impressing on him the fact that he ought to quit if the batter hits safely, the other side is taking an entirely opposite view of the situation.

"One of those morning-practise swats will break it up," yells the coacher at third.

"Look, Jimmy, they are sending another pitcher out to warm up," yells the man first to the batter. "Come through with a base-hit and he will be ready for the blanket and a trip to the stable." All the players on the bench are keeping up a continual chatter of encouragement and recalling his swat of a few innings previous.

In the meantime the pitcher is going about his work with a deliberation that he knows is worrying the batter. He had made up his mind to put everything he has on the ball. He hurls the first one with terrific speed over the inside corner of the plate. It is a strike, yet it narrowly missed the batter, who was hugging the plate, expecting a curve.

"If you must hit him, hit him on the head," advises the second sacker. "It will do the least damage there, and you don't want to hurt anybody."

The batter smiles faintly, tells what he will do if the next one is over, but it will be noticed that he has pulled considerably away from the plate. The pitcher and catcher also notice the shift in positions. The next two balls are curves on the outside, both of which are missed by a foot. That is pitching in a pinch. Any player will tell you how much harder it is to hit the ball on such occasions than when nothing depends on your efforts. The difference is largely in the style of pitching that is served you in a pinch and otherwise.

Pitchers like Mathewson, Johnson, Rucker, Walsh, Alexander, Bender, O'Toole, Coombs—in fact, nine-tenths of the twirlers known as real stars—are at their best in a pinch. National League batters will tell you there is nothing particularly mystifying about Mathewson's delivery when nothing is at stake. These same batters will tell you that Matty is a prize conundrum in a pinch. American League hitters will tell you that there is a big difference in hitting Walter Johnson when he is putting on his stuff or easing them over. Batters will tell you that no thirteen-inch gun could possibly hurl an object through the air faster than Johnson heaves that baseball when a hit means the game.

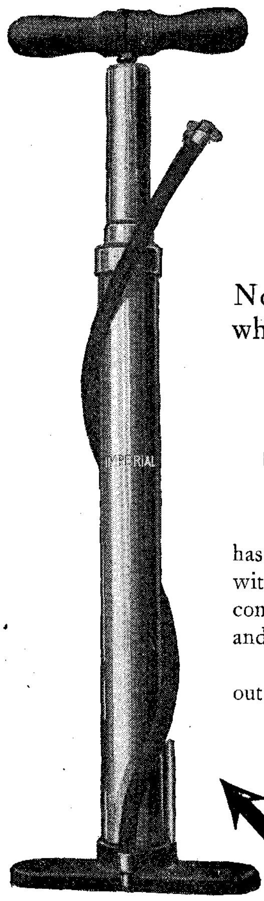
Pitchers who are successful in a pinch are the pitchers who don't have to put everything they have on the ball at all stages of the game in order to win. They are the fellows who can get along with the ordinary stuff, and always have something in reserve. When the pinch presents itself they are the fellows who can show just a bit better curve than they have been dishing up, who can increase their speed or "swift," as Nick Altrock elects to call it, by several notches.

THE CHARMS OF TAHITI

STEVENSON in one of his books says that if a man who is toiling in some town were to be suddenly transported to one of the South Sea Islands, in the neighborhood of Tahiti, and had a vision of the beauty that is there, and then were to be taken back to his prosaic surroundings, he would say, "At any rate, I have had my dream." That is how one feels on seeing Tahiti—at least, it was the way Maurice Baring, an English war correspondent, who recently took a trip around the world and wrote down some of his observations for *The Metropolitan Magazine*, felt when he visited the Polynesian paradise. The place has been described by many writers who were there ahead of Mr. Baring, but he saw it from some new angles, and his description is enough to make a confirmed stay-at-home wish he could spend a vacation there every now and then. It must be the best place in all the world for tired folks. We read:

> The Bay of Papeete curves inward. As you sail into it you are sure to see several white schooners at anchor. At one side is a range of light-blue volcanic hills stretching out into the crystalline sea, reminding one of Naples, Capri, and Sorrento, and in the middle of the bay there is a tiny little island, consisting of a few coco-palms. The sea is a transparent azure; little white houses are dotted all along the line of the beach, nestling in greenery. We got there in the afternoon and landed at once. We walked along the beach into the little town and into the suburbs of it. It was spring in Tahiti, and every kind of imaginable blossom was flaunting its reckless and extravagant beauty. Everything grows wild in Tahiti. Nobody seems to bother about gardening or anything of that kind. It is not only the lilies that do not toil nor spin, but the gardeners also. In the matter of gardens, the mere unaided results of nature are so prodigious that the imagination is staggered to think of what might be done supposing an energetic gardener were let loose in these islands and allowed to try experiments. He would produce such a garden as the world has never seen.
>
> I scarcely knew the names of any of the flowers or any of the blossoms which I saw. There were mango-trees, laden with mangoes which were not yet ripe, bamboo

(*Continued on page* 676)



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has abolished all the muscle-wrenching drudgery of tire pumping. You can pump up a tire faster and easier with this pump than with any other pump on the market. The reason is that it has triple cylinders, triple compression, and is double acting. The air is drawn into the pump and compressed in three successive stages, and not with one compression, as with most tire pumps.

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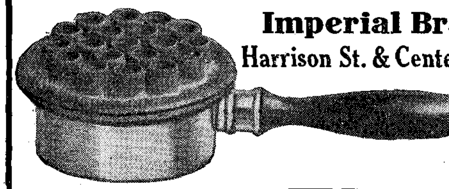

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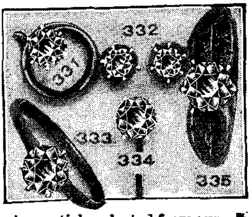

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 674)

trees, bread-fruit vines, coco palms, banana-trees, hibiscus bushes, a tree with a bright pink blossom which looked like a Judas-tree, but which was not one, bushes with intense mauve and deep lilac-colored flowers, and broad avenues of large green trees which shaded the road from the hot sun with great fanlike branches. As we walked along this avenue, on both sides of which there are little houses, we caught glimpses of wonderfully luxuriant and untrained gardens.

There seemed to be no birds except blackbirds and mina birds, which were hopping about in great numbers.

The people seemed extraordinarily contented and invincibly indolent. I was walking along the main street and I wanted to get to the post-office, which I knew was somewhere along that street. I stopt at a store and asked whether I was going the right way. The storekeeper—who was a Frenchman—said, "Yes, you are going right." I then asked if it was far. The storekeeper said it was very far indeed; it would take me a good quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to walk there. I asked him if I could hire a conveyance as I was in a hurry. He shook his head and thought it unlikely. I then went on my way. I thought I would just time myself and see how long it did take to reach the post-office. I walked fast, but I found, to my amazement, that it took me exactly three minutes to get there. Doubtless it would have taken a native of Tahiti twenty minutes. There is no such thing as hurry and no such thing as energy in these islands.

At five o'clock in the evening the football boys gave a display in front of the governor's house, and crowds of natives witnessed it. After that we all went to bathe in the bay, where sharks rarely come, altho they do come sometimes.

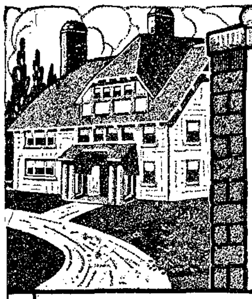
In the evening we went to a picture show, where there was a boxing-match between some native champions.

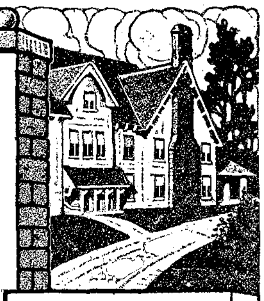
The people say that if you once drink of the water of Tahiti you will be bound to go there again, and I do not wonder at this. It is certainly the most fascinating and most beautiful spot I have ever seen. Its fascination lies not so much in the profusion and wealth of its luxuriant vegetation and exotic coloring as in its subtle and indescribable charm. You do not feel as if you were in a hot-house. You feel as if you were in a most delicious country. You walk along the side of streams where you see people doing their washing; you hear the cry of poultry; you see people driving oxen along the shady road. There is a wonderful fragrance in the air. Schooners come into the harbor from nearby islands, the Marquesas Islands, and others. The Europeans walking about in their white clothes do not look like the Europeans you see in Ceylon, all washed out and wearied from the heat and strain; they look as if they were enjoying life, as if they were happy to be here.

There is a large Chinese population in Tahiti, but they busy themselves for the most part with agriculture. They do not do much work for the white people. The labor problem in Tahiti is consequently very vexatious for the white people. It is difficult to get work done at all; therefore, life in Tahiti is expensive. Often, for instance, the natives on market-day will bring no meat to the market, because it bothers them to do so. Of course, if white people consented to live entirely on fruit, as the natives do, the question would be solved; and certainly the fruit there is excellent. But man can not live by breadfruit alone. He insists on sucking-pigs and other more substantial delicacies, and to get these in Tahiti he has to pay money.

There is only one hotel in Tahiti, a small two-story building. There are many French stores, the governor's house, the post-office, and a theater. The island is much less progressive than Fiji, but it is expected to be a much busier place after the Panama Canal is opened. Mr. Baring goes on with his ecstatic story:

> I understand why Stevenson liked the South Seas above all things. I also understand why he was so loath to write descriptive articles about them. They are things to be seen; they are places to be seen and lived in, not to be written about. The pen can give no idea of their charm. Stevenson does it in his stories, and so does another well-known author—Louis Becke—who is rightly supposed to be the best writer of fiction on the South Seas.
>
> Lying at anchor in Papeete harbor, there was a magnificent sailing-vessel which had come from San Francisco. It may not be very long before such vessels cease to exist altogether. Every day wind-jammers are being turned into steamers, and sailing-vessels become fewer and fewer. It is a melancholy fact for those who love the sea.
>
> We only stayed at Papeete twenty-four hours. If you stayed longer than that you would have to stay there a month, because the steamers call there only once a month. Tahiti is not connected by cable with any other country. Loath as I was to go at the end of the twenty-four hours, I felt it was a good thing that I was doing so, otherwise I should have been tempted to remain there for the rest of my life. Apart from other things, the climate is intoxicatingly pleasant; hot, but not too hot; prodigal at sunset of gorgeous effects of color and light; indescribably wonderful in the night-time.
>
> The most beautiful spots in Tahiti are inland on the island, and it would take about a month to see the place properly. Papeete possesses three public automobiles for hire. I tried the whole of the morning on the day we left to get one of them, but they had all gone out. Apart from this, there are a few little carriages driven by Chinamen, which serve as cabs, but the drivers appear to go to sleep in the daytime and only appear in the evening. The result was one had to walk about on one's feet the whole time, and at the end of the morning I did not wonder that the inhabitants of this island are disinclined to make strenuous efforts. It is the kind of place where you are perfectly satisfied to do nothing. That morning, nevertheless, was one of the most enjoyable I have ever spent. I walked up and down the streets looking again and again at the gorgeous colored blossoms and the wonderful green trees.
>
> Between the hours of eleven and one o'clock the stores are shut, and the busi-





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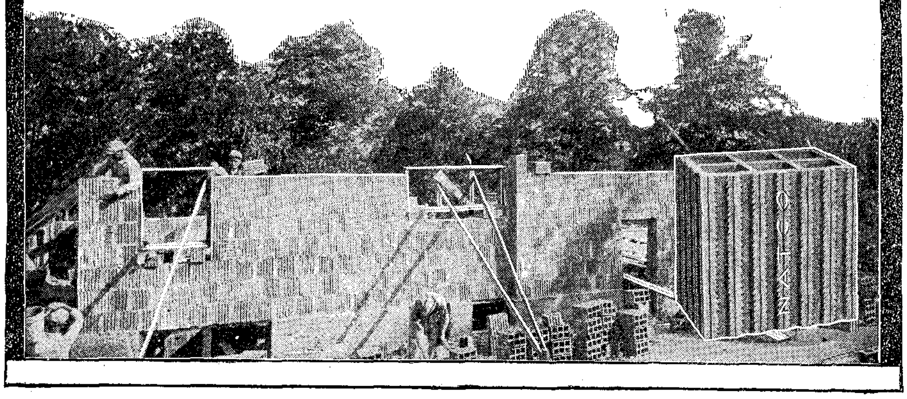

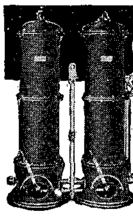

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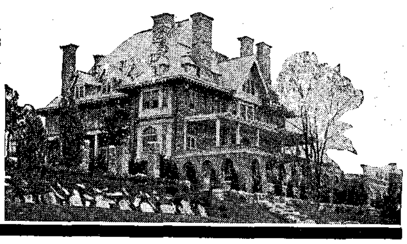

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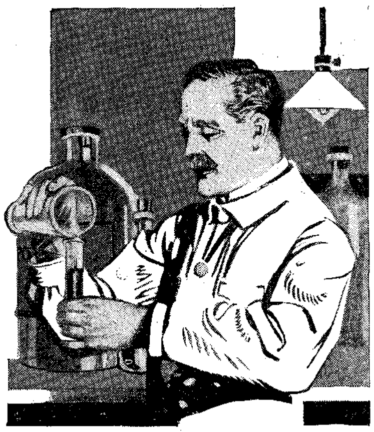

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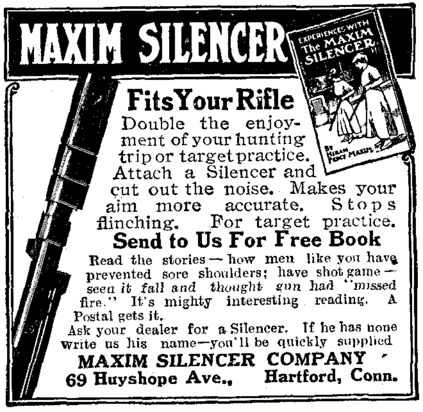
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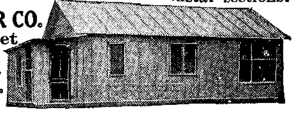

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ness of life is interrupted for the midday meal and subsequent repose.

We left Tahiti in the afternoon; the greater part of the population came down to the wharf to see us off. We left feeling like Ulysses when he was driven by force from the island of Calypso. And I for one, in any case, felt that come what might, I had had my dream. I had a glimpse of Eden, a peep into the earthly paradise.

I have seen many of the beautiful corners of the world: a lake in Manchuria covered with large pink lotus-flowers, as delicate as the landscape on a piece of oriental china, as mysterious as one of the old-fashioned impressionist pictures of Monet. I have seen *Linfa*, the desert ruin of the Roman Campagna, rising from waters thick with water lilies, and a wilderness of leaves, like a castle which an enchanter has bade go to sleep for hundreds of years.

I have seen the Scilly Isles, that island which is a whole garden set in the bluest of seas. I have seen Capri, and the Greek islands, and Busa in Asia Minor, in the spring, when the nightingales sing all day, and the roses are in full bloom and the noise of running water is forever in your ears.

But never have I seen anything so captivating as Tahiti, as those long, shady walks, those great green trees, that reckless, untutored glory of blossom and foliage, those fruits, those flowers, and the birdlike talk of those careless natives who wreathe themselves with flowers, and are happy without working, and who put scarlet flowers behind their ears to signify they are going to enjoy themselves; to have a good time; to paint the town red.

HOW THREE QUAKERS DEFEATED UNCLE SAM

HOW a Quaker feels when the Government drafts him into the Army, despite his ardent religious scruples against warfare of any kind, is told in the diary of Cyrus Guernsey Pringle, who, with two fellow Quakers, was forced into the service at their home village of Charlotte, Vermont, in 1863. Pringle died recently, and the record of his experiences is published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. When Pringle's relatives learned that he had been drafted, a well-to-do uncle offered to pay the price of a substitute, but that did not set any better with the young man's conscience than the idea of going into battle and shooting down his fellow men.

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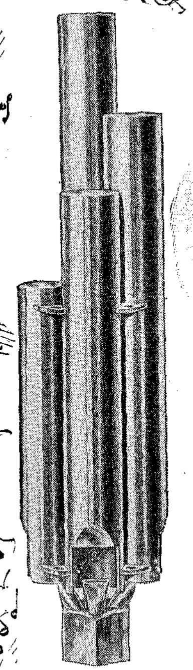
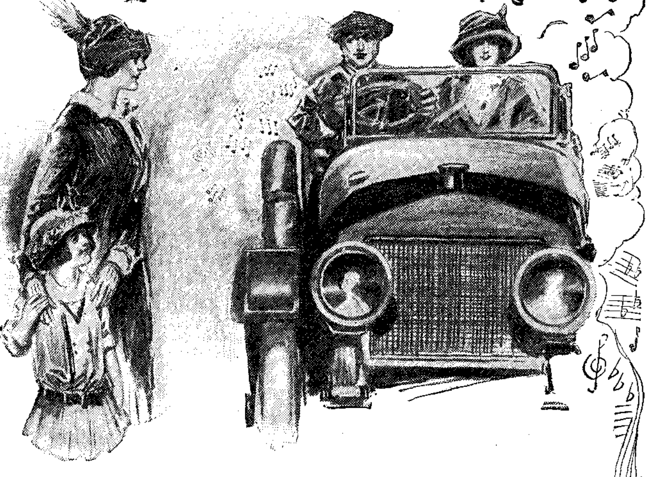
Pringle and one of his companions, whom he calls "W. L. D.," appeared before the Provost-Marshal and stated their cases, but their efforts to evade the law were useless, at least for the time being, altho they did manage to have their departure delayed for about a month. Pringle, "W. L. D." and "L. M. M.," the third of the trio, were finally taken to Brattleboro; and there they wrote to Governor Holbrook, asking him to intercede for them. Holbrook did not answer their letter, and in a day or two they were transferred to Camp Vermont, on Long Island, in Boston Harbor. Here another effort was made to obtain their release, of which Pringle wrote:

> L. M. M. and I appeared before the Captain commanding this camp with a statement of our cases. He listened to us respectfully, and promised to refer us to the General commanding here, General Devens; and in the meantime released us from duty. In a short time afterward he passed us in our tent, asking our names. We have not heard from him, but do not drill or stand guard; so, we suppose, his release was confirmed. At that interview a young lieutenant sneeringly told us he thought we had better throw away our scruples and fight in the service of the country; and as we told the Captain we could neither accept pay, he laughed mockingly, and said he would not stay here for $13.00 per month. He gets more than a hundred, I suppose.

Pringle and L. M. M. were called upon to do "fatigue duty." Wishing to relieve the burdens of some of the other men, they went out; but they had not been on duty very long before they decided that any kind of service was wrong. The consequence was that they were put in the guard-house. Nine days later this was added to the diary:

> A Massachusetts major, the officer of the day, in his inspection of the guard-house came into our room to-day. We were lying on the floor engaged in reading and writing. He was apparently surprized at this, and inquired the name of our books; and finding the Bible and Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," observed that they were good books. I can not say if he knew we were Friends, but he asked us why we were in here.
>
> Like all officers, he proceeded to reason with us, and to advise us to serve, presenting no comfort if we still persisted in our course. He informed us of a young Friend, Edward W. Holway, of Sandwich, Mass., having been yesterday under punishment in the camp by his orders, who was to-day doing service about camp. He said he was not going to put his Quaker in the guard-house, but was going to bring him to work by punishment. We were filled with deep sympathy for him, and desired to cheer him by kind words as well as by the knowledge of our similar situation. We obtained permission of the Major to write to him a letter open to his inspection. "You may be sure," said E. W. H. to us at W., "the Major did not allow it to leave his hands."





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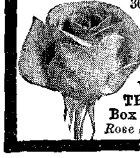

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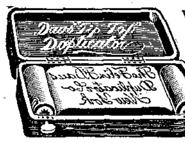

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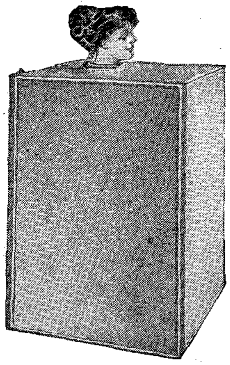

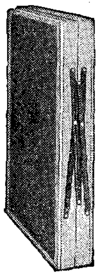

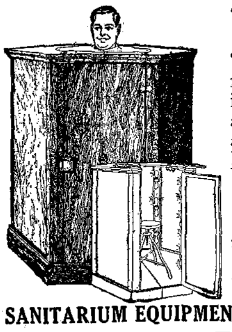

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Two days later they received a letter from a friend who said he had tried to get the President to release them, but had failed. The President felt bound by the Conscription Act, but was willing to transfer them from field duty to the hospital service. They wrote back to their friend, telling him they were unwilling to "purchase life at the cost of a soul." Some of their fellow Friends urged them to accept the President's offer. This Pringle characterized as "the cruelest blow of all." They were removed to Culpeper, Virginia, along with the rest of the regiment, and the officers again tried in vain to force them to obey orders. The Quakers were taken to Washington and there told that they must bear arms. The lieutenant in command of their company ordered Pringle to clean a gun, and when the Quaker refused, the lieutenant sent for two sergeants and had them bind him and tie his feet and hands to four stakes driven into the ground so as to make his body form an X. And—

I was very quiet in my mind as I lay there on the ground (soaked) with the rain of the previous day, exposed to the heat of the sun, and suffering keenly from the cords binding my wrists and straining my muscles. And, if I dared the presumption, I should say that I caught a glimpse of heavenly pity. I wept, not so much from my own suffering as from sorrow that such things should be in our own country, where Justice and Freedom and Liberty of

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Conscience have been the annual boast of Fourth-of-July orators so many years. It seemed that our forefathers in the faith had wrought and suffered in vain, when the privileges they so dearly bought were so soon set aside. And I was sad, that one endeavoring to follow our dear Master should be so generally regarded as a despicable and stubborn culprit.

After something like an hour had passed, the lieutenant came with his orderly to ask me if I was ready to clean the gun. I replied to the orderly asking the question, that it could but give me pain to be asked or required to do anything I believed wrong. He repeated it to the lieutenant just behind him, who advanced and addrest me. I was favored to improve the opportunity to say to him a few things I wished. He said little; and, when I had finished, he withdrew with the others who had gathered around. About the end of another hour his orderly came and released me.

I arose and sat on the ground. I did not rise to go away. I had not where to go, nothing to do. As I sat there my heart swelled with joy from above. The consolation and sweet fruit of tribulation patiently endured. But I also grieved, that the world was so far gone astray, so cruel and blind. It seemed as if the gospel of Christ had never been preached upon earth, and the beautiful example of his life had been utterly lost sight of.

Shortly after this incident the Quakers were taken to the offices of the War Department and released on parole. Ostensibly they were supposed to be subject to recall by the Department, but it was understood by all directly concerned that they should never be molested again.

THE FADS OF ISAAC PITMAN

Every inventor is expected to have a hobby or two, but Isaac Pitman, the perfecter of the first system of shorthand, had a great variety of them. Luckily for his own and for future generations, he rode one of his hobby-horses to the journey's end, and completed his system of phonography. He stuck to his one great mission with unflagging application, but this did not prevent him from diversifying his interests, and many of the things he did and the theories to which he profest to adhere stamped him a crank in the eyes of the conventional-minded. He was one of the early advocates of phonetic spelling, and whenever he pruned down a word, it took a pretty good lexicographer to identify it. Some interesting facts about his career are found in a new and enlarged edition of Alfred Baker's "Life of Sir Isaac Pitman," just off the presses of the house of Pitman in London, which is reviewed in the New York *Sun*. Of his bents in religion, diet, politics, and music, we read:

He was a zealous disciple of Swedenborg, having yielded to the spell of the mystic's doctrine so early as 1838; indeed, as he

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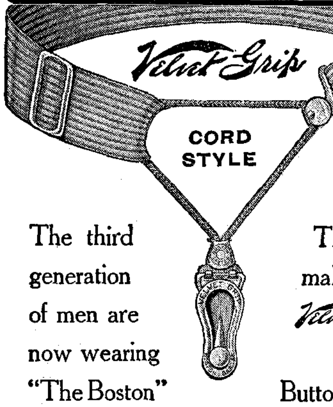

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did not voluntarily withdraw from his earlier profest Wesleyanism he was expelled from that body. In later years this youthful asperity was toned down greatly; he acquired profound respect for the religious convictions of others, and his relations with the clergy and members of other communions were "of the most cordial character."

It was then, too, while living in the ancient Gloucestershire town of Wotton-under-Edge, a schoolmaster in his twenties, that he "knocked the bung out of his beer-barrel and poured its contents down the sewer," the beginning of a faithfully continued abstinence, and that he became a vegetarian. The record runs: "An unsuccessful attempt to kill a fowl for the cook led to humanitarian reflections and a resolve to dispense with animal food." Supplementary influences were the example of friends, the reading of "Queen Mab," and the commanding force upon his tendency to a near fanaticism of the herbivorous Scripture in Genesis i. 29. However spiritual the impulse, the result was beneficially physical, for promptly attendant upon the change in diet came welcome relief from the distresses of dyspepsia.

In politics Isaac Pitman was an earnest Liberal. His interest in politics began with the agitations that led up to the Reform Bill of 1832. He wrote to Gladstone: "We commenced our public life in the same year, 1832, you as Member for Newark and I as master of the British School at Bouton-on-Humber." He was a free-trader and a home-ruler and is said to have spoken on political subjects with conciseness and brevity. He was a propagandist of peace and "took a considerable interest in several societies whose titles began with 'Anti,' more particularly in those which were opposed to vaccination, vivisection, and tobacco."

He was a booklover, took an active part in establishing a free library in Bath, and made numerous gifts of books to other public libraries. He was something of a musician, playing the flute and the piano. In his youth printed music was an expensive luxury, and he copied "with remarkable neatness and accuracy" hundreds of pages of music. He sang bass in the Bath Sacred Harmonic Society, and composed one or two hymn tunes. In 1859, when there was discussion of the uniformity of musical pitch he compiled a table exhibiting "the number of vibrations in each note in comparison with every other note in the octave."

After phonography and in natural connection with that science the greatest of the Pitmans was a student of phonetics, a pioneer in "simplified" spelling. In 1893 he founded a "Speling Leeg."

The almost fanatical zeal that in his fads found exaggerated expression, coupled with his extraordinary power of concentration, was to a great extent responsible for his ultimate success. Underneath his superficialities was a vein of practical business acumen. To conclude:

The father of phonography was born at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, January 4, 1813. His work won him fame, fortune, and knighthood; and long before the end of his useful and honorable career, in 1897, he had witnessed the triumphant establishment as a universal standard of the shorthand system that he invented and with a lifetime's faithful labor brought to its perfection. If, however, to the shades of departed benefactors of their kind it is granted to follow the mundane fates of the products of their inventive genius, excellent Sir Isaac must marvel at the advances that have been scored by his instrument of graphic art in the last sixteen years.

A serious, hard-working boy, his schooling came to an early end. He became a clerk, toiled at his desk all day and studied at night. Part of his self-education was a conscientious, comprehensive study of the dictionary. Then a few months more of the formal education of the schools and he became himself a schoolmaster. Correct pronunciation was one of his schoolroom hobbies, and his habit of phonetic analysis, begun so early in life, was a tool of supreme usefulness when he took up that study of shorthand which was to result in his remaking of a lame expedient into an exact and wonder-working science.

HOW McADOO WON CASSATT OVER

FRIENDS of William G. McAdoo have an idea that he looks very much like Abraham Lincoln. The new Secretary of the Treasury is over six feet tall, has long legs and arms, and his frame is loosely jointed; but the resemblance to Lincoln is more marked in the face. The Boston *Journal* finishes the description of his personality and goes on to tell how he convinced the head of a great railway system that it was better to sacrifice a ferry business than to turn down an offer to connect the railroad's New Jersey terminal with the McAdoo tunnels. We read of the new guardian of the Treasury:

There is the high brow, the dark, pensive eyes, sunken beneath heavy, overhanging brows; the high cheek-bones, furrowed cheeks, tightly drawn mouth with a quizzical turn at the ends; the long nose and square jaw and abundant dark hair. A deliberateness of speech, a faculty of incisive reasoning, and an aptness for old saws and modern instances carry out the parallel.

While great developments, unthought of in the original scheme, were under way, Mr. McAdoo proposed to his directors to build the vast underground terminal in lower Manhattan.

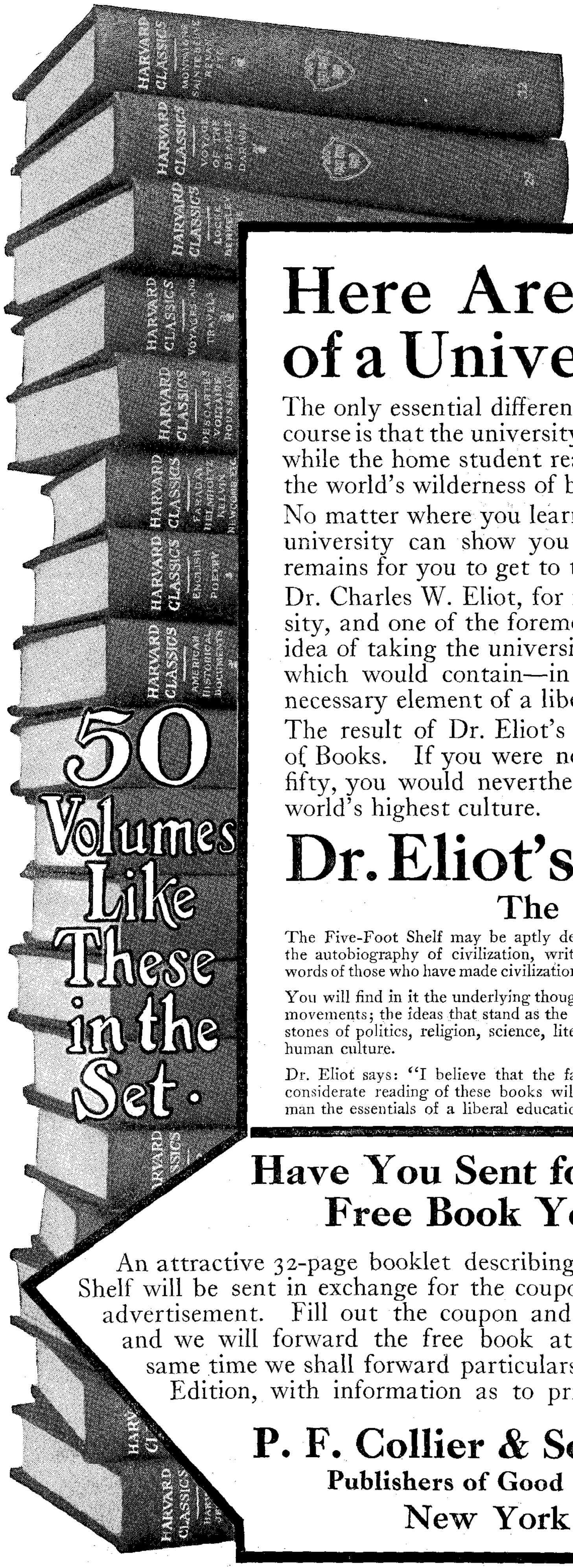
"The thing will never pay," cried timid financiers.

"But we'll make it pay," said McAdoo. Then he elaborated the plan for the twenty-two-story office building on the site of the terminal.

Shortly after starting work on the lower tunnels McAdoo called on Alexander J. Cassatt, then president of the Pennsylvania railroad. He had a plan for the Pennsylvania to transfer its passengers to lower Manhattan by the McAdoo tube.

"You are proposing to destroy the only profitable ferry the Pennsylvania has," said Mr. Cassatt, "but I believe your plan shows the best facilities. We'll tie up with you."

Mr. Cassatt called a meeting of his directors, and the contract was authorized.



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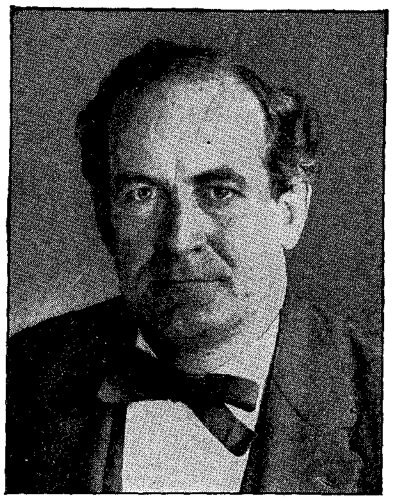

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Experienced.—EMPLOYER—"Do you know the duties of an office boy?"

OFFICE BOY—"Yes, sir; wake up the bookkeeper when I hear the boss coming."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Recruits.—JIGSON—"Hear you have had an addition to your family."

NUGSON—"Yes, two."

JIGSON—"Twins?"

NUGSON—"No—a baby boy and my wife's mother."—*Tit-Bits.*

Münchausen, Jr.—'AROLD—"Who giv' yer yer black eye, Jimmie?"

JIMMIE—"No one. I was lookin' thro' a knot-hole in the fence at a football match, an' got it sunburnt."—*London Sketch.*

Worth It.—"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

"No, my lord, there is nothin' I care to say; but if you'll clear away the tables and chairs for me to thrash my lawyer, you can give me a year or two extra."—*Tit-Bits.*

That's the Question.—"Here is a story of a Chicago woman who says that present marriage laws make woman the slave of man," said the square-jawed matron as she looked up from the newspaper.

"Why don't they enforce the law, then?" meekly asked Mr. Henpecke.—*Buffalo Express.*

Right Away.—ORATOR—"Now, then, is there anybody in the audience who would like to ask a question?"

VOICE—"Yes, sir; how soon is the band going to play?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Wanted to Swap.—Two Kansas City lawyers, whose names are withheld for obvious reasons, declare that they were present when the following incident occurred:

Uncle Mose was a chronic thief who usually managed to keep within the petty-larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny.

"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.

"No, sah."

"Well, to be perfectly fair, I'll appoint a couple. Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."

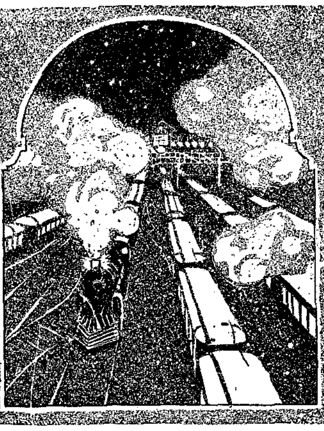
"What's dat?"

"Act as your lawyers—consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty."

"Yas, sah."

Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers. The judge caught only the word *alibi*, several times repeated. Then Mose arose, scratched his head, and addrest the court:

"Jedge, yoh Honah," he said. "Cou'se Ah's only an ign'ant niggah, an' Ah don' want toh bothah yoh Honah, but Ah would suttinly like toh trade, yoh Honah, one ob dese yeah lawyers foh a witness."—*Everybody's Magazine.*



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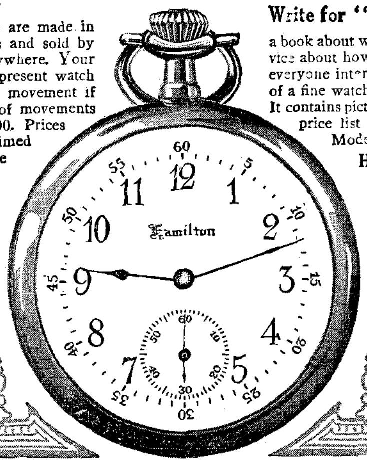

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Naturally.—JANE—"Would you marry a man who was your inferior?"

MARY—"If I marry at all."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Reluctant.—"Remember, Arthur, you are the son of a gentleman. Try to behave like one for just one day."

"All right, mother, but it will spoil the whole day for me."—*Life.*

Poor Rules.—"You say you're so good. Why didn't you enter the amateur broad jump?"

"Rules didn't suit me."

"Why not?"

"They wanted to start us off with a pistol shot, and I do my best jumping when I hear an auto horn."—*Washington Herald.*

Long-Headed.—Senator Lodge was talking in Boston about certain investigating committees.

"They are like the brook," he said. "They flow on forever. Some of them, in fact, remind me strongly of Si Hoskins.

"Si Hoskins got a job last spring at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran the mill-owner's dam.

"There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee, and, finding him thus one morning, I said:

"'What are you doing, Si?'

"'I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir,' he answered. 'They're underminin' the dam.'

"'There goes one now,' said I. 'Shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?'

"Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said:

"'Do you think I want to lose my job?'"—*New York Tribune.*

Clever Daughter.—"Mamma, don't you think Schiller quite out of date?"

"I certainly do."

"I'm so glad. I just smashed his statuette in the drawing room."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

A Real Husky.—"Is that big risk you took a good one?" inquired the president.

"Positive," replied the local manager. "The man has just been pardoned from a Federal prison because he hasn't much longer to live."—*Puck.*

Criminal Sarcasm.—EX-HERO—"Ah, my boy, when I played 'Hamlet' the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the house."

VICIOUS EX-COMEDIAN (coldly)—"Was he lame?"—*New York American.*

Wrong Above the Ears.—OWNER OF CAR—"Why did you leave your last place?"

CHAUFFEUR—"The guy I worked for went crazy. Started shingling his house when his car needed new tires."—*Puck.*

Dad's Destination.—HIS DAD—"Johnny, where will you be when you are a middle-aged man if you keep up this kind of conduct?"

JOHNNY—"Dunno. I know where you'll be, but I ain't a-goin' to tell."—*Judge.*

Comforting.—DAUBER—"Podgers, the art critic, has roasted my picture unmercifully."

FRIEND—"Don't mind that fellow. He's no ideas of his own; he only repeats like a parrot what others say."—*Boston Transcript.*

Heaven Below.—SUITOR—"I have no bad habits. I don't smoke or drink."

FATHER—"Neither has my daughter. She doesn't play or sing."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Solved Living Cost.—"I understand your husband is a man of great abilities."

"He certainly is. He beat up four bill collectors yesterday so they can't come back for six months."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

March 7.—The British steamship *Calvados* is wrecked near Constantinople and 200 lives are lost.

Henry Lane Wilson, Ambassador to Mexico, after sending his resignation to President Wilson, announces that he will remain at his post until his successor is appointed.

Provisional President Huerta of Mexico makes an official denial of the charge that President Madero and his brother Gustavo were murdered.

Miss Olive Wharry, a London suffragette, is sentenced to eighteen months in prison for setting fire to a park pavilion.

The lower house of the Hungarian Parliament passes a suffrage reform bill by which a large number of women are enfranchised.

March 8.—Madame Constant, wife of the Belgian Minister to Persia, is slain and the Minister himself is wounded by a Persian in the streets of Teheran.

March 10.—State troops of Sonora, whose Congress refuses to submit to the Huerta national administration, capture the mining town of Nacorazi.

Reports from elections held throughout Spain for the Chamber of Deputies show that 95 Liberals, 55 Conservatives, 8 Republicans, and 20 Catholics are chosen, indicating that Premier Romanones will be supported by a majority.

Six persons are killed, more than a hundred injured, and scores of buildings are wrecked by a dynamite explosion at the town of Irvine, near Glasgow.

Ten persons are fatally injured and 46 are hurt in a theater panic at Verins, France.

(*Continued on page 688*)

Classified Columns

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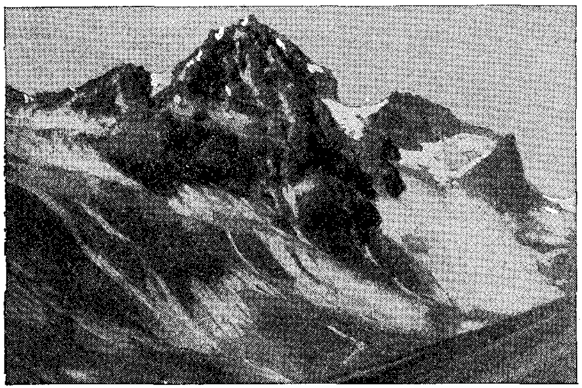
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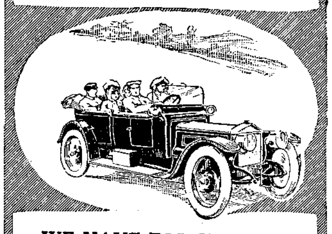

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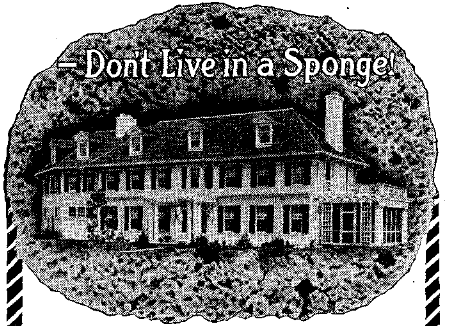

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March 11.—The Austro-Hungarian and Russian governments agree to demobilize their military forces stationed at points along the boundary-line between the two countries.

Minister of the Treasury Tedesco asks the Italian Chamber of Deputies for a naval appropriation of $16,000,000.

March 13.—Prof. Frank Johnson Goodnow, of the Law Department of Columbia University, is appointed adviser of the Chinese Government in the reform of its Constitution, says a Peking dispatch.

President Gomez of Mexico vetoes the Amnesty Bill, which was disapproved by our State Department.

Domestic

WASHINGTON

March 5.—Edgar E. Clark, of Iowa, and John H. Marble, of California, are appointed members of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

March 7.—Senator James P. Clarke, of Arkansas, is elected to succeed Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, as President *pro tempore* of the Senate; Charles P. Higgins, of St. Louis, is made Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Rev. E. J. Prettyman, of the District of Columbia, is chosen to be the Senate's chaplain.

March 9.—William Marshall Bullitt, of Kentucky, resigns as Solicitor-General.

March 10.—The President sends the following nominations to the Senate for confirmation:

First Assistant Postmaster-General—Daniel C. Roper, of South Carolina.

Third Assistant Postmaster-General—Alexander M. Dockery, of Missouri.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General—James I. Blakeslee, of Pennsylvania.

United States Judge, District of Porto Rico—Peter J. Hamilton, of Alabama.

Commissioner of Labor Statistics—Charles P. Neill, of the District of Columbia.

March 11.—President Wilson makes an official pronouncement in regard to the Government's attitude toward the Latin-American republics.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* asks the Supreme Court to restrain Postmaster-General Burleson from enforcing the "newspaper publicity" law.

Luther Conant, Jr., resigns as Commissioner of Corporations of the Department of Commerce.

March 12.—The Postmaster-General notifies delinquent publishers that he will enforce the publicity law pending the constitutionality test in the Supreme Court.

March 13.—President Wilson sends the following nominations to the Senate:

Franklin D. Roosevelt, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Edwin F. Sweet, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to be Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

John Skelton Williams, of Richmond, Va., to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Beverly T. Galloway, of Washington, D. C., to be Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

James A. Edgerton, New Jersey, Purchasing Agent of the Post-office Department.

The Finance Committee of the Senate is made up as follows:

Democrats—Chairman, Simmons, North Carolina; Stone, Missouri; Williams, Mississippi; Johnson, Maine; Shively, Indiana; Gore, Oklahoma; Thomas, Colorado; James, Kentucky; Hughes, New Jersey.

Republicans — Penrose, Pennsylvania; Lodge, Massachusetts; McCumber, North Dakota; Smoot, Utah; Gallinger, New Hampshire; Clark, Wyoming; La Follette, Wisconsin.

Senator Owen of Oklahoma is to be Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee.

GENERAL.

March 7.—More than thirty lives are lost and a British steamship is annihilated when 343 tons of dynamite explode in lower Baltimore harbor.

March 8.—The jury in the trial of Clarence S. Darrow at Los Angeles on a charge of jury-bribing fails to agree.

March 9.—Government medical experts witness the inoculation of tuberculosis patients by Dr. F. F. Friedmann, the German physician, at New York.

Agents of the United States Secret Service who have been investigating the death of President Madero of Mexico report from Galveston that Madero was tortured by Huerta's soldiers.

March 10.—The Pennsylvania House of Representatives defeats a bill providing for a vote on State-wide prohibition.

Matthew Hale, Massachusetts National Committeeman of the Progressive party, buys the Boston *Journal* of Frank A. Munsey.

March 13.—Henry F. Hollis, Democrat, is elected Senator from New Hamsphire.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives passes a resolution looking to a constitutional amendment providing for equal suffrage.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"R. J. S.," Glen Jean, W. Va.—"Will you kindly pronounce for me the following words and give me such additional information as you can about them?—*Asolando, Ferishtah, Jocoseria, La Saisiaz, Pacchiarotto, Fifine, Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Balaustion, Paracelsus, Pippa, Sordello, Colombe, Luria.*

Asolando is as-o-lan′do (both "a's" as "a" in "at"; the first "o" short, as "o" in "obey"; the second long, as "o" in "no").

Ferishtah is fe-rish′ta ("e" as "e" in "they"; "i" as "i" in "machine"; and "a" as "a" in "arm"). He was a Persian historian, born at Astrabad about 1550.

Jocoseria is dzho″co″se″ri″a ("o" as in "no"; "e" as in "they"; "i" as in "machine"; and "a" as in "arm").

La Saisiaz is la sa″i″si″ az′ (the three "a's" as "a" in "arm"; the two "i's" as "i" in "machine"). These words are Savoyard for "the sun." Browning used the words as the title of a poem because they were the name of the villa near Geneva where he and a friend, who died there very suddenly, spent a part of the summer of the year 1877. The poem is said to have been Browning's "In Memoriam."

Pacchiarotto is pak-ki′a-rot-to″ (the first "a" as "a" in "art"; the second as "a" in "ag"; "i" as "i" in "machine"; the first "o" as "o" in "obey"; the second as "o" in "no"). Giacomo Pacchiarotto was a painter of Sienna about whose work in distemper Browning wrote a poem. An account of him may be found in the "Commentary on the Life of Sodoma," published in Florence in 1855, and more recently in Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," from which we learn that, notwithstanding that he painted religious themes, he was an adept at getting into trouble, so that he was imprisoned and banished more than once.

Fifine is fi″fin′ (both "i's" as "i" in "machine"). A poem by Browning, whose full title is "Fifine at the Fair." It was published in 1872.

Hohenstiel-Schwangau is ho′en-stil-schvan′gau ("o" as "o" in "no"; "i" as "i" in "machine"; "a" as "a" in "arm"; and "au" as "ou" in "house").

Balaustion is ba-la′sti-on (the first "a" as "a" in "at"; the second as "a" in "all"; "i" as "i" in "pin," and "o" as "o" in "atom"). A Rhodian girl devoted to Athens, who was captured by the Syracusans and secured her release by reciting Euripides's play, "The Alcestis."

Paracelsus is par″a-sel′sus (the first "a" as "a" in "art"; the second as "a" in "sofa"; "e" as "e" in "pen"; and "u" as "u" in "but"). He was a famous Swiss physician and alchemist who lived from 1493 to 1541.

Pippa is pip′a or peep′pa ("a" in the first pronunciation as "a" in "sofa"; in the second pronunciation as "a" in "artistic"). A young silk-worker employed in the mills of Asolo, whose singing on her yearly holiday (New-year's day) influences several persons for good.

Sordello is sor-del′o (the first "o" as "o" in "nor"; the second as "o" in "no"). An Italian troubadour who meets Dante and Vergil in Purgatory. In Browning's poem, Sordello typifies human perfection and liberty.

Colombe is co″lomb′ (the first "o" as "o" in "not"; the second as "o" in "nor").

Luria is lu′ri-a ("u" as in "rule"; "i" as in "pin"; "a" as in "sofa"). A noble Moor who leads the Florentine army against the Pisans, and while gaining victories for the Florentines is defamed by them so that they may be in a position to minimize the value of his services, and thus reduce their obligation to him. Luria, disgusted at their ingratitude, relieves the state of a debt it was unfit to bear by committing suicide.